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# THE NEW YORKER

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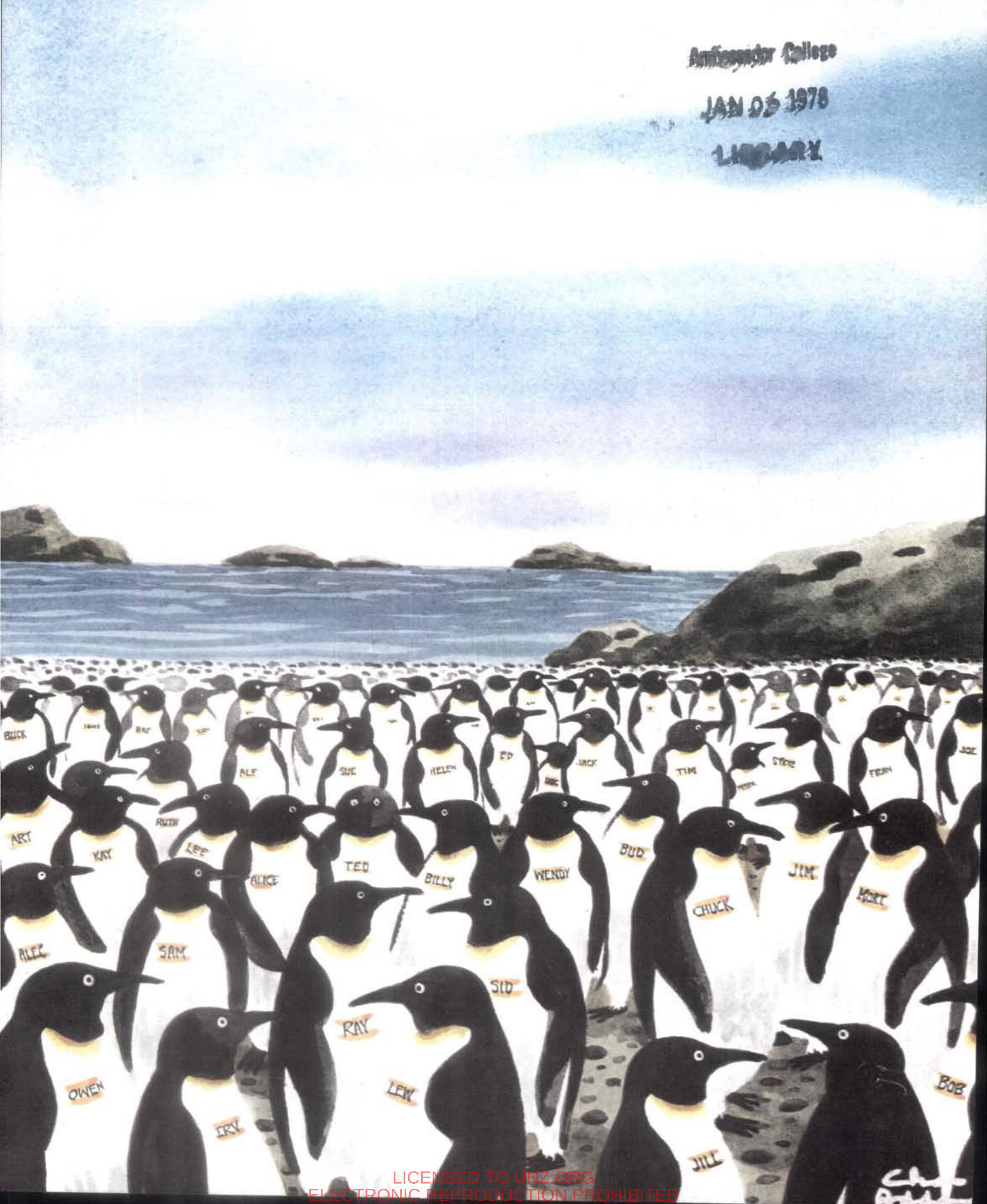
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# GOINGS ON ABOUT TOWN

## A CONSCIENTIOUS CALENDAR OF EVENTS OF INTEREST

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## THE THEATRE

### PLAYS AND MUSICALS

**Annie**—Daddy Warbucks is transformed into a benign New Dealer, and Little Orphan Annie is not very waiflike, in this pleasant but uninspired musical. (Alvin, 250 W. 52nd St. 757-8646. Tuesdays through Saturdays at 8. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2, and Sundays at 3.)

**Counsellor at Law**—A revival of Elmer Rice's play. (Quaigh, Hotel Diplomat, 108 W. 43rd St. 221-9088. Tuesdays through Saturdays at 7:30. Matinées Sundays at 3.)

**Gemini**—In Albert Innaurato's very funny comedy, a Harvard undergraduate, son of an Italian-American laborer, is paid a surprise visit by a pair of his classmates—a well-to-do brother and sister from Cambridge—and is thrown into a panic that at first appears to be social, but is actually sexual. With Danny Aiello as the father and Anne DeSalvo, Jonathan Hadary, and Robert Picardo, among other good actors. Peter Mark Schifter directed. (Little Theatre, 240 W. 44th St. 221-6425. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2.)

**Grand Kabuki**—A company of more than sixty male actors, dancers, and musicians from Tokyo in the final performances of an eleven-day engagement of **YOSHITSUNE SENBON ZAKURA** and **KUROZUKA**. Simultaneous-translation sets are available. (Beacon Theatre, Broadway at 74th St. 874-1717. Tuesday, Sept. 13, at 7:30; Wednesday, Sept. 14, at 2 and 7:30; Thursday and Friday, Sept. 15-16, at 7:30; Saturday, Sept. 17, at 2 and 7:30; and Sunday, Sept. 18, at 2.)

**I Love My Wife**—Cy Coleman's winning music and Lenny Baker's clowning justify this mild musical examination of the sexual revolution in Trenton. (Ethel Barrymore, 243 W. 47th St. 246-0390. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2.)

**The King and I**—Yul Brynner is incandescent in this admirable revival of the Rodgers-Hammerstein musical. (Uris, 51st St. west of Broadway. 586-6510. Tuesdays through Saturdays at 8. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2, and Sundays at 3.)

**Man of La Mancha**—A revival of the Wasserman-Leigh-Darion musical, with Richard Kiley, Emily Yancy, Robert Wright, and Tony Martinez. Directed by Albert Marre. Chev Rodgers will substitute for Mr. Kiley at the Wednesday matinée performances. Previews Tuesday and Wednesday, Sept. 13-14. Opens officially on Thursday, Sept. 15, and will run through Saturday, Dec. 3. (Palace, Broadway at 47th St. 757-2626. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8; opening-night curtain at 7. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2.)

**Mummenschanz**—A merry evening of pantomime with three masked players—Andrés Bossard and Bernie Schürch, from Switzerland, and Floriana Frassetto, from Italy. The masks are ingenious and surprising, and so are the ideas of this nimble troupe. (Bijou, 209 W. 45th St. 221-8500. Tuesdays through Saturdays at 8. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2, and Sundays at 3.)

**Otherwise Engaged**—Dick Cavett (Steven Sutherland takes over for him on Wednesday afternoons) is the star of Simon Gray's comedy about a London publisher who asks less of life than life is determined to give him. An able cast backs up Mr. Cavett, under the direction of Harold Pinter. (Plymouth, 236 W. 45th St. 246-9156. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2.)

**The Shadow Box**—An impressive Broadway début by a young playwright named Michael Cristofer. The subject of his play is the difficulty in our society of facing the intolerable fact that we die; contrary to what one might expect, the play is not in the least a gloomy one. The superior cast has been ably directed by Gordon Davidson. (Morosco, 217 W. 45th St. 246-6230. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2.)

**Side by Side by Sondheim**—Thirty-odd ravishing songs by Stephen Sondheim, well sung by some English and American admirers of our local laureate. (Music Box, 239 W. 45th St. 246-4636. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2.)

**Sly Fox**—A superb adaptation, by Larry Gelbart, of Ben Jonson's "Volpone." Uproarious shenanigans by, among others, Robert Preston, Jack Gilford, James Gallery, and John Heffernan. The direction is by Arthur Penn. (Broadhurst, 235 W. 44th St. 247-0472. Tuesdays through Saturdays at 8. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2, and Sundays at 3.)

**Your Arms Too Short to Box with God**—A whirlwind of gospel-sing and (if there is such a thing) gospel-dance, taken by Vinnette Carroll from the Book of Matthew. (Lyceum, 149 W. 45th St. JU 2-3897. Wednesdays through Saturdays at 8. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2, and Sundays at 2 and 5:30.)

**Long Runs**—**BUBBLING BROWN SUGAR:** Down Memory Lane in Harlem, which means the twenties, the Cotton Club, the Savoy, Ellington, Waller . . . A lane? A boulevard. (ANTA Theatre, 245 W. 52nd St. 246-6270. Tuesdays through Saturdays at 8. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2, and Sundays at 2:30.) . . . **A CHORUS LINE:** A group of young dancers audition for a handful of chorus jobs in a show not yet in rehearsal, and by the time the evening is over we know everything about all of them. A brilliant, innovative musical conceived, choreographed, and directed by Michael Bennett. Score by Marvin Hamlisch, lyrics by Edward Kleban, book by James Kirkwood and Nicholas Dante. (Shubert, 225 W. 44th St. 246-5990. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2.) . . . **THE CLUB:** Eve Merriam's musical entertainment is set in a gentlemen's club in 1903, but the company consists of seven women, lightly disguised in top hats, white tie, and tails, who sing and dance to authentic, indelicate songs of the period. As

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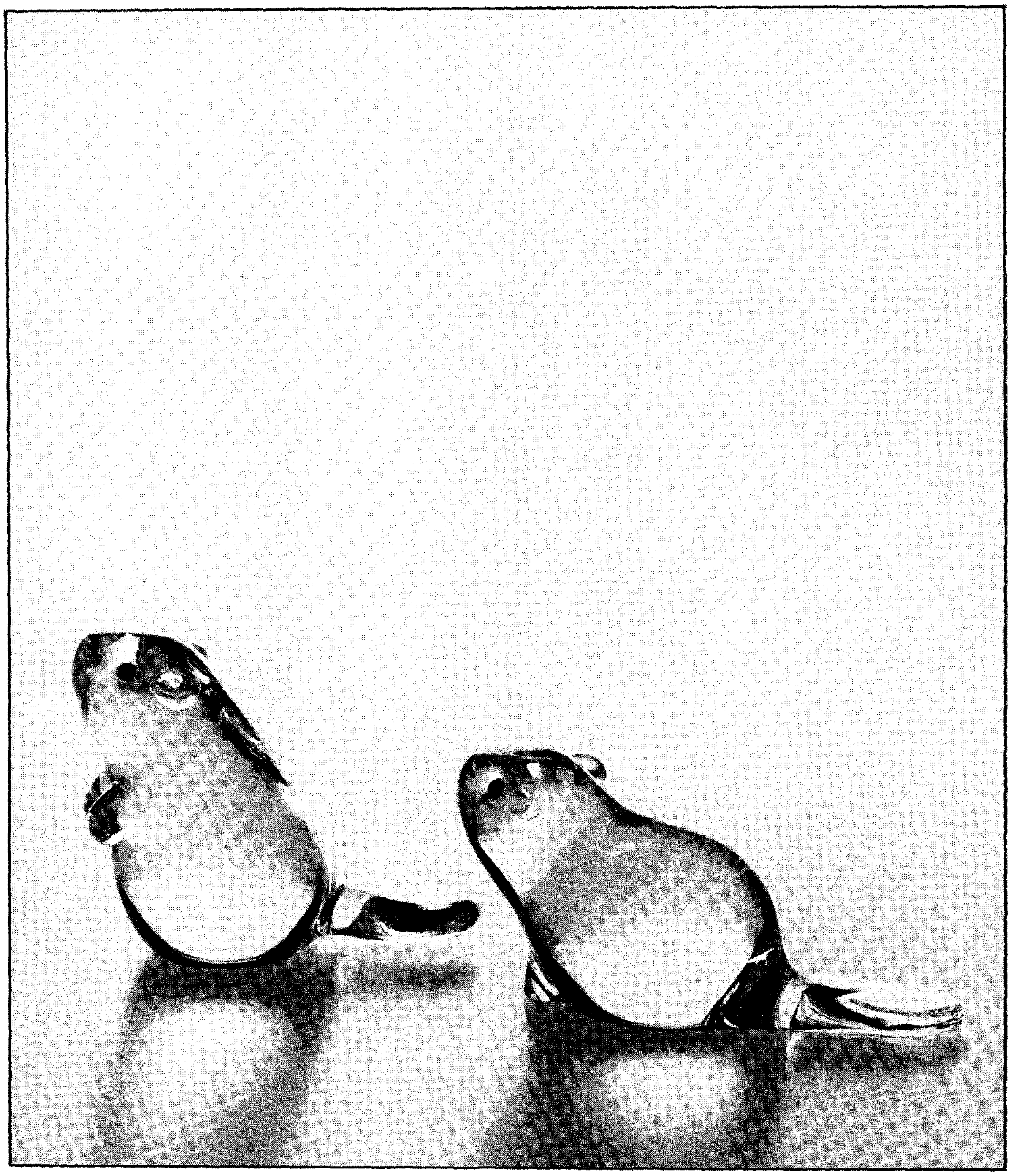

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# GOINGS ON ABOUT TOWN

feminist projects go, this one is unusually good-humored, and the singing, and especially the dancing, under Tommy Tune's direction, is proficient and pleasing. (Circle in the Square Downtown, 159 Bleecker St. 254-6330. Tuesdays through Fridays at 8; Saturdays at 7 and 10; and Sundays at 7:30. Matinées Sundays at 3.) . . . **EQUUS:** Peter Shaffer's continuously exciting dance of exploration through the mind of a boy who loves horses, worships the quality of "horseness," and commits a dreadful crime in the name of that worship. With Leonard Nimoy, Ralph Seymour, and Beverly May. (Helen Hayes, 210 W. 46th St. 246-6380. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2.) . . . **THE FANTASTICKS:** 7,233 performances so far. (Sullivan Street Playhouse, 181 Sullivan St., at Bleecker St. 674-3838. Tuesdays through Fridays at 8; Saturdays at 7 and 10; and Sundays at 7:30. Matinées Sundays at 3.) . . . **FOR COLORED GIRLS WHO HAVE CONSIDERED SUICIDE:** The marvellous poems and prose of an American writer, Ntozake Shange, are spoken and danced to by seven remarkably gifted young black women. The director, Oz Scott, must be given high credit for the captivating result. Choreographed by Paula Moss. (Booth, 222 W. 45th St. 246-5969. Tuesdays through Saturdays at 8. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2, and Sundays at 3.) . . . **GREASE:** A musical (score, book, and lyrics by Jim Jacobs and Warren Casey) that parodies, by faithful imitation, the songs and dances of the nineteen-fifties. The young cast performs capably and with spirit. (Royale, 242 W. 45th St. 245-5760. Tuesdays through Saturdays at 8. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2, and Sundays at 3.) . . . **THE MAGIC SHOW:** A wretched musical, but the magic tricks make up for it all. (Cort, 138 W. 48th St. 489-6392. Tuesdays through Saturdays at 7:30. Matinées Saturdays at 2 and Sundays at 2 and 5.) . . . **OH! CALCUTTA!:** A collection of short sketches that purport to give us a refreshing view of sex and do not. (Edison, 240 W. 47th St. 757-7164. Mondays through Fridays, except Thursday, Sept. 15, at 8, and Saturdays at 7 and 9:30. Matinées Wednesdays at 2.) . . . **SAME TIME, NEXT YEAR:** A new playwright named Bernard Slade has invented an Erector set of one-liners that should last a lifetime. With Hope Lange and Don Murray, directed by Gene Saks. (Brooks Atkinson, 256 W. 47th St. 245-3430. Nightly, except Sundays and Thursdays, at 8. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2, and Sundays at 3.) . . . **VANITIES:** In three acts, three Southern high-school girl cheerleaders change from all but identical "best friends" (1963) into quite different and incompatible New Yorkers (1974), in this amusing and gently ironic comedy by Jack Heifner. Garland Wright directed the attractive performance. (Downstairs at the Westside Theatre, 407 W. 43rd St. 541-8394. Tuesdays through Fridays at 8, and Saturdays at 7 and 10. Matinées Wednesdays at 2 and Sundays at 3.) . . . **THE WIZ:** An all-black production of a musical version of "The Wizard of Oz," with gorgeous scenery and costumes, tiresome music, and several first-rate performances. (Broadway Theatre, Broadway at 53rd St. CI 7-7260. Tuesdays through Saturdays at 7:30. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2, and Sundays at 3.)

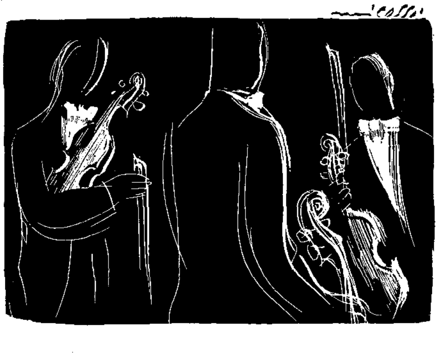
## MISCELLANY

**BEATLEMANIA**—A multimedia and live-music production about the sixties, with four musicians doing thirty-seven songs written by John Lennon, Paul McCartney, and George Harrison. (Winter Garden, Broadway at 50th St. 245-4878. Tuesdays through Fridays at 8; Saturdays at 7 and 10; and Sundays at 7:30. Matinées Sundays at 3.)

**BIG APPLE CIRCUS**—A one-ring tent circus, sponsored by the New York School for Circus Arts. Comedy jugglers, acrobats, clowns, trapeze artists, and gymnasts. (Battery Park Landfill City. Thursdays and Saturdays at 1 and 7:30; Fridays at 7:30; Sundays at 4 and 6:30; and Wednesday, Sept. 14, at 10:15 and 1:15. Closes Sunday, Sept. 25. For information about tickets, call 586-3581.)

## NIGHT LIFE

(A highly arbitrary listing, in which bold-face type is used to pick out a few of the more notable performers in town. . . . ¶ Musicians and night-club proprietors live complicated lives that are subject to last-minute change; it is therefore always advisable to call ahead.)



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**ALI'S ALLEY,** 77 Greene St., between Spring and Broome Sts. (226-9042)—This unpretentious night club—although some might think of it as a posh SoHo music loft with a liquor license—presents some of the most engaging experimental and tried-and-true jazz in the city. Tenor saxophonist **CLIFFORD JORDAN** leads a quintet through Saturday, Sept. 10; on Tuesday, Sept. 13, trumpeter Eddie Gale will come in with a quintet. Mondays are given over to singer Art Jenkins and trumpeter Sam Brown's seventeen-piece band. Music from about ten. Closed Sundays.

**AXIS IN SOHO,** in the M. Elson Gallery, 463 West Broadway, between Houston and Prince Sts. (228-0882)—Contemporary jazz and organic apple juice. On Thursday, Sept. 8, the Jankry Ensemble—headed by bassist Glen Moore and pianist Larry Karush—will play; pianist **CEDAR WALTON** will bring in his quartet on Friday and Saturday, Sept. 9-10; and Friday and Saturday, Sept. 16-17, bassist Teruo Nakamura and his mainstream septet, the Rising Sun, will be on hand. Shows at nine and eleven-thirty.

**BALLROOM,** 458 West Broadway, between Houston and Prince Sts. (473-9367)—Liz Corrigan, a former folkie and a current studio performer—she sings commercials for cigarette lighters, diapers, cornstarch, and Coke—is here with an able, understated backup trio. Her repertoire is eclectic—a bit of Rodgers and Hart, a bit of bluegrass, a bit of seventies pop—and her voice is strong, colorful, and wide-ranging. Tuesdays through Thursdays at eight-thirty and ten-thirty, and Fridays and Saturdays at nine-thirty and eleven-thirty. Dinner.

**BAR NONE,** 167 E. 33rd St. (684-3223)—The epitome of a New York bar: a pleasant, well-lit place, with old dark woodwork; a (somehow) simultaneously crusty and warm staff; and a cheerful, worldly-wise singer-pianist. Her name is **DARDANELLE,** and she doesn't emote, doesn't "put songs over," doesn't sock it to you—she just sings, clearly, effortlessly, and directly, and it's delightful. She's here from seven to midnight, Tuesdays through Saturdays. Dinner.

**BEEFSTEAK CHARLIE'S,** 55 Fifth Ave., at 12th St. (675-4720)—Situated amid the high-rise dorms of New York University, the relaxed cocktail lounge of this restaurant lures in fine musicians and a healthy number of customers—many of them students. The current performers in the picture-window music corner are pianist Paul Amrod, bassist Rick Kilburn, and percussionist Ken Hitchcock. Through Saturday, Sept. 10. Singer Janet Lawson and her quartet will handle the musical chores Wednesday through Saturday, Sept. 14-17. Music from nine until two Wednesdays and Thursdays, and from ten on Fridays and Saturdays.

**BOTTOM LINE,** 15 W. 4th St., at Mercer St. (228-6300)—Here's a partial lineup: Guitarist George Jones works out on Wednesday, Sept. 7; Friday and Saturday, Sept. 9-10, rock singer-guitarist Henry Gross will alternate with Pierce Arrow, a rock band; and João Gilberto will be doing his Brazilian arias on Friday and Saturday, Sept. 16-17. Shows Sundays through Thursdays at eight-thirty and eleven-thirty; Fridays and Saturdays at nine and midnight. Dinner.

**BRADLEY'S,** 70 University Pl., at 11th St. (228-6440)—A neighborhood bar with an abundance of dark pine panelling, good musicians, and patrons who like to talk. Pianist **JIMMY ROWLES,** one of the house favorites, works with a bassist through Friday, Sept. 9. On Monday, Sept. 12, pianist **HANK JONES** and a bass player will come in for a six-night stay. The Sunday chores are handled by **BARRY HARRIS** and his helpers. Music from ten most nights; from nine-thirty on Sundays. Dinner.

**CAFÉ CARLYLE,** Madison Ave. at 76th St. (RH 4-1600)—Memories stir, and so do quite a lot of estimable songs-with-piano, when Hazel Scott performs. Her hours are nine-forty-five and eleven-forty-five Tuesdays through Saturdays. Dinner and supper.

**C.B.G.B. & O.M.F.U.G.,** 315 Bowery, at Bleecker St. (982-4052)—A row of neon beer signs hangs overhead; lots of young, kinkily dressed patrons, band members, and friends of band members hang around. On Tuesday, Sept. 13, the rock band Elephant's Memory will be onstage. Music most nights from nine-thirty. Monday is showcase night.

**COOKERY,** 21 University Pl., at 8th St. (OR 4-4450)—**HELEN HUMES,** forthright, cute, and cuddly, sings delicate ballads and authoritative blues. She's supported by pianist Gerry Wiggins. Blues pianist **SAMMY PRICE** performs Sundays. Music from eight to one. Dining.

**EDDIE CONDON'S,** 144 W. 54th St. (265-8277)—Bobby Gordon, Vic Dickenson, Warren Vaché, Jim Andrews, Connie Kay, and Red Balaban (who owns the place) are the traditionalists who usually make up the house band. The music begins after nine-thirty. On Sundays, **SCOTT HAMILTON,** a young, swing-inspired tenor saxophonist, leads a quintet from eight-thirty. Dinner.

**GREGORY'S,** 1149 First Ave., at 63rd St. (371-2220)—Pianist **HOD O'BRIEN** works Wednesdays through Sundays with bassist Frank Luther and vocalist Alicia Sherman. Their hours run from three to three, except on Sundays, when they begin at seven. Mondays and Tuesdays, guitarist **CHUCK WAYNE,** pianist Ben Aronov, and bassist Jamil Nasser get together at ten. Weeknights from five to ten are given over to trumpeter Gene Roland, guitarist Jim Watkins, and bassist Morris Edwards.

**HOPPER'S,** 452 Sixth Ave., at 11th St. (260-0250)—Guitarist **BUCKY PIZZARELLI** and bassist **SLAM STEWART** are performing in tandem Mondays through Thursdays at nine-thirty and eleven-thirty, and Fridays and Saturdays at nine-thirty, eleven-thirty, and one. No music Sundays.

**JIMMY RYAN'S,** 154 W. 54th St. (664-9700)—**ROY ELDRIDGE** is at the wheel of a sextet that comprises drummer Eddie Locke, bassist Ted Sturgis, trombonist Bobby Pratt, clarinettist Joe Muranyi, and pianist Johnny Morris. On Mondays, Max Kaminsky heads the group. Music weeknights from nine-thirty to three. On Sundays, Kaminsky directs another group of musical archivists from eight until two.

**MICHAEL'S PUB,** 211 E. 55th St. (758-2272)—Gil Wiest, the proprietor, has instituted a jam session here through Saturday, Sept. 10. The performers are pianist **JUNIOR MANCE,** bassist **GENE TAYLOR,** drummer **OLIVER JACKSON,** and tenor saxophonist **HAROLD ASHBY,** plus various drop-in guest artists. Tuesdays through Saturdays from nine-fifteen. On Mondays, from nine-thirty to midnight, Woody Allen comes and goes, talking of Lorenzo Tio. Dinner and supper. Closed Sundays.

**MIKELL'S,** 760 Columbus Ave., at 97th St. (864-8832)—A crowded and animated upper West Side music bar that draws rhythm-and-blues, jazz-rock, and disco-funk bands. Music from ten until three. Dinner.

**OTHER END,** 149 Bleecker St. (673-7030)—A reformed coffeehouse: tables and chairs instead of benches; Perrier and even headier stuff instead of ice cream and tea; and, occasionally, jazz and rock instead of folk music. On Wednesday, Sept. 14, the Alessi Brothers, who are twins, will come in to play rock and roll for five nights. Shows most nights at nine

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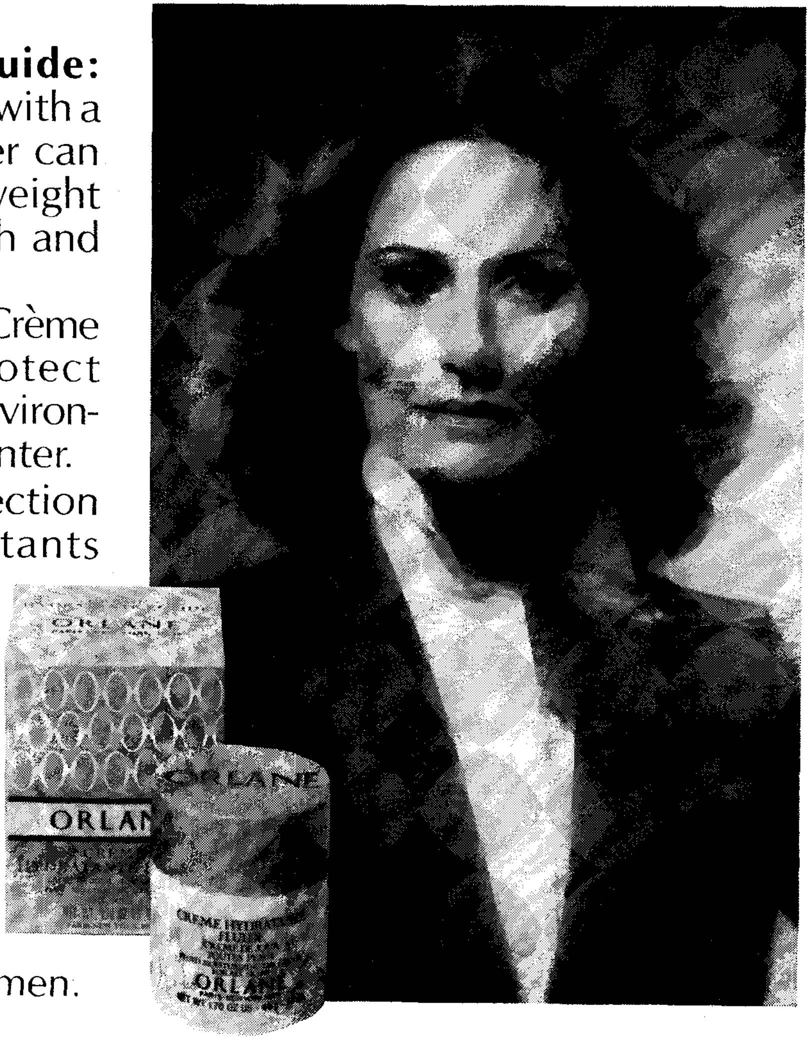

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and eleven-thirty; on Fridays and Saturdays at nine and midnight. Snacks.

**Rainbow Room,** 30 Rockefeller Plaza. (PL 7-9090)—What a room; what a view. **SY OLIVER** is at the helm of an orchestra Tuesdays through Thursdays from seven to one, Fridays and Saturdays from eight to two, and Sundays from six to midnight. Dining and dancing.

**Reno Sweeney,** 126 W. 13th St. (691-0900)—Perhaps the nicest cabaret in town. Raun MacKinnon, a longtime local folkie, and a talented one, shares the stage with country-and-Western singer Michael Federal through Sunday, Sept. 11. Sarah Dash, one-third of the vocal trio Labelle, will begin a two-week visit on Tuesday, Sept. 13. Shows at nine and midnight. On Wednesday, Sept. 14, **BLOSSOM DEARIE** begins presenting concert-style sets from five-thirty to seven, in which she plays piano and sings in a small, fine, uncomplicated voice. Dining.

**Storyville,** 41 E. 58th St. (755-1640)—A very big, square, but nonetheless warm downstairs room. Strenuous, long-distance pianist **CECIL TAYLOR** and his band will be on the stand through Sunday, Sept. 11. On Monday, Sept. 12, David Chesky will guide his fourteen-piece jazz-rock band. Saxophonist Robin Kenyatta will head up a sextet beginning Tuesday, Sept. 13. Music from ten.

**Stryker's,** 103 W. 86th St., at Columbus Ave. (874-8754)—Mondays, **DAVE MATTHEWS** plays electric piano and leads his vigorous twelve-piece organization; alto saxophonist **LEE KONITZ,** always worth hearing, heads up his nonet on Tuesdays and a trio on Friday and Saturday, Sept. 16-17; Wednesday through Saturday, Sept. 7-10, is reserved for **CHET BAKER** and his neo-cool-jazz apprentices; on Wednesday, Sept. 14, guitarist **JOE PUMA** will drop by with a quartet; and tenor saxophonist Bennie Wallace will front a trio on Thursday, Sept. 15. Music from nine-thirty. Closed Sundays.

**Sweet Basil,** 88 Seventh Ave. S., at Bleecker St. (242-1785)—Bassist **RON CARTER,** one of the most respected musicians around, solos on piccolo bass with his wonderful quartet—pianist **KENNY BARRON,** drummer **BEN RILEY,** and bassist **BUSTER WILLIAMS.** Through Saturday, Sept. 10. On Tuesday, Sept. 13, tenor saxophonist **CHARLIE ROUSE** and his septet will come in. Sundays and Mondays are set aside for alto saxophonist **BOB MOVER** and his foursome. Music from nine-thirty. Dinner.

**Third Phase,** 2864 Broadway, at 111th St. (749-0200)—Trumpeter Franc Williams will be in charge of a quartet that features trombonist and electric-guitar pioneer Eddie Durham and drummer Shelton Gary on Wednesday and Thursday, Sept. 7-8, and Monday through Thursday, Sept. 12-15; on Friday, Sept. 9, pianist **SAMMY PRICE** and tenor saxophonist **PAUL QUINICHETTE** will direct a quartet; on Saturday, Sept. 10, tenor saxophonist George Kelly's Jazz Sultans will work out; on Sunday, Sept. 11, the No Gap Generation Jazz Band will plow through some oldies; and on Friday and Saturday, Sept. 16-17, tenor saxophonist **EARLE WARREN** (who is a real charmer near a microphone) and trombonist **DICKY WELLS,** both Basie exes, will work with a quintet that includes **DILL JONES** on piano and a sturdy, reliable **JO JONES, JR.,** on drums. Sundays through Thursdays, from eight to two; Fridays and Saturdays at nine-thirty and midnight. Light menu, no liquor.

**Village Gate,** 160 Bleecker St. (475-5120)—Trumpeter **DIZZY GILLESPIE** and his combo will play in the Top of the Gate through Sunday, Sept. 11. Music from ten, except Mondays. Snacks.

**Village Vanguard,** 178 Seventh Ave. S., at 11th St. (989-9011)—An institution. **RAHSAAN ROLAND KIRK,** who is a reed section all by himself, finishes up here with his quintet on Sunday, Sept. 11. On Tuesday, Sept. 13, trumpeter **CHET BAKER** and his foursome will move downtown from Stryker's for a six-night visit. On Mondays, the **THAD JONES-MEL LEWIS** organization lets off steam. Music from ten.

**West Boondock,** 114 Tenth Ave., at 17th St. (924-9723)—A popular, if out-of-the-way, slow-paced bar that has red Afro-psychedelic walls, hundreds of gold Christmas-tree ornaments hanging from the ceiling, and a tiny (about five by ten feet), reputable soul-food kitchen. Another asset is pianist Sonelius Smith, who plays "Nature Boy," "Over the Rainbow," Red Garland's version of "Billy Boy," and other selections in a tongue-in-cheek variety of overlapping styles—he can sound like a cocktail pianist or noodle like Keith Jarrett or attack like Cecil Taylor. He is here Mondays through Wednesdays; Armen Donelian has the Thursday-through-Sunday shift. Music from eight until two.

**West End Café,** 2911 Broadway, at 113th St. (666-8750)—Swing music has moved to the Third Phase, a couple of blocks south. Meanwhile, four-string guitarist **TINY GRIMES** has taken the Tuesday and Wednesday slot, and the rest of the week is given over to fledgling or more experienced groups. Music from nine-thirty to one-thirty every night but Monday.

### JAZZ/FOLK/ROCK CONCERTS, PERSONAL APPEARANCES, ETC.

**Warren Chiasson Trio**—New York Jazz Museum, 236 W. 54th St. 765-2150. Saturday, Sept. 10, from 2 to 5.

**Parliament / Funkadelic**—With Bootsy's Rubber Band. (Madison Square Garden, Eighth Ave. between 31st and 33rd Sts. 564-4400. Saturday, Sept. 10, at 8.)

**Marvin Gaye**—Radio City Music Hall, Sixth Ave. at 50th St. 246-4600. Friday, Sept. 16, at 7 and 10:30; Saturday, Sept. 17, at 7:30 and 11; and Sunday, Sept. 18, at 3 and 8.

**Idris Muhammad, First Choice,** and **Pleasure**—Felt Forum, Madison Square Garden. Friday, Sept. 16, at 7.

**Steve Martin** and **John Sebastian**—Avery Fisher Hall. TR 4-2424. Friday, Sept. 16, at 8 and 11:30.

**Dollar Brand**—Alice Tully Hall. 362-1911. Saturday, Sept. 17, at 8.

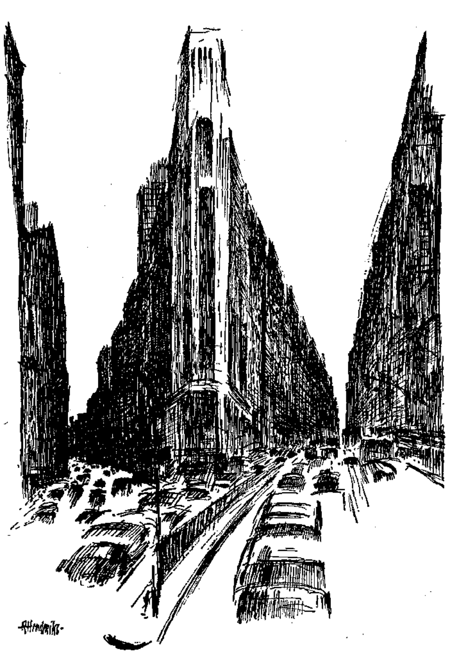
## ART

(Unless otherwise noted, galleries are open Tuesdays through Saturdays from around 10 or 11 to between 5 and 6.)

### GALLERIES

**Peter Lobello**—Large metal sculptures, many composed of hinged geometric parts that the viewer is invited to bend and fold into new structures. Through Sept. 24. (Iolas, 52 E. 57th St.)

**Russell Patterson** (1894-1977)—A retrospective of this illustrator's works includes drawings, watercolors, stage sets, and marionettes. Through Sept. 30. (Graham, 1014 Madison Ave., at 78th St.)



**George Peck / Sam Tchakalian**—Abstractions on convex canvases. / Two outsize paintings about twenty feet long, plus smaller works in oil. Through Oct. 1. (Caldwell, 383 West Broadway.)

**George Rickey**—Eight stainless-steel kinetic sculptures, the largest thirty-five feet high. Through Sept. 24. (Hammarskjöld Plaza Sculpture Garden, Second Ave. at 47th St.)

**Dick Wray**—Paintings and drawings; first one-man show in New York. Through Sept. 29. (Lerner-Heller, 956 Madison Ave., at 75th St.)

**Group Shows**—At the **ACQUAVELLA,** 18 E. 79th St.: Paintings and sculptures by Frankenthaler, Caro, Kline, and others. Through Sept. 30. (Open Mondays; closed Saturdays.) . . . **ALONZO,** 30 W. 57th St.: Works in various mediums by Théo Stavropoulos, Ruth Eckstein, Legh Myers, and others. Through Sept. 29. . . . **UNITED STATES COURT HOUSE,** 40 Centre St., on Foley Square: Forty-three members of the Organization of Independent Artists are displaying their works in the lobby of the Federal Courthouse and in the lunchroom on the fifth floor. Nearly all the works are wholly abstract. Through Friday, Sept. 16. (Mondays through Fridays, 9 to 5:30.) . . . **WAUTERS,** 1014 Madison Ave., at 78th St.: Eighty-two drawings from the nineteenth and twentieth centuries which afford some interesting contrasts—Delacroix nudes with one of Tom Wesselmann's, for instance. Through Oct. 1.

### PHOTOGRAPHY

**Alexander Alland**—Photographs of New York made in 1938. Through Oct. 1. (Prakapas, 19 E. 71st St.)

**Chauncey Hare**—A show of interiors of homes and other spaces has been mounted by the Museum of Modern Art. See below, under "Museums," for dates and times.

**Clarence H. White** (1871-1925)—Close to a hundred works by a founding member of the Photo-Secession. Through Sunday, Sept. 11. (International Center of Photography, 1130 Fifth Ave., at 94th St. Open Sundays.)

**Larry Williams**—Recent black-and-white works. Through Oct. 1. (Light, 724 Fifth Ave., at 57th St.)

**Tad Yamashiro**—Silver-emulsion prints on handmade paper. Through Sept. 30. (Arsenal Gallery, 830 Fifth Ave., at 64th St. Mondays through Fridays, 9 to 4:45.)

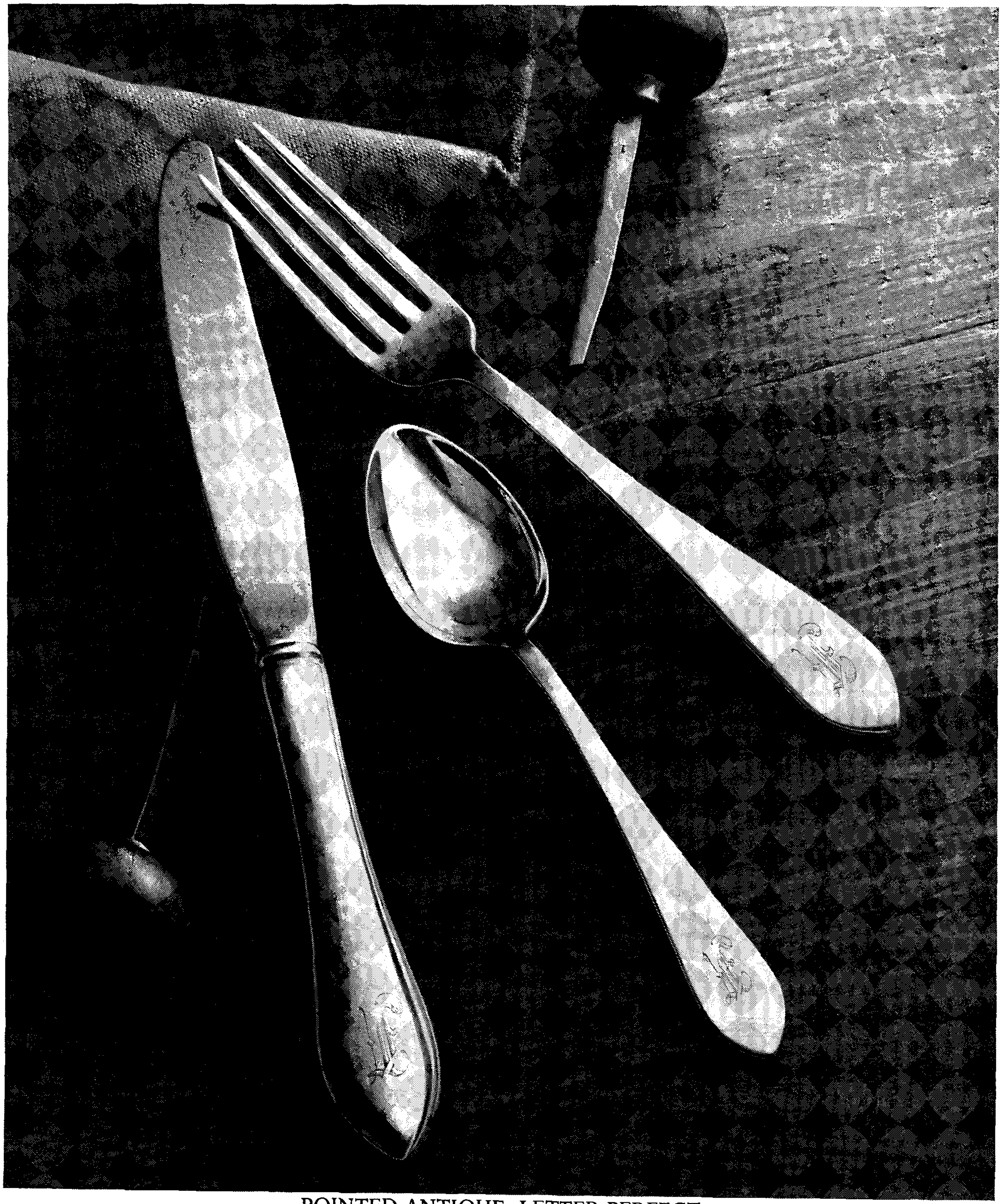
**Group Show**—George A. Tice showing a series of portraits of Artie Van Blarcum, a New Jersey factory worker and amateur photographer; Mr. Van Blarcum showing his own works; and Ruth Bernhard showing still-lifes and nudes in black-and-white. Through Oct. 8. (Witkin, 41 E. 57th St.)

### MUSEUMS AND LIBRARIES

**Metropolitan Museum,** Fifth Ave. at 82nd St.—Paintings, drawings, and prints by the French Neo-Impressionist Paul Signac, all taken from the museum's collections. Through Nov. 27. . . . ¶ Paintings and graphics by Childe Hassam. Through Sunday, Sept. 11. (Open daily except Mondays. Hours: Tuesdays, 10 to 8:45; Wednesdays through Saturdays, 10 to 4:45; Sundays, 11 to 4:45.)

**Museum of Modern Art,** 11 W. 53rd St.—Book jackets, posters, magazine covers, and such, juxtaposed with architectural models, furniture, decorations—all produced in Holland, Germany, and the Soviet Union between 1920 and 1940—in a show that underscores the relationship between graphics and other art forms. Through Oct. 31. . . . ¶ Recently acquired drawings by women artists, among them Mary Petty, Alexandra Exter, and Lee Krasner. Through Sept. 20. . . . **PHOTOGRAPHY:** Chauncey Hare. Through Oct. 23. (Open daily, except Wednesdays, 11 to 6, and Thursday evenings until 9.) . . . **NOTE:** The museum's sculpture garden, 8 W. 54th St., is open, free, Fridays through Sundays, 6 to 10. A program of music composed by Leonard Bernstein, including his one-act opera, "Trouble in Tahiti," and eight songs, is being given on Fridays and Saturdays at 8 through Saturday, Sept. 17.

**Guggenheim Museum,** 1071 Fifth Ave., at 89th



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# GOINGS ON ABOUT TOWN

St.—The paintings and sculptures of forty modern European artists in a show that observes the museum's fortieth year. Through Sunday, Sept. 11. (Open daily except Mondays. Hours: Tuesdays, 11 to 8, with no admission charge from 5 to 8; Wednesdays through Sundays, 11 to 5.)

**Whitney Museum**, 945 Madison Ave., at 75th St.—The years 1890 to 1910 are covered in an exhibit of nearly three hundred paintings, graphics, and photographs by Thomas Eakins, Mary Cassatt, Charles Dana Gibson, Gertrude Käsebier, and others. Through Oct. 2. . . . ¶ An exhibit of works of twentieth-century artists—Burchfield, Calder, Christo, Johns among them—from collections owned by Friends of the Whitney. Through Sept. 27. (Open daily except Mondays. Hours: Tuesdays, 11 to 9, with no admission charge after 6; Wednesdays through Saturdays, 11 to 6; Sundays, noon to 6.)

**Brooklyn Museum**, Eastern Parkway—More than fifty large color woodcuts made by Carol Summers during the last twenty-five years. Through Sept. 25. (Open Wednesdays through Sundays. Hours: Wednesdays through Saturdays, 10 to 5; Sundays, noon to 5. The Summers show opens at 1:30 on Fridays and Saturdays.)

**American Museum of National History**, Central Park W. at 79th St.—The Hall of Ocean Life is a double-decker of dioramas of life in the seas and exhibits on the biology of fish. At its peak is a ninety-four-foot model of a breaching blue whale. (Open daily. Hours: Weekdays, 10 to 4:45, and Wednesday evenings until 9; Sundays, 11 to 5.)

**Cooper-Hewitt Museum**, Fifth Ave. at 91st St.—An exhibit of sixteen large wooden models, built to scale, of villas, palaces, and churches designed in the sixteenth century by Andrea Palladio. In addition, photographs of the buildings as they appear today. Through Sunday, Sept. 11. (Open daily except Mondays. Hours: Tuesdays, 10 to 9, with no admission charge; Wednesdays through Saturdays, 10 to 5; Sundays, noon to 5.)

**Jewish Museum**, Fifth Ave. at 92nd St.—A retrospective of the prominent American sculptor Chaim Gross includes as well drawings, watercolors, prints, and tapestries. Through Oct. 24. (Open Wednesday and Thursday, Sept. 7-8, noon to 5; Sunday, Sept. 11, from 11 to 6; and Monday, Sept. 12, and Thursday, Sept. 15, noon to 5.)

**Morgan Library**, 29 E. 36th St.—Manuscripts and autograph letters by nineteenth-century luminaries, among them Washington Irving, Thoreau, Emily Dickinson, and Henry James. Through Nov. 27. . . . ¶ Musical manuscripts that trace notation from the eighth century through the sixteenth. Through Dec. 4. . . . ¶ Forty etchings by Rembrandt, most of them landscapes and portraits. Through Dec. 4. (Open daily except Mondays. Hours: Tuesdays through Saturdays, 10:30 to 5; Sundays, 1 to 5.)

**Museum of Contemporary Crafts**, 29 W. 53rd St.—Sculptures, works on paper, and poetry are displayed jointly in a big show murkily entitled "The Object as Poet." It is intended to celebrate the interaction between a poet's work and a craftsman's work; in some cases the interaction is direct collaboration (Howard Moss and Cletus Johnson), and in others it is more tenuous, or even a one-man operation (Saul Steinberg, Margaret Israel, Betye Saar). Through Sept. 25. (Open daily except Mondays. Hours: Tuesdays through Saturdays, 11 to 6; Sundays, 1 to 6.)

**New York Public Library**, Fifth Ave. at 42nd St.—Diaries kept by writers (Virginia Woolf, Sean O'Casey, Herman Melville, and William Inge among them) from the seventeenth century on make up the latest show from the Berg Collection. Through Wednesday, Sept. 14. (Open daily, except Thursdays and Sundays, 10 to 6.)

## MUSIC

(The box-office number for Avery Fisher Hall is TR 4-2424.)

### OPERA

**New York City Opera**—Wednesday, Sept. 7, at 8: "Die Fledermaus" (in English), with Beverly Sills, Johanna Meier, Henry Price, Charles Roe, David Holloway, David Rae Smith, Richard McKee, and Coley Worth; conducted by Julius Rudel. . . . ¶ Thursday, Sept. 8, at 8: "Carmen," with Ann Howard, Faye Robinson, Jacque Trussel, and David Holloway; Imre Pallo. . . . ¶ Friday, Sept. 9, at 8: "La Bohème," with Diana Soviero, Sherry Zannoth, Enrico Di Giuseppe, Pablo Elvira, Robert Hale, and Thomas Jamerson; Giuseppe Morelli. . . . ¶ Saturday, Sept. 10, at 2: "La Traviata," with Mariana Niculescu, Jacque Trussel, and Richard Fredricks; Imre Pallo. . . . ¶ Saturday, Sept. 10, at 8: "Turandot," with Nancy Tatum, Catherine Malfitano, Kenneth Collins, and Richard T. Gill; Julius Rudel. . . . ¶ Sunday, Sept. 11, at 1: "Madame Butterfly," with Patricia Craig, Sandra Walker, Richard Taylor, and Dominic Cossa; Giuseppe Morelli. . . . ¶ Sunday, Sept. 11, at 7: "Manon," with Beverly Sills, Michele Molese, Richard Fredricks, Richard T. Gill, Robert Hale, and Nico Castel; Julius Rudel. (A benefit performance; for tickets, call TR 7-4700, Ext. 258.) . . . ¶ Tuesday, Sept. 13, at 8: "Mefistofele," with Johanna Meier, Samuel Ramey, and Michele Molese; Julius Rudel. . . . ¶ Wednesday, Sept. 14, at 8: "Cavalleria Rusticana," with Maralin Niska, Enrico Di Giuseppe, and William Justus; and "Pagliacci," with Diana Soviero, Herman Malamood, Pablo Elvira, and Charles Roe. Cal Stewart Kellogg conducting both. . . . ¶ Thursday, Sept. 15, at 8: "Manon," with Beverly Sills, Michele Molese, Richard Fredricks, Richard T. Gill, Robert Hale, and Nico Castel; Julius Rudel. . . . ¶ Friday, Sept. 16, at 8: "Die Fledermaus" (in English), with Johanna Meier, Elizabeth Haley, David Griffith, Howard Hensel, Dominic Cossa, David Rae Smith, Richard McKee, and Coley Worth; Imre Pallo. . . . ¶ Saturday, Sept. 17, at 2: "Turandot," with Nancy Tatum, Mariana Niculescu, Kenneth Collins, Richard T. Gill, and Thomas Jamerson; Julius Rudel. . . . ¶ Saturday, Sept. 17, at 8: "Carmen," with Ann Howard, Faye Robinson, Jacque Trussel, and David Holloway; Imre Pallo. (New York State Theatre, Lincoln Center. TR 7-4727. Through Sunday, Nov. 13.)

### ORCHESTRAS

**New York Philharmonic**—At Avery Fisher Hall, Erich Leinsdorf conducting—**AVERY FISHER WINNERS.** A series of four performances, each composed of concertos and solo recitals. Wednesday, Sept. 7, at 8:30: With Ursula Oppens, piano. . . . ¶ Thursday, Sept. 8, at 8:30: With Ani Kavafian, violin, and Samuel Sanders, piano. . . . ¶ Friday, Sept. 9, at 8:30: With Heidi Lehwalder, harp. . . . ¶ Saturday, Sept. 10, at 8:30: With Paul Schenly, piano. . . . **OPENING PERFORMANCES OF THE REGULAR SEASON**, which will run through Saturday, April 29. Wednesday, Sept. 14, at 8:30, an all-Wagner non-subscription concert, for the benefit of the Philharmonic's Pension Fund (with Janis Martin, soprano; Jon Vickers, tenor; and John Cheek, bass); and a varied program on Thursday, Sept. 15, at 8:30; Friday, Sept. 16, at 2; Saturday, Sept. 17, at 8:30; and Tuesday, Sept. 20, at 7:30 (all with Wanda Wilkomirska, violin).

**A Swedish Musical Odyssey**—Ulf Björlin conducting the American Symphony Orchestra in a program entitled "Music of the Sea," with Sven Bertil Taube, balladeer. (Carnegie Hall. CI 7-7459. Wednesday, Sept. 14, at 8.)

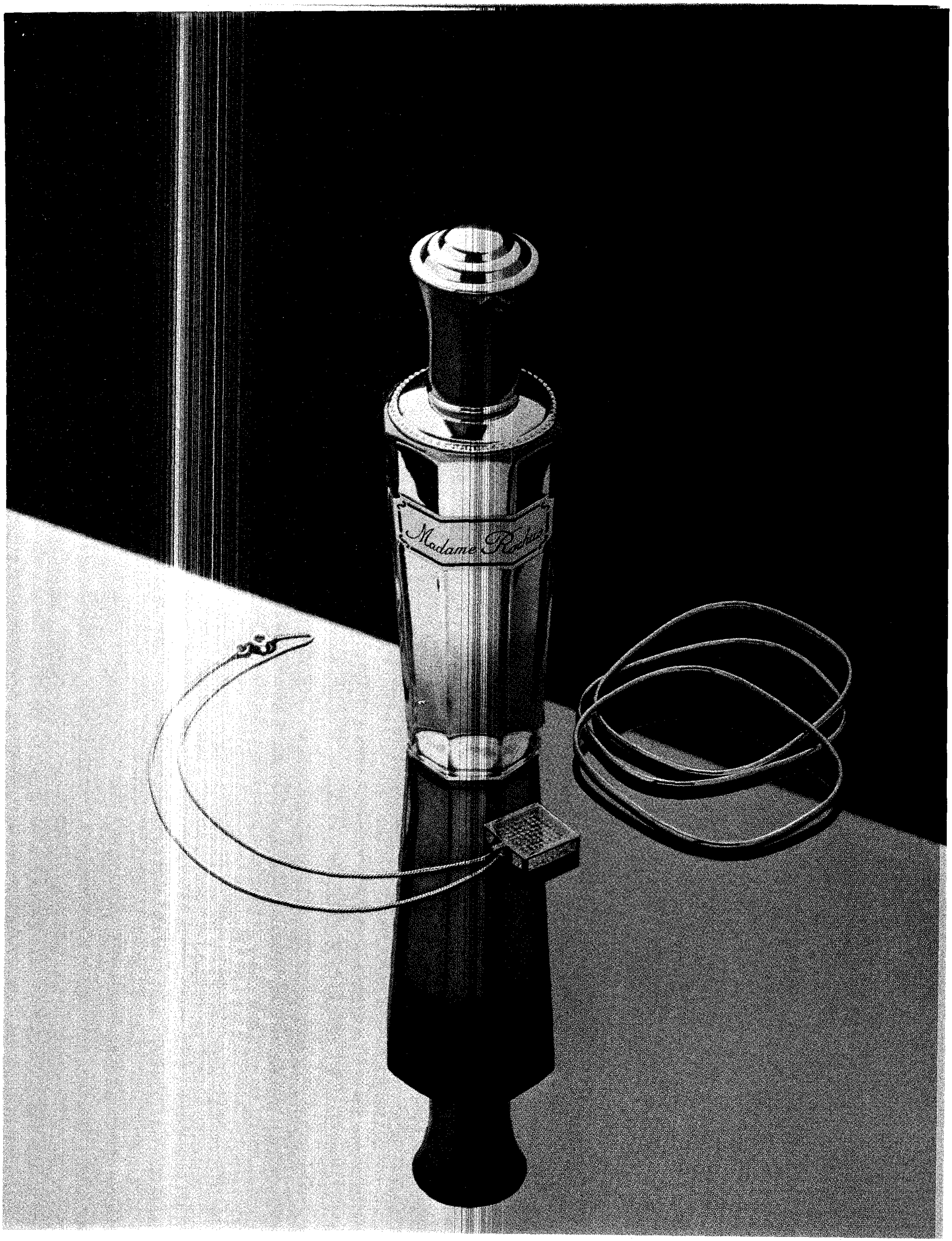
### RECITALS

**Chamber Music at the Y**—Pinchas Zukerman, Jaime Laredo, and Alexander Schneider, violin; Eugenia Zukerman, flute; Sharon Robinson, cello; and the Guarneri Quartet. (Kaufmann Concert Hall, 92nd Street Y, Lexington Ave. at 92nd St. 427-6000. Sunday, Sept. 11, at 8.)

**Walter Hilse**—Organ. (Alice Tully Hall. 362-1911. Wednesday, Sept. 14, at 8.)

## SPORTS

**Baseball**—**METS** at Shea Stadium: Vs. Philadelphia, Wednesday, Sept. 7, at 8:05, and Thursday, Sept. 8, at 2:05. . . . ¶ Chicago, Friday, Sept. 16, at 7:05 (to finish the game suspended by the July 13th blackout, plus the regular scheduled game), and Saturday, Sept. 17, at 2:05. . . . **YANKEES** at Yankee Stadium: Vs. Toronto, Friday, Sept. 9, at 8; Saturday, Sept.



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# GOINGS ON ABOUT TOWN

10, at 2; and Sunday, Sept. 11, at 1 (doubleheader). . . . ¶ Boston, Tuesday through Thursday, Sept. 13-15, at 8.

**College Football—saturday, sept. 10** (all games at 1:30): Army vs. Massachusetts, at West Point. . . . ¶ Colgate vs. Rutgers, at Hamilton. . . . ¶ Fordham vs. Davidson, at Fordham. . . . **saturday, sept. 17:** Army vs. V.M.I., at West Point, at 1:30. . . . ¶ Columbia vs. Harvard, at Baker Field, at 1:30. . . . ¶ Dartmouth vs. Princeton, at Hanover, at 1:30. . . . ¶ Fordham vs. Kean State, at Fordham, at 1:30. . . . ¶ Pennsylvania vs. Cornell, at Philadelphia, at 7:30. . . . ¶ Yale vs. Brown, at New Haven, at 1:50.

**Professional Football**—Giants vs. Miami Dolphins, in an exhibition game. (Giants Stadium, the Meadowlands, East Rutherford, N.J. Sunday, Sept. 11, at 1.)

**Racing**—At **belmont:** Weekdays at 1:30; through Saturday, Oct. 15. The Futurity, Saturday, Sept. 10; the Maskette Handicap, Tuesday, Sept. 13; and the Woodward Handicap and the Lawrence Realization, Saturday, Sept. 17. (Frequent trains leave Penn Station for the track Mondays through Fridays between 11 and 1:10, and Saturdays between 11 and 1:15.). . . **meadowlands,** East Rutherford, N.J.: Weeknights at 8; through Saturday, Dec. 31.

**Soccer**—At Downing Stadium, Randall's Island—Sunday, Sept. 11, at 2:30: A United States National team vs. Alianza of Peru. . . . ¶ Sunday, Sept. 11, at 4:15: Millonarios of Colombia vs. Universitaria of Ecuador. (For information about tickets, call 695-8786.)

**Tennis**—United States Open Tennis Championships. (West Side Tennis Club, Forest Hills. Wednesday and Thursday, Sept. 7-8, at 11 and 7:30, and Friday through Sunday, Sept. 9-11, at 11. For information about tickets, call 651-5200.). . . ¶ W.C.T. Tournament of Champions Final, between Harold Solomon and Ken Rosewall, plus a pro-celebrity match with Ilie Nastase and Vitas Gerulaitis. (Madison Square Garden, Eighth Ave., between 31st and 33rd Sts. 564-4400. Friday, Sept. 16, at 7.)

**Trotting**—At Yonkers Raceway: Weeknights at 8; through Saturday, Nov. 5.

**Yachting**—America's Cup Races. (Newport. Starting Tuesday, Sept. 13.)

## THE GREAT OUTDOORS

(If the weather looks doubtful, call the New York Parks Department, 755-4100, for news. The same number may be called for information about all free entertainment in the city.)

**New York Dance Festival**—The last seven in a series of free performances—Wednesday and Thursday, Sept. 7-8, at 8: The Radio City Music Hall Rockettes, Matthew Diamond, Morocco, Bowyer and Bruggeman, and the Contemporary Dancers. . . . ¶ Friday and Saturday, Sept. 9-10, at 8: The Joan Miller Chamber Arts/Dance Players, Cohan/Suzeau, the Charles Moore Dances and Drums of Africa, Bill T. Jones, the Joffrey Ballet, and the Murray Louis Dance Company. . . . ¶ Sunday, Sept. 11, at 3 (primarily for children): The Ririe-Woodbury Dance Company. . . . ¶ Sunday and Monday, Sept. 11-12, at 8: The Rod Rogers Dance Company, Mariko Sanjo, the Ririe-Woodbury Dance Company, Sandman Sims, Jim and Lorry May, and the José Limón Dance Company. (Delacorte Theatre, Central Park near W. 81st St. Rain date, Tuesday, Sept. 13, at 8. For information about tickets, call 535-5630.)

**Damrosch Park**—Joel Spiegelman conducting the New Russian Chamber Orchestra, with Joseph Werner, piano, and Jack Robbins, violin. (Thursday, Sept. 15, at 8; rain date, Monday, Sept. 19.)

**Walking Tour**—"Historic New York," a conducted tour sponsored by the Museum of the City of New York. Sunday, Sept. 11, starting at the corner of Wall and Nassau Streets, at 2:30. For information, call 534-1672.

**Washington Square Outdoor Art Exhibit**—The semiannual show is on view daily, from noon until sundown; through Sunday, Sept. 18.

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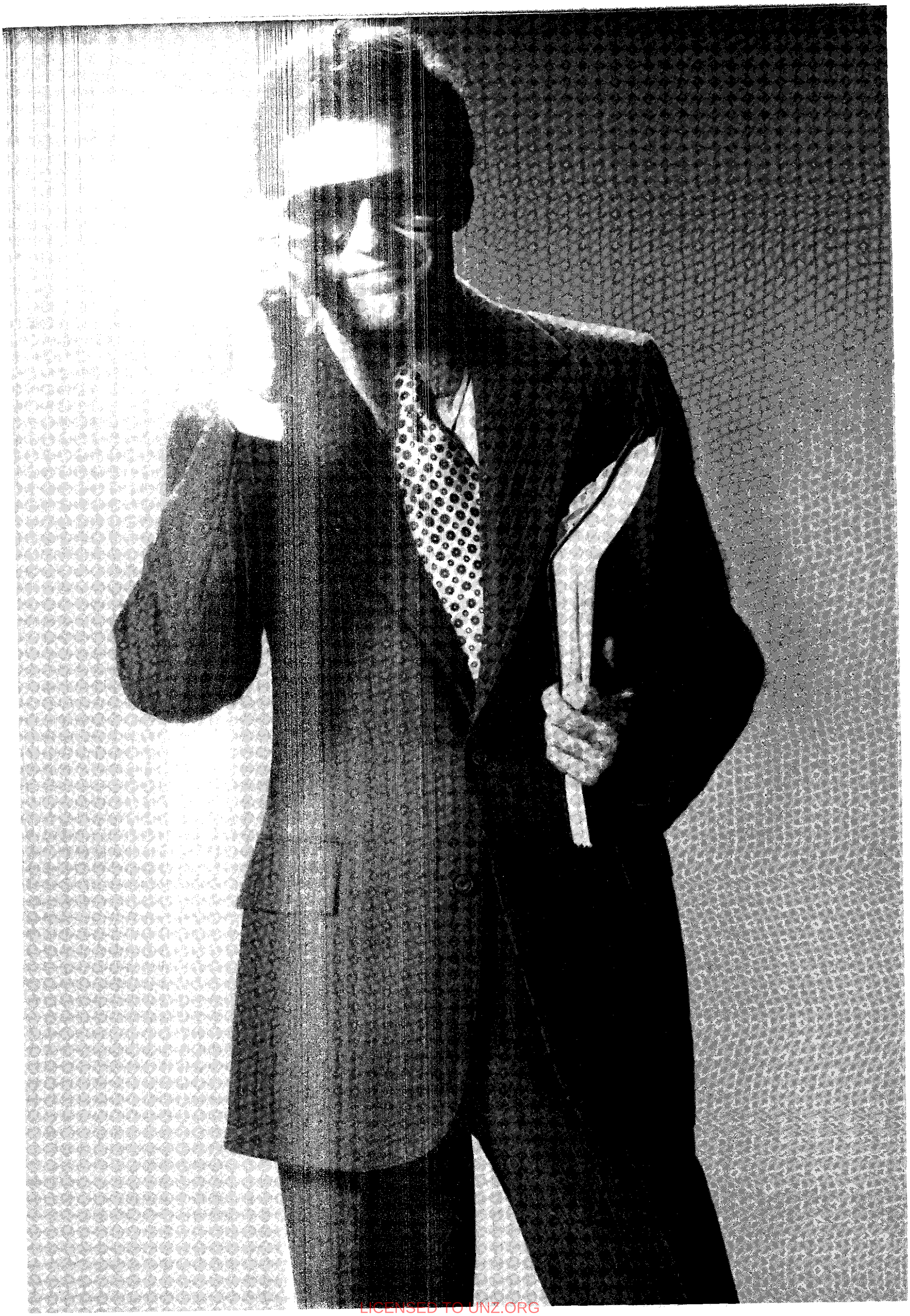

# GOINGS ON ABOUT TOWN

## THE MOVIE HOUSES

| S | M | T | W | T | F | S |
|---|---|---|---|---|---|---|
|  |  |  | 7 | 8 | 9 | 10 |
| 11 | 12 | 13 | 14 | 15 |  |  |

**THE FILMS PLAYING THE REGULAR MOVIE HOUSES ARE DESCRIBED IN BRIEF IN THE SECTION BELOW**

### EAST SIDE

**Art,** 36 E. 8th. (GR 3-7014)
"Cria!"

**St. Marks Cinema,** 2nd Ave. at 8th. (533-9292)
Through Sept. 13: "New York, New York" and "The Gang That Couldn't Shoot Straight."
*From Sept. 14: To be announced.*

**Gramercy,** Lexington at 23rd. (GR 5-1660)
Through Sept. 13: "3 Women."
From Sept. 14: To be announced.

**Murray Hill,** 160 E. 34th. (685-7652)
"Star Wars."

**34th St. East,** 241 E. 34th. (683-0255)
"One on One."

**Eastside Cinema,** 3rd Ave. at 55th. (755-3020)
"The Kentucky Fried Movie."

**Sutton,** 3rd Ave. at 57th. (PL 9-1411)
"The Last Remake of Beau Geste."

**Trans-Lux East,** 3rd Ave. at 58th. (PL 9-2262)
"Suspiria."

**Fine Arts,** 130 E. 58th. (755-6030)
"Chac."

**Plaza,** 42 E. 58th. (EL 5-3320)
"In the Realm of the Senses."

**Baronet,** 3rd Ave. at 59th. (355-1663)
"Pardon Mon Affaire."

**Coronet,** 3rd Ave. at 59th. (355-1663)
"The Other Side of Midnight."

**59th St. East,** 220 E. 59th. (688-0750)
"The Savage Is Loose."

**D. W. Griffith,** 235 E. 59th. (759-4630)
"Fantastic Animation Festival."

**Cinema I,** 3rd Ave. at 60th. (PL 3-6022)
"I Never Promised You a Rose Garden."

**Cinema II,** 3rd Ave. at 60th. (PL 3-0774)
"Outrageous!"

**Columbia I,** 2nd Ave. at 64th. (832-1670)
"The Spy Who Loved Me."

**Columbia II,** 2nd Ave. at 64th. (832-2720)
"The Spy Who Loved Me."

**Beekman,** 2nd Ave. at 66th. (RE 7-2622)
"La Grande Bourgeoise."

**68th St. Playhouse,** 3rd Ave. at 68th. (RE 4-0302)
"The First Nudie Musical."

**Loews Tower East,** 3rd Ave. at 71st. (879-1313)
"You Light Up My Life."

**72nd Street East,** 1st Ave. at 72nd. (BU 8-9304)
To be announced.

**Trans-Lux 85th St.,** Madison at 85th. (BU 8-3180)
"New York, New York."

**U. A. East,** 1st Ave. at 85th. (249-5100)
To be announced.

**Loews Orpheum,** 3rd Ave. at 86th. (289-4607)
"Star Wars."

**Loews Ciné,** 3rd Ave. at 86th. (427-1332)
"The Spy Who Loved Me."

**86th St. East,** 3rd Ave. at 86th. (249-1144)
"The Bad News Bears in Breaking Training."

**R.K.O. 86th St. Twin 1,** Lexington at 86th. (289-8900)
Through Sept. 13: To be announced.
From Sept. 14: "Suspiria."

**R.K.O. 86th St. Twin 2,** Lexington at 86th. (289-8932)
Through Sept. 13: "Walking Tall, Final Chapter."
From Sept. 14: "By the Blood of Others."

### WEST SIDE

**Waverly,** 6th Ave. at 3rd. (929-8037)
"You Light Up My Life."

**Renoir Cinema,** 100 Seventh Ave. S., at Sheridan Square. (873-8702; theatre opens in the late afternoon.)
Sept. 7: "Death in the Garden."
Sept. 8-14: "The River and Death."
From Sept. 15: "The Criminal Life of Archibaldo de la Cruz."

**8th St. Playhouse,** 52 W. 8th. (674-6515)
"Fantastic Animation Festival."

**Greenwich,** Greenwich Ave. at 12th. (929-3350)
Through Sept. 13: "A Bridge Too Far."
From Sept. 14: "The Spy Who Loved Me."

**Quad Cinema,** 34 W. 13th. (255-8800)
Theatre 1: "One on One."
Theatre 2: "Stroszek."
Theatre 3: Through Sept. 13: "The Kentucky Fried Movie." From Sept. 14: "By the Blood of Others."
Theatre 4: Through Sept. 8: "A Night at the Opera" and "A Day at the Races." From Sept. 9: "Dynasty" (3-D).

**Guild,** 33 W. 50th. (PL 7-2406)
"You Light Up My Life."

**Music Hall,** 6th Ave. at 50th. (757-3100)
Through Sept. 14: "MacArthur."
From Sept. 15: No movies; theatre otherwise engaged.

**Playboy,** 110 W. 57th. (JU 6-4448)
Through Sept. 13: "New York, New York."
From Sept. 14: To be announced.

**Little Carnegie,** 146 W. 57th. (246-5123)
Through Sept. 14: "The Sensual Man."
From Sept. 15: "Allegro Non Troppo."

**Paris,** 4 W. 58th. (688-2013)
"Black and White in Color."

**Cinema 3,** 2 W. 59th. (752-5959)
"A Woman's Decision."

**Paramount,** B'way at 61st. (247-5070)
"Fantastic Animation Festival."

**Cinema Studio,** B'way at 66th. (877-4040)
Through Sept. 13 (tentative): "Children of Paradise."
From Sept. 14 (tentative): "Satan's Brew."

**Embassy 72nd St.,** B'way at 72nd. (SC 4-6745)
"Cría!"

**Loews 83rd Triplex,** B'way at 83rd. (877-3190)
Theatre 1: Through Sept. 8: "A Bridge Too Far." From Sept. 9: "Smokey and the Bandit."
Theatre 2: "One on One."
Theatre 3: "The Bad News Bears in Breaking Training."

**New Yorker,** B'way at 88th. (TR 4-9189)
"Chac."

**Olympia,** B'way at 107th. (865-8128)
Through Sept. 13: "New York, New York" and "Norman . . . Is That You?"
From Sept. 14: "The Deep" and "Fun with Dick and Jane."

### REVIVAL HOUSES

(These theatres are showing revivals exclusively, and for abbreviated runs. For reasons of space, or lack of it, only the films marked with a dagger are described in our "In Brief" section, further along.)

**Bleecker St. Cinema,** 144 Bleecker St. (674-2560)
Through Sept. 8: "The Wild Child" (1970), in French, directed by, and with, François Truffaut; and "The Mystery of Kaspar Hauser" (1975; "Every Man for Himself and God Against All"), in German, directed by Werner Herzog, with Bruno S.
Sept. 9-10: "The Missouri Breaks" (1976) directed by Arthur Penn, with Marlon Brando and Jack Nicholson; and "Buffalo Bill and the Indians" (1976), directed by Robert Altman, with Paul Newman.
Sept. *11-12:* "The Great Dictator" (1940) directed by, and with, Charlie Chaplin; and "Dr. Strangelove." (†)
Sept. 13: "Safety Last" (1923), directed by Fred Newmeyer and Sam Taylor, with Harold Lloyd and Mildred Davis; and three Buster Keaton shorts ("The Boat," "Paleface," and "The Cops").
Sept. 14-15: "Zorba the Greek" (†) and "Salvatore Giuliano." (†)

**Carnegie Hall Cinema,** 7th Ave. at 57th. (757-2131)
Sept. 7: "Touch and Go" (1971), in French directed by Philippe de Broca, with Michel Piccoli, Marlène Jobert, and Michael York and "Give Her the Moon" (1970), in English and French, directed by Philippe de Broca, with Bert Convy, Marthe Keller Philippe Noiret, and Fernand Gravey.
Sept. 8: "The Freshman" (1925), directed by Sam Taylor, with Harold Lloyd; and "College" (1927), directed by James W. Horne with Buster Keaton.
Sept. 9: "Happy New Year" (1973), in French, directed by Claude Lelouch, with Lino Ventura and Françoise Fabian; and "The Crook." (†)
Sept. 10: "Last Tango in Paris" (1972), in French and English, directed by Bernardo Bertolucci, with Marlon Brando and Maria Schneider (X-rated); and "The Touch" (1971), directed by Ingmar Bergman, with Elliott Gould, Bibi Andersson, and Max von Sydow.
Sept. 11: "The Lion in Winter" (1968), directed by Anthony Harvey, with Peter O'Toole and Katharine Hepburn; and "A Man for All Seasons." (†)
Sept. 12: "Bizarre, Bizarre" (†) and "Voyage Surprise." (†)
Sept. 13: "Avanti!" (1972), directed by Billy Wilder, with Jack Lemmon and Juliet Mills; and "The Front Page." (†)
Sept. 14: "Siegfried" (1924), a German silent film, directed by Fritz Lang; and "M." (†)
Sept. 15: "Juliet of the Spirits" (1965), in Italian, directed by Federico Fellini, with Giulietta Masina; and "The White Sheik." (†)

**Cinema Village,** 22 E. 12th. (924-3363)
Through Sept. 8: "One-Eyed Jacks" (1961) directed by Marlon Brando, with Mr. Brando, Karl Malden, and Katy Jurado; and "A Streetcar Named Desire" (1951), directed by Elia Kazan, with Marlon Brando and Vivien Leigh.
Sept. 9-10: "Pink Floyd" (†); and "Rock and Roll Your Eyes" (1975), Emerson Lake, and Palmer in concert.
Sept. 11-12: "The King and I" (1956), directed by Walter Lang, with Deborah Kerr and Yul Brynner; and "Carousel" (1956) directed by Henry King, with Gordon MacRae and Shirley Jones.
Sept. 13: "Savages" (†); and "Shakespeare Wallah" (1965), directed by James Ivory with Shashi Kapoor.
Sept. 14-15: "Tropic of Cancer" (†) and "Coming Apart." (†)

**Regency,** B'way at 67th. (724-3700)
Sept. 7: "Forbidden Planet" (1956), directed by Fred M. Wilcox, with Walter Pidgeon, Anne Francis, and Leslie Nielsen; and "The Time Machine" (1960), directed by George Pal, with Rod Taylor, Alan Young, Yvette Mimieux, and Sebastian Cabot.
Sept. 8-10: "Royal Wedding" (1951), di-

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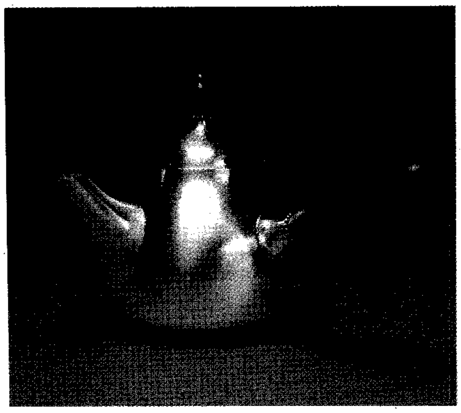

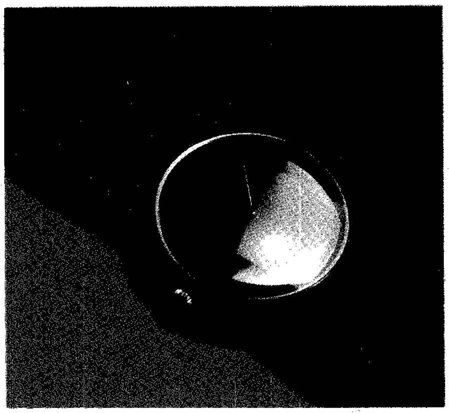

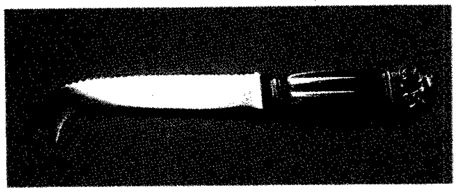

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rected by Stanley Donen, with Fred Astaire, Jane Powell, Sarah Churchill, Peter Lawford, and Keenan Wynn; and "The Barkleys of Broadway" (1949), directed by Charles Walters, with Fred Astaire, Ginger Rogers, and Oscar Levant.

Sept. 11-12: "Goodbye, Mr. Chips" (1939), directed by Sam Wood, with Robert Donat, Greer Garson, and Terry Kilburn; and "Mrs. Miniver" (1942), directed by William Wyler, with Greer Garson, Walter Pidgeon, Dame May Whitty, and Teresa Wright.

From Sept. 13: "Singin' in the Rain" (1952), directed by Gene Kelly and Stanley Donen, with Mr. Kelly, Debbie Reynolds, Donald O'Connor, and Jean Hagen; and "An American in Paris" (1951), directed by Vincente Minnelli, with Gene Kelly, Leslie Caron, Nina Foch, and Oscar Levant.

**Thalia,** B'way at 95th. (222-3370)

Through Sept. 8: "Dark Victory" (1939), directed by Edmund Goulding, with Bette Davis, George Brent, Humphrey Bogart, Ronald Reagan, and Geraldine Fitzgerald; and "The Private Lives of Elizabeth and Essex" (1939), directed by Michael Curtiz, with Bette Davis, Errol Flynn, and Olivia de Havilland.

Sept. 9-10: "Of Human Bondage" (1934), directed by John Cromwell, with Bette Davis, Leslie Howard, Frances Dee, and Kay Johnson; and "A Star Is Born" (1937), directed by William Wellman, with Janet Gaynor and Fredric March.

Sept. 11-13: "Scenes from a Marriage" (1974), in Swedish, directed by Ingmar Bergman, with Liv Ullmann and Erland Josephson.

From Sept. 14: To be announced.

**Theatre 80 St. Marks,** 80 St. Marks Pl. (254-7400)

Through Sept. 8: "Mexicali Rose" (1929), directed by Erle Kenton, with Barbara Stanwyck, Sam Hardy, and William Janney; and "Ten Cents a Dance" (1931), directed by Lionel Barrymore, with Barbara Stanwyck, Ricardo Cortez, and Monroe Owsley.

Sept. 9-10: "Three Wise Girls" (1932), directed by William Beaudine, with Jean Harlow and Mae Clarke; and "Virtue" (1932), directed by Eddie Buzzell, with Carole Lombard and Pat O'Brien.

Sept. 11-12: "Love Affair" (†) and "The Menace." (†)

Sept. 13: "Our Town" (1940), directed by Sam Wood, with Frank Craven, Martha Scott, William Holden, and Fay Bainter; and "Penny Serenade." (†)

Sept. 14-15: "Imitation of Life" (†) and "Madame X." (†)

## FILM LIBRARIES, ETC.

**Roy and Niuta Titus Auditorium,** Museum of Modern Art, 11 W. 53rd St. (956-7078)—Sept. 8 at 2:30: "Wives Under Suspicion" (1938), directed by James Whale, with Warren William and Gail Patrick. . . . ¶ Sept. 8 at 6: "The Kiss Before the Mirror" (1933), directed by James Whale, with Nancy Carroll, Frank Morgan, Paul Lukas, Gloria Stuart, and Walter Pidgeon. . . . ¶ Sept. 8 at 8:30: "Waterloo Bridge" (1931), directed by James Whale, with Mae Clarke and Kent Douglass (Douglass Montgomery). . . . ¶ Sept. 9 at 2:30: "Once in a Lifetime" (1932), directed by Russell Mack, with Jack Oakie and ZaSu Pitts. . . . ¶ Sept. 9 at 6: "Cenere" (1916), an Italian silent film, directed by Febo Mari, with Eleonora Duse, English inter-titles, film incomplete; and "The Wind" (1928), directed by Victor Seastrom, with Lillian Gish, Lars Hanson, and Montague Love. . . . ¶ Sept. 10 at noon: "The Invisible Man" (1933), directed by James Whale, with Claude Rains and Gloria Stuart. . . . ¶ Sept. 10 at 2:30: "When Tomorrow Comes" (1939), directed by John M. Stahl, with Charles Boyer and Irene Dunne. . . . ¶ Sept. 10 at 5: "Letter of Introduction" (1938), directed by John M. Stahl, with Andrea Leeds, Adolphe Menjou, and Edgar Bergen. . . . ¶ Sept. 11 at noon: "The Man Who Reclaimed His Head" (1934), directed by Edward Ludwig, with Claude Rains, Joan Bennett, and Lionel Atwill. . . . ¶ Sept. 11 at 2:30: "King of Jazz" (1930), directed by John Murray Anderson, with Bing Crosby and Paul Whiteman. . . . ¶ Sept. 11 at 5: "American Madness" (1932), directed by Frank Capra, with Walter Huston, Constance Cummings, and Pat O'Brien. . . . ¶ Sept. 12 at noon: "The Love Goddesses" (1964), written and produced by Saul J. Turell and Graeme Ferguson. . . . ¶ Sept. 12 at 2:30: "Next Time We Love" (1936), directed by Edward H. Griffith, with Margaret Sullavan, James Stewart, and Ray Milland. . . . ¶ Sept. 12 at 6: "Her First Mate" (1933), directed by William Wyler, with ZaSu Pitts and Slim Summerville; and "The Love Trap" (1929), directed by William Wyler, with Laura La Plante. . . . ¶ Sept. 13 at noon: "The Love Goddesses." . . . ¶ Sept. 13 at 2:30: "Revolt of the Fishermen" (1934), in Russian, directed by Erwin Piscator; English and Danish subtitles. . . . ¶ Sept. 13 at 6: "The Black Cat" (1934), directed by Edgar G. Ulmer, with Boris Karloff and Bela Lugosi; and "Murders in the Rue Morgue" (1932), directed by Robert Florey, with Bela Lugosi and Sidney Fox. . . . ¶ Sept. 15 at 2:30: "Back Street" (1961), directed by David Miller, with Susan Hayward, Vera Miles, and John Gavin. . . . ¶ Sept. 15 at 6: "Back Street" (1941), directed by Robert Stevenson, with Charles Boyer and Margaret Sullavan. . . . ¶ Sept. 15 at 8:30: "Back Street" (1932), directed by John M. Stahl, with Irene Dunne and John Boles. (A limited number of tickets are available, but only to those applying for them in person at the museum after 11 on the day of the showing.

## IN BRIEF

SEE ABOVE FOR THEATRE ADDRESSES AND TELEPHONE NUMBERS.
IF A MOVIE HAS BEEN REVIEWED IN THESE PAGES DURING THE PAST TWO YEARS, THE DATE OF ITS REVIEW IS GIVEN.

**Allegro Non Troppo**—An animated film by Bruno Bozzetto. In Italian. (Little Carnegie; starting Sept. 15.)

**The Bad News Bears in Breaking Training**—Highly likable sequel to "The Bad News Bears," with the crew of unruly and matchlessly mismatched kids caught up in a ballgame in Houston that they do well at in spite of a lot of butterflies. Jackie Earle Haley, smoking hard to get around the cops' suspicion that he hasn't got a driver's license, is fine, and graceful at playing the film's characteristic born dissident. (86th St. East and Loews 83rd Triplex.)

**Bizarre, Bizarre** (1937)—Dadaist frivolity, with some choice sequences that one giggles over for years. Jacques Prévert wrote and Marcel Carné directed this romantic, satirical comedy about the English mania for detective fiction, set in Edwardian England. Jean-Louis Barrault is the detective-story reader who decides to commit his own perfect crime by murdering the author (Michel Simon). With Françoise Rosay as Barrault's inamorata, Louis Jouvet as a clergyman, and Jean-Pierre Aumont as a lovesick milkman. In French. (Carnegie Hall Cinema; Sept. 12.)

**Black and White in Color**—Directed by Jean-Jacques Annaud; at first anecdotal, then ironic and sharp and charming. The scene is West Africa in 1915, when the local French and German garrisons learn that they are at war. The hero is a good-looking, decisive French geographer called Hubert (Jacques Spiesser), who turns a tribe into a pukka regiment. In French. (Reviewed in our issue of 5/23/77.) (Paris.)

**A Bridge Too Far**—A film too long. Inaccurate, to boot. About Arnhem in the Second World War, with a list of stars of whom only Laurence Olivier is worth your ticket money. (6/20/77) (Loews 83rd Triplex; through Sept. 8. . . . ¶ Greenwich; through Sept. 13.)

**By the Blood of Others**—With Mariangela Melato and Yves Beneyton, directed by Marc Simenon. In French. (R.K.O. 86th St. Twin 2, and Quad Cinema; starting Sept. 14.)

**Chac**—A film about Mayans seeking rain in a drought. The subtitled speech—there is not much of it, as usual in solemn ethnological films—is in Cariban, Mayan, and Tzeltal. Rolando Klein directed this extra-beautiful, subnormal-minded picture, with a non-professional cast, apart from an extremely well-trained midget from Mexico City. (9/5/77) (Fine Arts, and New Yorker.)

**Children of Paradise** (1945)—A one-of-a-kind film: a sumptuous, romantic epic about the relations between theatre and life, written with wit by Jacques Prévert, and beautifully directed by Marcel Carné. Made during the Occupation but set in the Paris of Balzac, with Jean-Louis Barrault, the incomparable Arletty, Pierre Brasseur, Pierre Renoir, and Maria Casarès. In French. (Cinema Studio; through Sept. 13, tentative.)

**Coming Apart** (1969)—Rip Torn is a psychiatrist whose crackup involves a series of sexual encounters, a few of them amusing but most of them intended to be "joyless"—and the movie certainly succeeds in making them so. With Sally Kirkland. Written and directed by Milton Moses Ginsberg. (Cinema Village; Sept. 14-15.)

**Cría!**—A moving Spanish film, set in Madrid, with Ana Torrent as a nine-year-old called Ana. Her mother and her adult self are both played with great beauty by Geraldine Chaplin. Carlos Saura directed, and wrote the screenplay himself. Surrounded by deaths—of her mother, her father (discovered by her in bed with her mother's best friend), her guinea pig—the child has a delicate sense of play; there is a marvellous scene in which she and her sisters dress up and make up and talk as they imagine grownups do when alone together. In Spanish. (6/6/77) (Art, and Embassy 72nd St.)

**The Criminal Life of Archibaldo de la Cruz** (1955)—Only intermittently amusing black comedy, made in Mexico by Buñuel. Directed rather indifferently, though the story has a Buñuelian perversity. It's about a man whose attempts to commit murder are constantly frustrated by the deaths of his intended victims. In Spanish. (Renoir Cinema; starting Sept. 15.)

**The Crook** (1971)—The hero of Claude Lelouch's thriller is played by Jean-Louis Trintignant and is called Simon the Swiss, because he is invincibly methodical. Once a lawyer, he has turned criminal. The romantically sadistic plot is about the kidnapping of a child whose rabbit-faced parents are tricked into leaving him alone while they pick up a prize in a Simca-promoted television show. Skillful, well acted, impossible to leave, topped with a cruel piece of nursery morality at the end. In French. (Carnegie Hall Cinema; Sept. 9.)

**A Day at the Races** (1937)—The Marx Brothers in a sort of morning-after to "A Night at the Opera." It has something to do with a sanatorium, a group of bankers, a blond siren, and a steeplechase. Groucho is Hugo Z. Hackenbush, a horse doctor posing as a fashionable neurologist. ("Either this man is dead or my watch has stopped.") He shuffles off with the picture. The cast includes Margaret Dumont, Maureen O'Sullivan, and Allan Jones; the teen-age Dorothy Dandridge may be glimpsed among the kids in the "All God's Chillun Got Rhythm" number. Sam Wood directed. (Quad Cinema; through Sept. 8.)

**Death in the Garden** (1956)—With Simone Signoret and Georges Marchal, directed by Luis Buñuel. In French. (Renoir Cinema; Sept. 7.)

**The Deep**—Don't plunge. From the Peter Benchley novel, with Robert Shaw, Jacqueline Bisset, and Nick Nolte; directed by Peter Yates. (7/4/77) (Olympia; starting Sept. 14.)

**Dr. Strangelove** (1964)—Stanley Kubrick's fantastically bold and abusive comedy, starring Peter Sellers, George C. Scott, Sterling Hayden, Keenan Wynn, and Slim Pickens. (Bleecker St. Cinema; Sept. 11-12.)

**Fantastic Animation Festival**—A film made up of sixteen award-winning animated short subjects. Some are pretentious, about mushroom clouds or alienation, in the film-festival style; some are plain groggy; but a few are genuinely witty. (D.W. Griffith, 8th St. Playhouse, and Paramount.)

**The First Nudie Musical**—A spoof of low-budget porno films and the musical comedies of the thirties and forties, with Stephen Nathan, Cindy Williams, and Bruce Kimmel; directed by Mr. Kimmel and Mark Haggard. R-rated. (68th St. Playhouse.)

**The Front Page** (1974)—Ben Hecht's and Charles MacArthur's rowdy and marvellous

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dream of newspaper life, first produced on the stage in 1928, has here been diminished to the sloppy ordinary. Billy Wilder, the director, and his co-scenarist, I. A. L. Diamond, think that the way to make a dialogue comedy work for modern audiences is to convert the dialogue into noise; their version is a harsh, scrambling-for-laughs gag comedy. Walter Matthau, who gets a chance at a really classy American character—Walter Burns, the funny, mean, egomaniac editor—plays him like a whistle-stop Bear Bryant. Matthau, however, still gets his laughs. Jack Lemmon doesn't; his Hildy Johnson—the best reporter in Chicago—is like a mortuary assistant having a wild fling. There's only one freshly felt performance—Austin Pendleton as Earl Williams, the fuddled anarchist concealed in the famous rolltop desk. (Carnegie Hall Cinema; Sept. 13.)

**FUN WITH DICK AND JANE**—A nitwit mixture of counterculture politics, madcap comedy, and toilet humor. George Segal and Jane Fonda are Dick and Jane of the children's primers, grown up, married, and living beyond their means in a suburban-palatial L.A. dream house; when he loses his executive job they turn to robbery. Excruciatingly badly directed by Ted Kotcheff. (2/28/77) (Olympia; starting Sept. 14.)

**THE GANG THAT COULDN'T SHOOT STRAIGHT** (1971)—When farce isn't expertly played and directed, it becomes just stupid, and that's what happens to this Mafia farce, from the Jimmy Breslin book. Lionel Stander, Jo Van Fleet, and Jerry Orbach are among the clownish crooks; molestable Leigh Taylor-Young and the talented young Robert De Niro are the romantic leads. Directed by James Goldstone. (St. Marks Cinema; through Sept. 13.)

**LA GRANDE BOURGEOISE**—A noble, beautiful piece of work by Mauro Bolognini, set in the Italy of 1897. The story has the quality of a fable. The Countess (Catherine Deneuve), daughter of the famed and powerful house of Murri, is married to a boorish doctor but is in love with her brother (played by Giancarlo Giannini). Luck flickers around the apparently blessed Murris, children of a great scholar (played by Fernando Rey). The Murris are rich Socialists; they excite the rage and envy of poorer fellow-Socialists and traditional monarchists alike. Bolognini has made an intellectually exquisite film. In French and Italian. (8/8/77) (Beekman.)

**IMITATION OF LIFE** (1934)—Classic, compulsively watchable rags-to-riches-and-heartbreak weeper, from a novel by Fannie Hurst. Claudette Colbert and Louise Beavers are the white and black women who go into business together, and Rochelle Hudson and Fredi Washington are their daughters. Ross Hunter did a remake in 1959 which pulled out all the stops; in both versions you want to laugh at yourself for choking up, but, at least, the original is simpler and the sobs aren't torn out of your throat. With Warren William, Ned Sparks, Alan Hale, Franklin Pangborn, Noel Francis, Hazel Washington, Madame Sul-Te-Wan (the black actress who worked with D. W. Griffith), Hattie McDaniel, Henry Armetta, and Henry Kolker. Directed by John Stahl. (Theatre 80 St. Marks; Sept. 14-15.)

**I NEVER PROMISED YOU A ROSE GARDEN**—Anthony Page treats the topic of a pretty, schizophrenic girl (Kathleen Quinlan) with charity and distress. Bibi Andersson plays—marvellously—the therapist who works with the girl in the frightened margins of her life, which is hedged with demons. The "cure" is not complete, but we were never promised a rose garden. (8/8/77) (Cinema I.)

**IN THE REALM OF THE SENSES**—With Eiko Matsuda and Tatsuya Fuji, directed by Nagisa Oshima. In Japanese. (Plaza.)

**THE KENTUCKY FRIED MOVIE**—With David Zucker, Jim Abrahams, and Jerry Zucker; directed by John Landis. (Eastside Cinema. . . . ¶ Quad Cinema; through Sept. 13.)

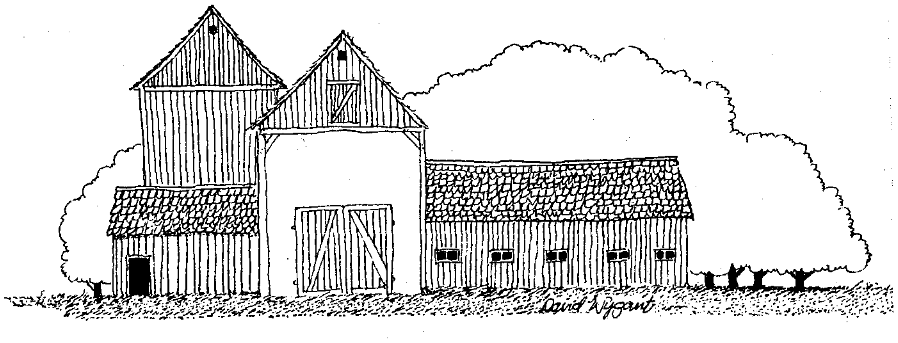
**THE LAST REMAKE OF BEAU GESTE**—Sir Hector Geste, of Geste Manor, gnashes his teeth when his nice wife bears him a beautiful daughter instead of the son he has pined for. At the Wormwood & Gall Boys Orphanage, he picks out the very lad: strong-jawed, blond, destined to grow up into Michael York, a twin wildly held to be identical to the slithery-eyed boy destined to grow up into Marty Feldman (who wrote and directed this recklessly funny film). Side benefits include a Chinese Legionnaire who sings soppy Irish ballads, some bookish-looking camels, and Peter Ustinov as a leader cheerfully called the Kraut, who has a peg leg, a peg-legged horse, and a peg-legged Teddy bear. (7/25/77) (Sutton.)

**LOVE AFFAIR** (1932)—Humphrey Bogart in his juvenile-lead days. This was the eighth movie he appeared in; it was taken from an Ursula Parrott story, and the star is Dorothy Mackaill. Thornton Freeland directed. (Theatre 80 St. Marks; Sept. 11-12.)

**M** (1932)—Fritz Lang's first sound film has visual excitement, pace, brilliance of surface, and feeling for detail. Above all, it has, caught in a manhunt, a small, fat man, sweating in his uncomfortable clothes—the sexual psychopath who murders little girls—interpreted by Peter Lorre with a spark of genius. It is Lorre's triumph that he makes us understand the terrified, suffering human being who murders. The film is based on the case of the Düsseldorf murderer: the police, in trying to track him down, disturbed the normal criminal activities of the city, and the underworld organized to find him, so that crime could go on as usual. Lang turns the movie into a melodramatic thriller by centering on this ironic chase; the film is similar to "The Threepenny Opera" in its satirical use of beggars and criminals. In German. (Carnegie Hall Cinema; Sept. 14.)

**MACARTHUR**—A blockbuster film that is an act of homage to egocentricity and battle hunger. Gregory Peck plays the General perfectly: his skill at reproducing the characteristics of a noisy, obtuse, brave, Red-baiting man makes the actor and subject seem uncannily matched. At West Point, stripped of his command, the General has some moving moments: you feel that without war this authoritarian man is made inert and void. (7/11/77) (Music Hall; through Sept. 14.)

**MADAME X** (1966)—A woman is forced to abandon her baby and, years later, having committed a murder, is defended by . . . her very own son, who does not know that . . . she is **his very own mother.** Alexandre Bisson's courtroom melodrama melted hearts in silent-movie houses in 1916 and again in 1920; Ruth Chatterton had a personal triumph in the first talkie version, in 1929; and in 1937 Gladys George gave it the benefit of her gin-and-tears voice. It requires an actress who knows how to get into a broken-down vehicle and get some mileage out of it, but in this Ross Hunter production, spiritually dedicated to the glossy woman's-picture style of the nineteen-forties, Lana Turner hasn't the power or the technique—she isn't Madame X, she's Brand X. Turner, at the start, is supposed to be a ravishing young newlywed, and the production is designed like a cocoon to protect her. There isn't a young actress in the cast, not even among the bit players. This "Madame X" isn't about mother love; it's about mummy love. Ross Hunter was addicted to lavish wardrobes, and so the outcast heroine



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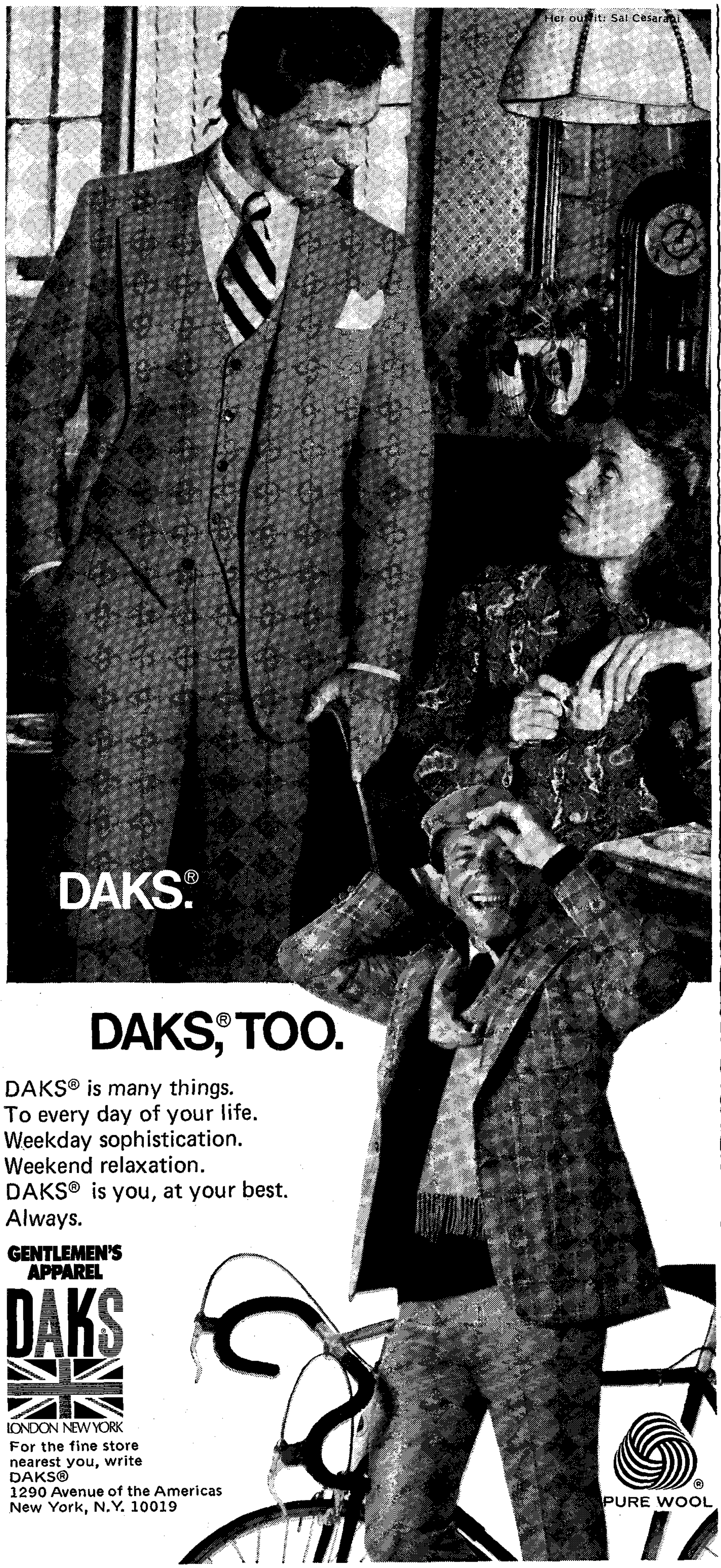

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keeps changing her clothes, and to compensate for all those swell dresses, she keeps suffering: not one moment of fun in twenty years. With almost every line a howler, this is a camp special. David Lowell Rich directed. With Constance Bennett (in her last film appearance), Keir Dullea, John Forsythe, Ricardo Montalban, Burgess Meredith, Kaaren Verne, Virginia Grey, and Joe De Santis. (Theatre 80 St. Marks; Sept. 14-15.)

**A Man for All Seasons** (1966)—The director, Fred Zinnemann, places himself at the service of Robert Bolt's play about the moral tug of war between Sir Thomas More (Paul Scofield) and Henry VIII (Robert Shaw), and the results are tasteful and moderately enjoyable. The weakness is that though Bolt's dialogue is crisp, lucid, and well spoken, his presentation of More's martyrdom is so one-sided we don't even get to understand *that* side. More is the only man of honor in the movie, and he's got all the good lines; he's the kind of hero we used to read about in biographies of great men written for twelve-year-olds, and Scofield is so refined, so controlled, so dignified, so obviously "subtle" he's like a man of conscience in a school play. With Orson Welles as Wolsey and Leo McKern as Cromwell. (Carnegie Hall Cinema; Sept. 11.)

**The Menace** (1932)—Bette Davis's fourth picture, a corpse-filled thriller (adapted from Edgar Wallace's novel "The Feathered Serpent"), which Davis says was shot in eight days. H. B. Warner, Natalie Moorhead, Walter Byron, and Halliwell Hobbs are in the cast; Roy William Neill directed. (Theatre 80 St. Marks; Sept. 11-12.)

**New York, New York**—It begins on V-J Day; Liza Minnelli is a struggling singer, Robert De Niro is a struggling saxophonist, both parts written so as to represent the Hollywood chestnut that ruthlessness is necessary for success. The best thing about this movie is De Niro's firm, swift performance. Directed by Martin Scorsese. (7/4/77) (Trans-Lux 85th St. . . . ¶ St. Marks Cinema, Playboy, and Olympia; through Sept. 13.)

**A Night at the Opera** (1935)—The Marx Brothers doing to "Il Trovatore" what should be done to "Il Trovatore." Wonderful. (Quad Cinema; through Sept. 8.)

**Norman . . . Is That You?** (1976)—With Redd Foxx and Pearl Bailey, directed by George Schlatter. (Olympia; through Sept. 13.)

**One on One**—With Robby Benson and Annette O'Toole, directed by Lamont Johnson. (34th St. East, Quad Cinema, and Loews 83rd Triplex.)

**The Other Side of Midnight**—A fatuous, money-spinning film from a fatuous, money-spinning book about a girl called Noelle Page (Marie-France Pisier), who rises from lowish life in Marseilles to become the most famous and best-dressed film star in France. The dialogue and the plot are so dull that the film chiefly embeds itself in the memory as a conversation between women's clothes. (7/11/77) (Coronet.)

**Outrageous!**—With Craig Russell and Hollis McLaren, directed by Richard Benner. (Reviewed in this issue.) (Cinema II.)

**Pardon Mon Affaire**—A soubrette of a movie, about a long-faced and very accident-prone Lothario (Jean Rochefort). Directed by Yves Robert, who made "The Tall Blond Man with One Black Shoe." Sabotaged sometimes by coquetry, but its high spirits save it. In French. (8/8/77) (Baronet.)

**Penny Serenade** (1941)—Irene Dunne and Cary Grant, who had made audiences laugh in "The Awful Truth" and "My Favorite Wife," jerked tears this time. They play a childless couple who adopt an infant, learn to love it as well as feed it and bathe it, and then lose it. The director, George Stevens, dragged his feet (the picture is over two hours long) and he wasn't very subtle, yet he respected the sentimental story and made it convincing to a wide audience; many people talk about this picture as if it had really been deeply moving. With Edgar Buchanan and Beulah Bondi; the screenplay is by Morrie Ryskind. (Theatre 80 St. Marks; Sept. 13.)

**Pink Floyd** (1974)—A concert-*cum*-puff by the famous London rock group, playing in Pompeii in quadraphonically recorded sound. The young men are adept musicians but are

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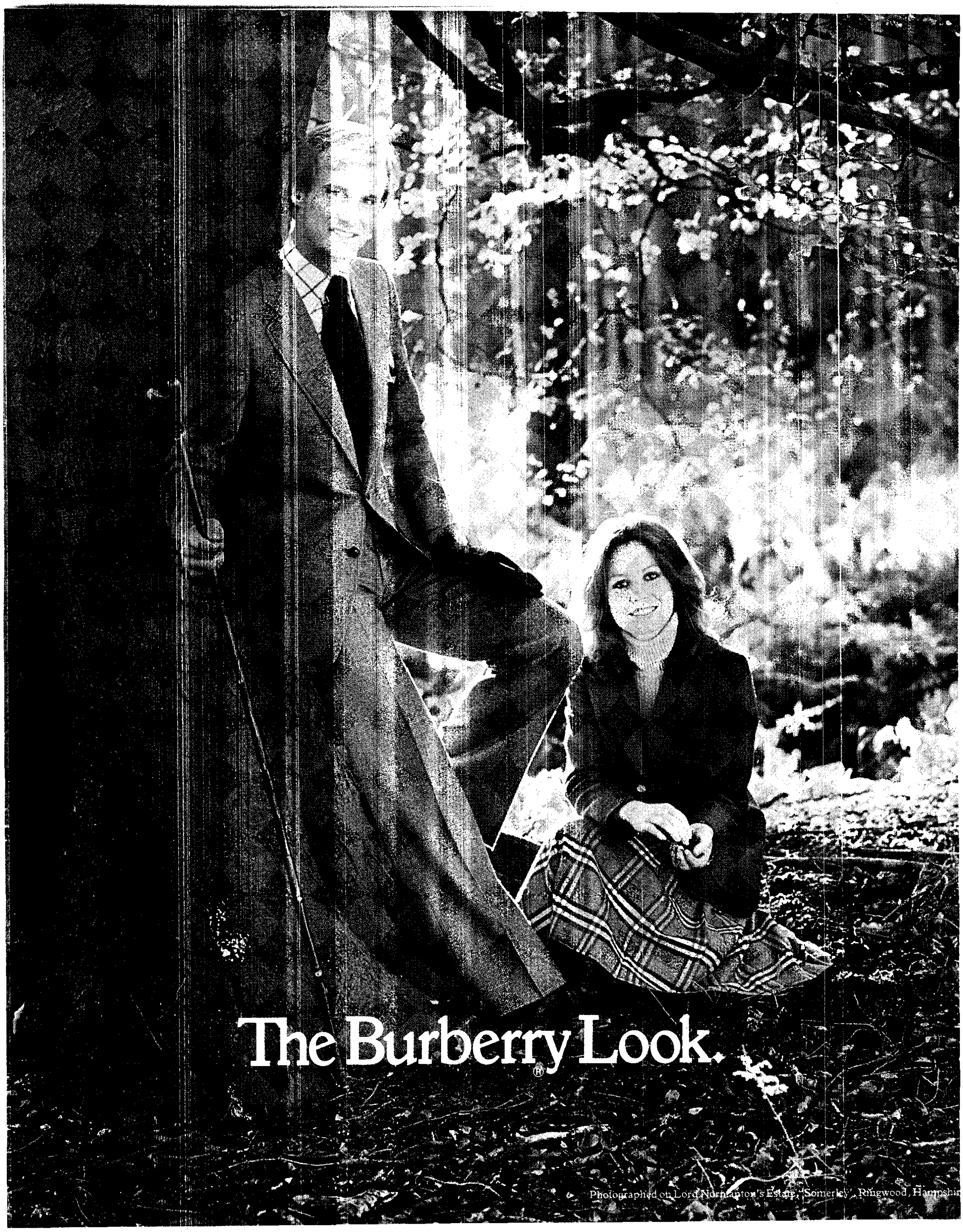
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even more adept at technology. They can make a Steinway piano sound like demonic stomach rumblings. (Cinema Village; Sept. 9-10.)

**The River and Death** (1954)—Directed by Luis Buñuel, in Mexico. In Spanish. (Renoir Cinema; Sept. 8-14.)

**Salvatore Giuliano** (1961)—Francesco Rosi is one of the great modern directors, but he has a tendency to be both political and abstract, and often when seeing a Rosi movie one is awed by the compositions and the vividness of the incidents while being flummoxed by the conception. As writer-director of this account of the life and death of the famous Sicilian outlaw, Rosi develops the semi-documentary style that Rossellini had used in "Paisan." The images are never less than arresting, but the ambitious, Marxist point of view is bewildering; somehow Rosi fails to invite us into the story. It may be that his brilliance does not include a gift for simple dramatizations. In Italian. (Bleecker St. Cinema; Sept. 14-15.)

**Satan's Brew**—Rainer Werner Fassbinder's agent provocateur of a film about a non-writing writer (Kurt Raab) who decides to plagiarize Stefan George. The anti-hero is an irrational slob. In asking us to accept this sadomasochistic charade, Fassbinder is relying on our trust of his talent. In German. (8/15/77) (Cinema Studio; starting Sept. 14, tentative.)

**The Savage Is Loose** (1974)—George C. Scott, Trish Van Devere, and John David Carson, as their son, are shipwrecked on a jungle island, and so is the audience. Agonizing. Scott directed. (59th St. East.)

**Savages** (1972)—A glittering film by James Ivory, written by Michael O'Donoghue and George Swift Trow and beautifully photographed by Walter Lassally. A mysteriously enticing croquet ball lures a band of mud-caked savages out of the jungle and ahead several millennia in time to inhabit a sedate empty country house. A shallow, high-bred civility between them presides through dinner and gradually disintegrates. The film is wittily sarcastic about progress, full of withering social comedy and a peculiar erratic stateliness of style. The substitution of archetypes for characters makes the total rather empty, but this is a stylish and ambitious attempt. (Cinema Village; Sept. 13.)

**The Sensual Man**—Written and directed by Marco Vicario, with Giancarlo Giannini as an Italian growing old in the grip of a ravaging sensuality. The most touching character is actually his father, the odd man out in a noisy family; he says on his deathbed to his son, about the relatives waiting outside the bedroom door for the excitement of last rites, "Don't let them shout." The agony of the hero himself is rather limply characterized. Why such misery, forcing himself to chase whores and breaking his heart in his search for a good and simple girl? In Italian. (8/22/77) (Little Carnegie; through Sept. 14.)

**Smokey and the Bandit**—With Burt Reynolds, Sally Field, Jerry Reed, and Jackie Gleason; directed by Hal Needham. (Loews 83rd Triplex; starting Sept. 9.)

**The Spy Who Loved Me**—This time around in the James Bond cycle, Roger Moore is 007, and his girl-object, a coldly luscious Russian woman spy, is Barbara Bach. Much ingenuity of blood lust. Gone are the days of the early Bond pictures, with their vivacity and circus hucksterism. Directed by Lewis Gilbert. (8/8/77) (Columbia I, Columbia II, and Loews Ciné. . . . ¶ Greenwich; starting Sept. 14.)

**Star Wars**—A film, written and directed by George Lucas (of "American Graffiti"), about an interstellar war in a galaxy inhabited by tiny, chattering, evil beings, by Tenniel creatures of high individuality (a henna-dyed wolf-man, snakes with the look of mathematicians), by a gold-plated robot, and by a computer that looks like a mixture of hair-dryer and mailbox. Witty and fun, with spectacular optical effects. (6/13/77) (Murray Hill, and Loews Orpheum.)

**Stroszek**—Werner Herzog, the West German who wrote and directed this wonderful film, describes it as a ballad. Stroszek, played by Bruno S., feels himself like a castaway going

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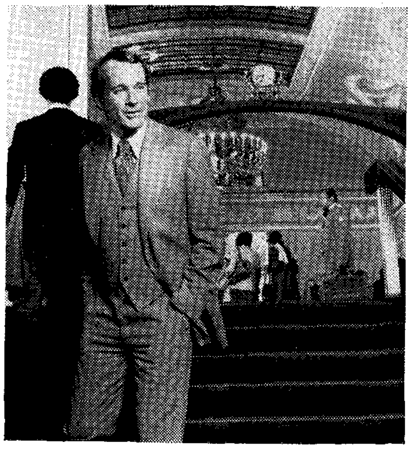

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round and round forever—merry-go-round or mill wheel, he doesn't know which. Released from jail, he plays his piano with all the focus that was missing in his dealings with the prison authorities—a lack of focus that will make some sophisticates think him simpleminded when he is simply bereft. There is a marvellous performance by a paper-faced old man called Scheitz (Clemens Scheitz), who has a nephew in Wisconsin. In a key scene, early in the film, a befriending doctor tells Stroszek that he doesn't know how to look after himself, and then shows him a premature baby who, like Stroszek, will be all right, given a little help. A masterwork. In German and English. (7/25/77) (Quad Cinema.)

**Suspiria**—With Jessica Harper, directed by Dario Argento. (Trans-Lux East.... ¶ R.K.O. 86th St. Twin 1; *starting* Sept. 14.)

**3 Women**—Robert Altman's dream film about three women whose identities merge, one into another, and flow together. Shelley Duvall plays a beautiful know-it-all girl who is an attendant in a health spa for the aged. Sissy Spacek plays the novice she breaks in, and Janice Rule plays a silent artist who paints lunging profile figures on the sides of swimming pools. (4/18/77) (Gramercy; through Sept. 13.)

**Tropic of Cancer** (1970)—A shallow but entertaining version of the Henry Miller novel about expatriates in Paris. It may be closer to "The Immoral Mr. Teas" than to its source, but at least it isn't fusty. With Rip Torn. Directed by Joseph Strick. (Cinema Village; Sept. 14-15.)

**Voyage Surprise** (1946)—The Prévert brothers—director Pierre and scenarist Jacques—got together on this offhand comedy, and there's nothing comparable to its poetic eccentricity in other French movies of the period; the humor suggests early Marx Brothers, but the improvisatory style is that of Mack Sennett two-reelers, or a looser, more amateurish version of René Clair's "The Italian Straw Hat." It can be tedious, but it has a loony, antique grace. In competition with a tourist bureau, a mad old man (Sinoël) collects a busload of uninhibited people and they go on a "mystery" tour—the route and destination unknown. The surprises follow: they become fugitives from the law; they spend a night in a sumptuous brothel; they are mistaken for a theatrical troupe. Kosma did the music. With Martine Carole, and the dwarf Pierre Piéral, who's like a miniature Bette Davis. In French. (Carnegie Hall Cinema; Sept. 12.)

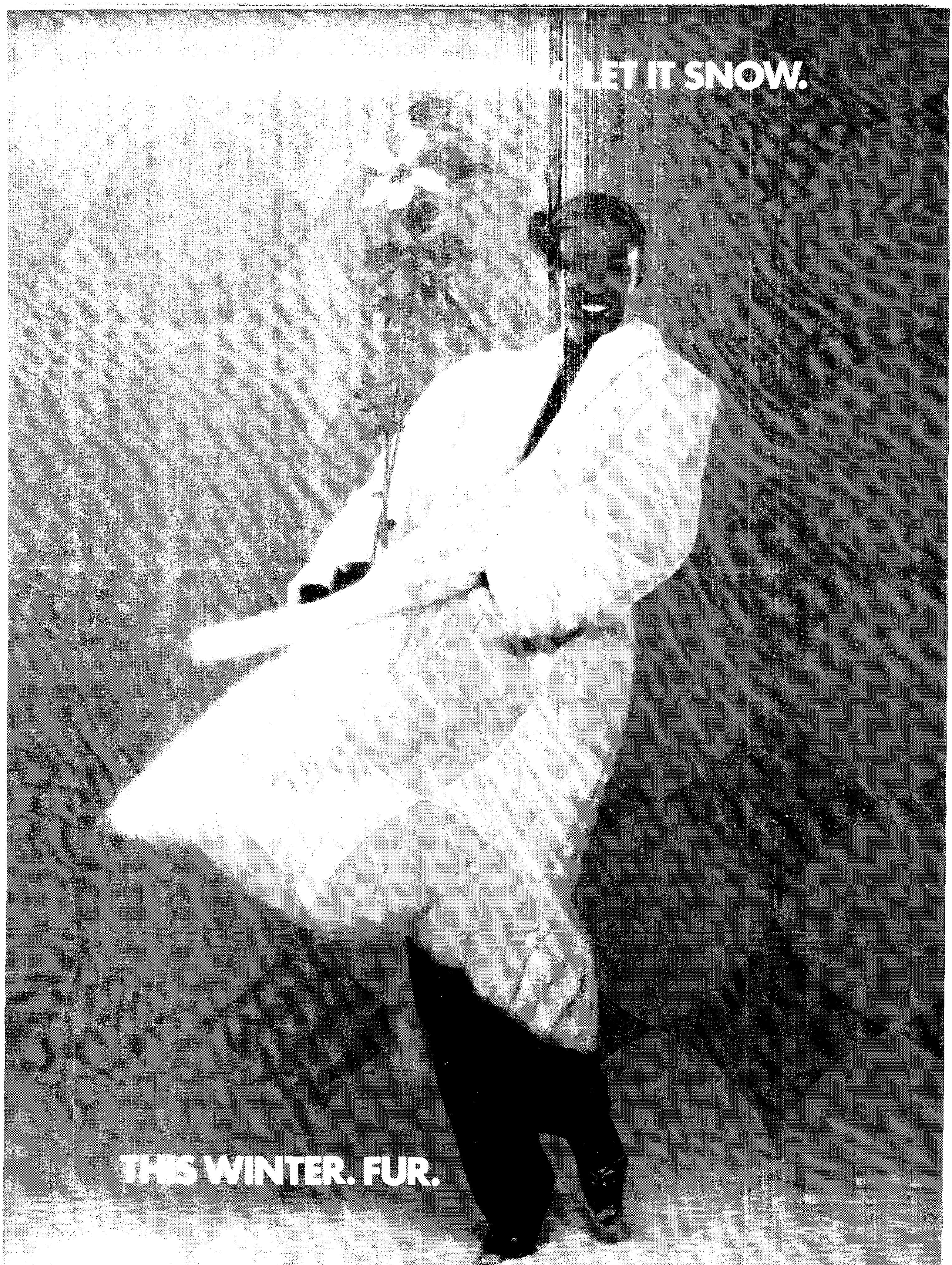
**Walking Tall, Final Chapter**—With Bo Svenson again playing Buford Pusser. Directed by Jack Starrett. (R.K.O. 86th St. Twin 2; *through* Sept. 13.)

**The White Sheik** (1951)—An affectionate satire on glamour and delusion by Fellini—pleasant but a little flat. Brunella Bova is the star-struck bride who leaves her husband (Leopoldo Trieste) on their honeymoon when she meets a cheap actor—Alberto Sordi, in a marvellous performance. With Giulietta Masina, as a whore—the role that was later expanded and became "Nights of Cabiria." In Italian. (Carnegie Hall Cinema; Sept. 15.)

**A Woman's Decision**—With Maja Komorowska, directed by Krzysztof Zanussi. In Polish. (Cinema 3.)

**You Light Up My Life**—With Didi Conn, Joe Silver, and Michael Zaslow; directed by Joseph Brooks. (Loews Tower East, Waverly, and Guild.)

**Zorba the Greek** (1964)—A violent old Greek (Anthony Quinn) tries to teach a tame young Englishman (Alan Bates) how to live. The central Life Force conception is banal and pushy, yet there *is* life force in Quinn's performance. The setting is the harshly beautiful island of Crete. Irene Papas is the magnificent widow the young man is drawn to, and Lila Kedrova plays the coquettish old ruin who thinks she can cheat death if she's still attractive enough to get a man. The director, Michael Cacoyannis, lingers too long over this great old tart, wanting a little too much of a good thing, but his more serious weakness is for choreographed set pieces—clumsily staged "classic" sequences. From the novel by Nikos Kazantzakis. (Bleecker St. Cinema; Sept. 14-15.)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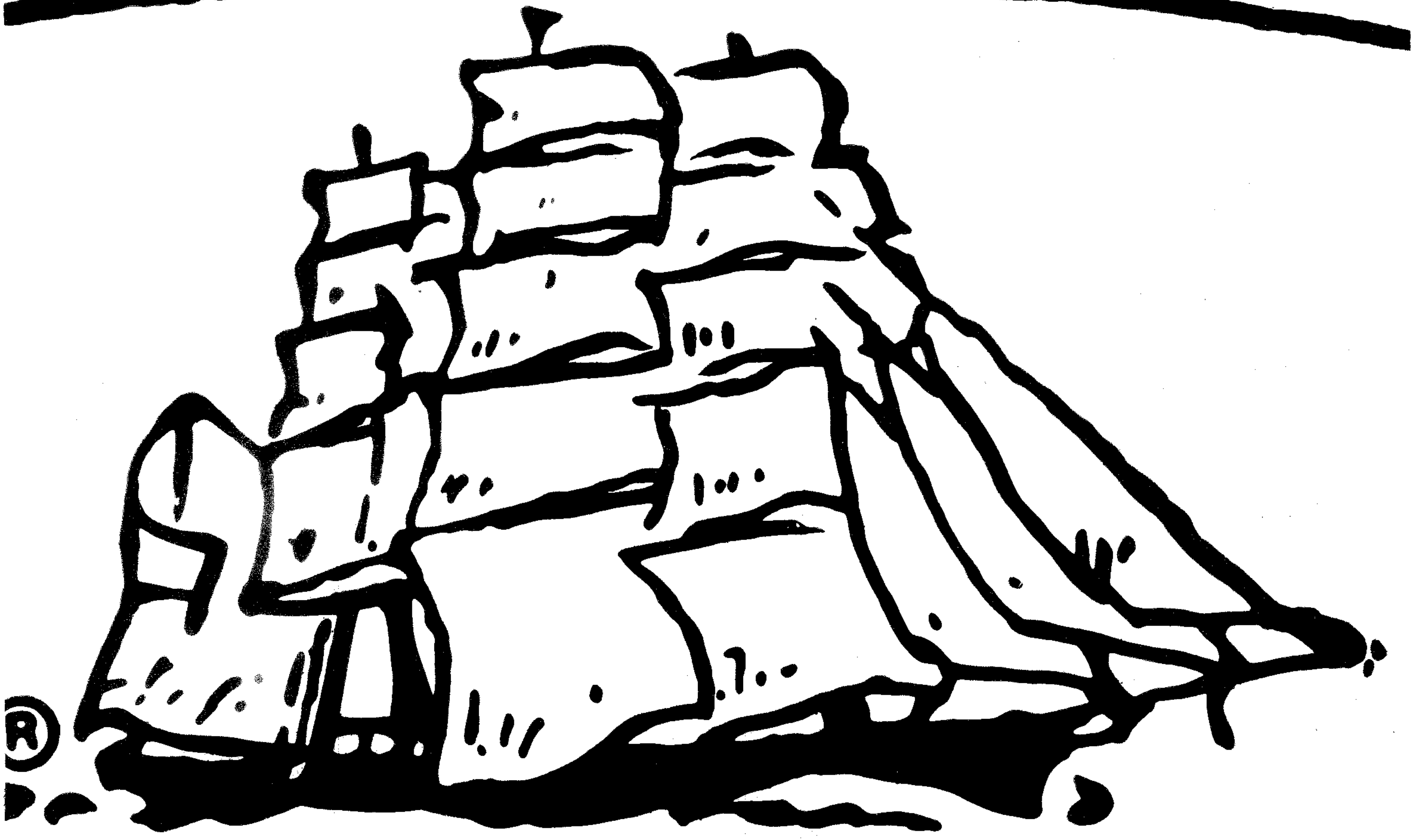

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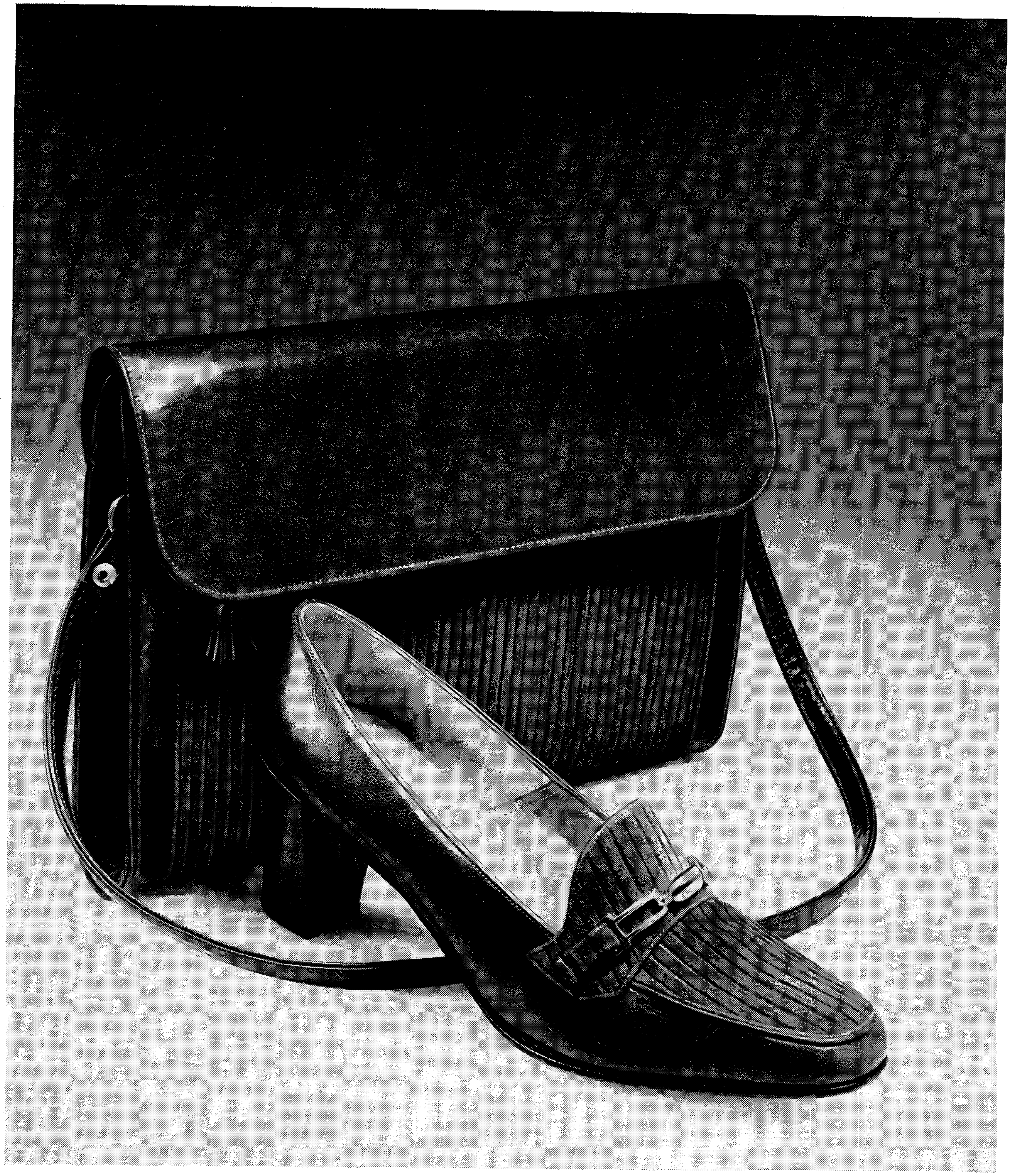

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# THE TALK OF THE TOWN

## *Notes and Comment*

FIVE thousand people, the most excited crowd that has hit Kennedy Airport since the Beatles came to New York in 1964 to do "The Ed Sullivan Show," mobbed the New York Cosmos, the new champions of the North American Soccer League, when they flew back to town last week after squeezing by the Seattle Sounders in Soccer Bowl '77, in Portland, Oregon, and suddenly the whole town was talking soccer, although not very knowledgeably. Two days later, the Cosmos set off on a world tour that will take them to Venezuela, Japan, and China, among other places, and they left behind them a lot of people trying to learn how to pronounce "Chinaglia" and "Dimitrijevic"—the names of two Cosmos stars. Five years ago, when the Cosmos won the N.A.S.L. title for the first time, six thousand people showed up at Hofstra University for the game. Two years ago, when Pelé played his first game for the Cosmos, twenty-one thousand turned out at Downing Stadium, on Randall's Island. Two weeks ago, when the Cosmos beat the Rochester Lancers in a semifinal game at Giants Stadium, in East Rutherford, New Jersey—Pelé's last official game in the New York area—only 3,222 people *didn't* show up for the game, a much more impressive statistic than the total number of tickets sold: 76,891. Rain from a junior hurricane battered the stadium throughout the first half of the game, and, although very few seats in the stadium have any protection from the elements, 73,669 people sat through the storm. We were there among the soaked for a closer look at this sudden new outburst of affection, and, having worked closely with the fans in our immediate area of the stadium—a sportswriter friend; an Ivy League couple from Short Hills; a large Hungarian family from Union City; three teenage girls from Manhattan; and Dante Tegeti, a designer-arranger of floral centerpieces from Union City (Tegeti won second prize in that night's Tailgate Competition with a display behind his van in the parking lot which featured a mockup of a soccer goal, a small black cannon firing soccer balls at the goal, a sign that said "GOALS COSMOS GOALS," a sign that said "COSMOS POWER" spelled out in plastic roses, and a big sign that said "COSMONAUTS" with the "A" crossed out)—we can now offer the following definitive, if slightly contradictory, explanations of soccermania '77:

* Yankees fans love the Cosmos because the Cosmos management spent millions of dollars this year to sign up the best players in the world, and the best players in the world spent the first half of the season squabbling among themselves but then started to play well and got into the playoffs anyway.

* Mets, Knicks, Nets, Rangers, Jets, and Giants fans love the Cosmos because they started to play well and got into the playoffs, period.

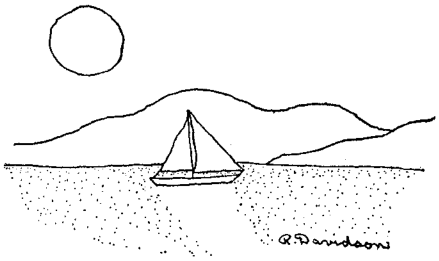
* Islanders fans love the Cosmos because they love a winner.

* New Jerseyans love the Cosmos because they haven't had a national winner since Woodrow Wilson.

* Sports haters love the Cosmos because they're not sure that soccer is a sport.

* Kids love the Cosmos because they're now playing soccer. Schools have been turning to soccer as a result of budget slashing. Football equipment is very expensive, and to play soccer all you need is a ball with spots on it and a field.

* Girls love the Cosmos because girls can play soccer, too—with boys and almost as well as boys. Soccer is nonviolent, and when you do knock somebody down you pick him up again immediately and pat him on the back of the head.



* Prep-school graduates love soccer because they used to play it in school.

* All first-generation Americans love soccer because it is the most important game everywhere else in the world—the planetary pastime.

* The cost-of-living-conscious love soccer because professional-soccer tickets are a third to a half less than professional-football tickets.

* North American Soccer League franchise owners love soccer because its worldwide salary levels are a lot lower than the salary levels in this country for basketball, football, and baseball.

* Sports fans in general love soccer because the game is easy to follow. The action never stops, and the action always comes directly to the ball, because someone's always kicking it. So all you have to do is follow the ball and you know exactly what's going on. Also, play flows all over the field.

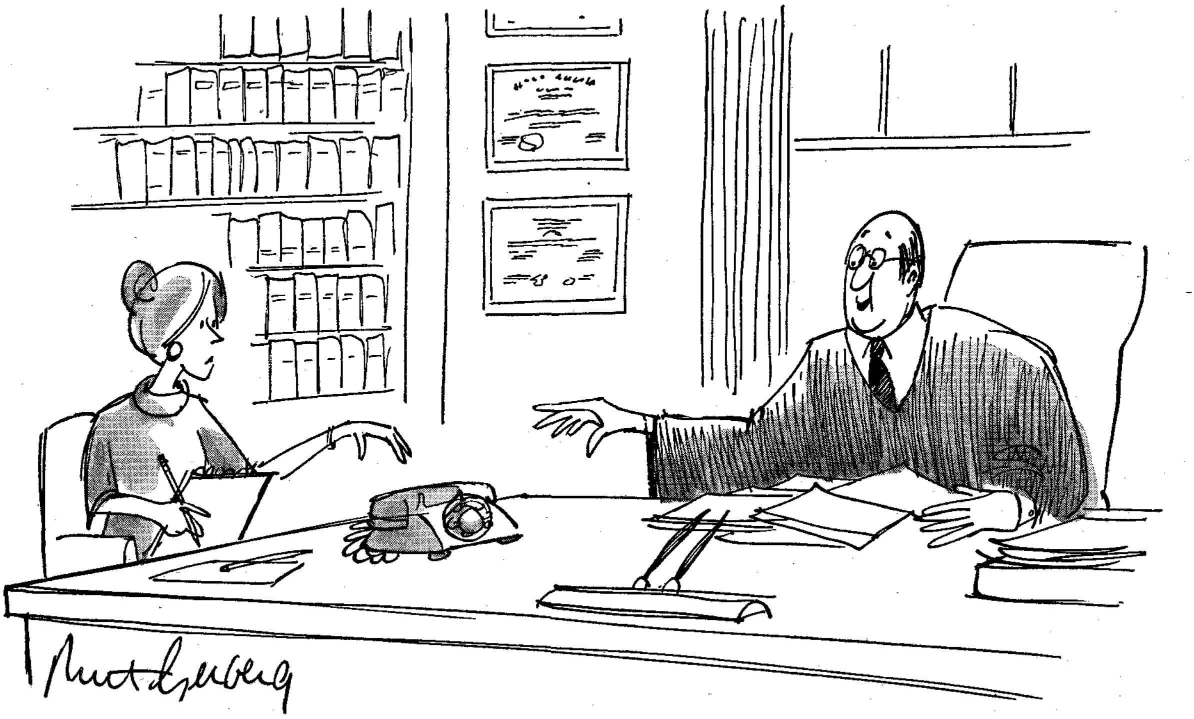
* The Cosmos are all colorful personalities. Franz Beckenbauer and Giorgio Chinaglia, formerly the greatest players in Germany and Italy, both had to leave their native lands surreptitiously after signing with the Cosmos to avoid the wrath of their former fans. Shep Messing, the Cosmos goalie, is a local—a Bronx-born Harvard grad who posed for a *Viva* centerfold.

* Pelé, the Black Pearl, the King of Soccer, is irresistible.

* * *

## *Finding Things to Say*

FINE printers—which means in the printing trade printers who make a living from the business, or want to, but to whom money is less important than craftsmanship, artistry of design, and scholarship about both the text they are setting and the work of their great predecessors of the last five hundred years—get recognition from their colleagues and from book collectors, and (necessarily, it may be) almost no ac-



*"I'll answer that. It has the ring of truth."*

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knowledgment from readers. That's because when a fine printer has done his work satisfactorily a reader can absorb the resulting text without thinking about how it is printed, and only a part of his mind which has nothing to do with storing information or delighting in a tale will notice that the paper is pleasant to feel and to look at, that the type is black and its edges are so sharp and clean that they might have been chiselled into the page, that there is enough space between words and between lines to allow the eyes to record words with maximum efficiency, and that a wide margin at the bottom of a page has the subtle effect of making the writing look like something the writer is giving the reader which may be of use, and not like something the reader ought to read for his own good. Joseph Blumenthal, who, at seventy-nine, is considered by his colleagues the greatest fine printer in the country today, has been thanked by at least two notable authors—Franklin Roosevelt, when Blumenthal's Spiral Press designed the typography and layout of the first five volumes of "The Public Papers and Addresses of Franklin D. Roosevelt," for Random House, in 1938, and Robert Frost, when the Spiral Press first designed one of his books, the "Collected Poems" of 1930. (Frost has been called "the best-printed poet in America," for previous books of his had been laid out by other great modern printers, like Daniel Berkeley Updike, Bruce Rogers, and William A. Dwiggins.) F.D.R., who was himself something of a bibliophile, inscribed a volume of his papers, "To Joseph Blumenthal, A-1 Designer, from his friend, Franklin D. Roosevelt." Frost inscribed a copy of his poems, "To Joseph Blumenthal, who thus in pure bookmaking (nothing added) found things to say that were never said before to my poetry."

Blumenthal has received other tributes for work done by his Spiral Press, which he closed in 1971 after forty-five years, the last twenty-five of them in a building on West Thirty-first Street, opposite the General Post Office. The National Institute of Arts and Letters once adopted a formal resolution of commendation of Blumenthal after he designed a letterhead for the American Institute of Arts and Letters; and the printer's mark of the Spiral Press, a swirling, three-tendrilled Norse triskelion, is carved—along with William Caxton's initials and a dolphin twined around an anchor, which is the mark of Aldus Manutius—in the wooden molding of the walls of one of the Pierpont Morgan Library's rooms, in a sequence commemorating sixteen of the great printers of all time. The most useful tribute was a continuing one: the Spiral Press, ever since it was commissioned back in 1926 by Henry Holt & Company to design and set the title pages for a series of books, had always attracted enough business to stay in business. As Blumenthal noted in 1966 in "The Spiral Press Through Four Decades," a book he wrote as well as designed and printed, his press "thrived in its modest way from the beginning." The Spiral Press designed monographs, catalogues, letterheads, and billheads for Steuben Glass; annual reports, catalogues, and invitations for the Morgan Library; and catalogues, announcements, stationery, and programs for the Frick Museum. It produced more than a million Christmas cards a year over many years for the Metropolitan Museum of Art, and it was responsible for books, booklets, circulars, and bookplates (amounting to well over ten thousand different jobs of work) for a variety of bookshops, art galleries, museums, libraries, university presses, foundations, clubs, and collectors, and for a few industrial firms and trade publishers—hand-setting, for instance, the title pages of some books for Random House.

Four years ago, Blumenthal chose a hundred and twenty-nine books, principally from the Morgan Library, for an exhibition of masterpieces of typography through five centuries and then wrote and designed the book that accompanied the show as a catalogue—"Art of the Printed Book, 1455-1955"—which is now used by many colleges as a text. This year, Blumenthal has a new book out—"The Printed Book in America," published by David R. Godine, of Boston, in association with the Dartmouth College Library. It contains his history of fine printing in this country since the Glover family brought the first printing press to Massachusetts, in 1638, and his personal selection of the seventy best books printed in America in three hundred and thirty-nine years, and it was prepared in conjunction with a Dartmouth-sponsored travelling exhibition of the seventy books, which is now at Cornell, is soon to move on to the Bancroft Library at Berkeley, and will come to New York in early 1978. There was an unusual champagne party for Blumenthal at Dartmouth back in May, when Blumenthal's exhibition opened there—unusual in that it was attended not only by Blumenthal's publishers (Godine and Edward Connery Lathem, Dean of Libraries and Librarian of Dartmouth, who presented Blumenthal with the first copy of the book off the press) but also by Blumenthal's printers (Roderick Stinehour, of the Stinehour Press, in Lunenburg, Vermont, whose work is represented in one of the plates of "The Printed Book in America," and Harold Hugo, of the Meriden Gravure Company, in Meriden, Connecticut). Printers almost invariably skip publication parties. Blumenthal made a short speech, saying, "Well, I thank you all very much."

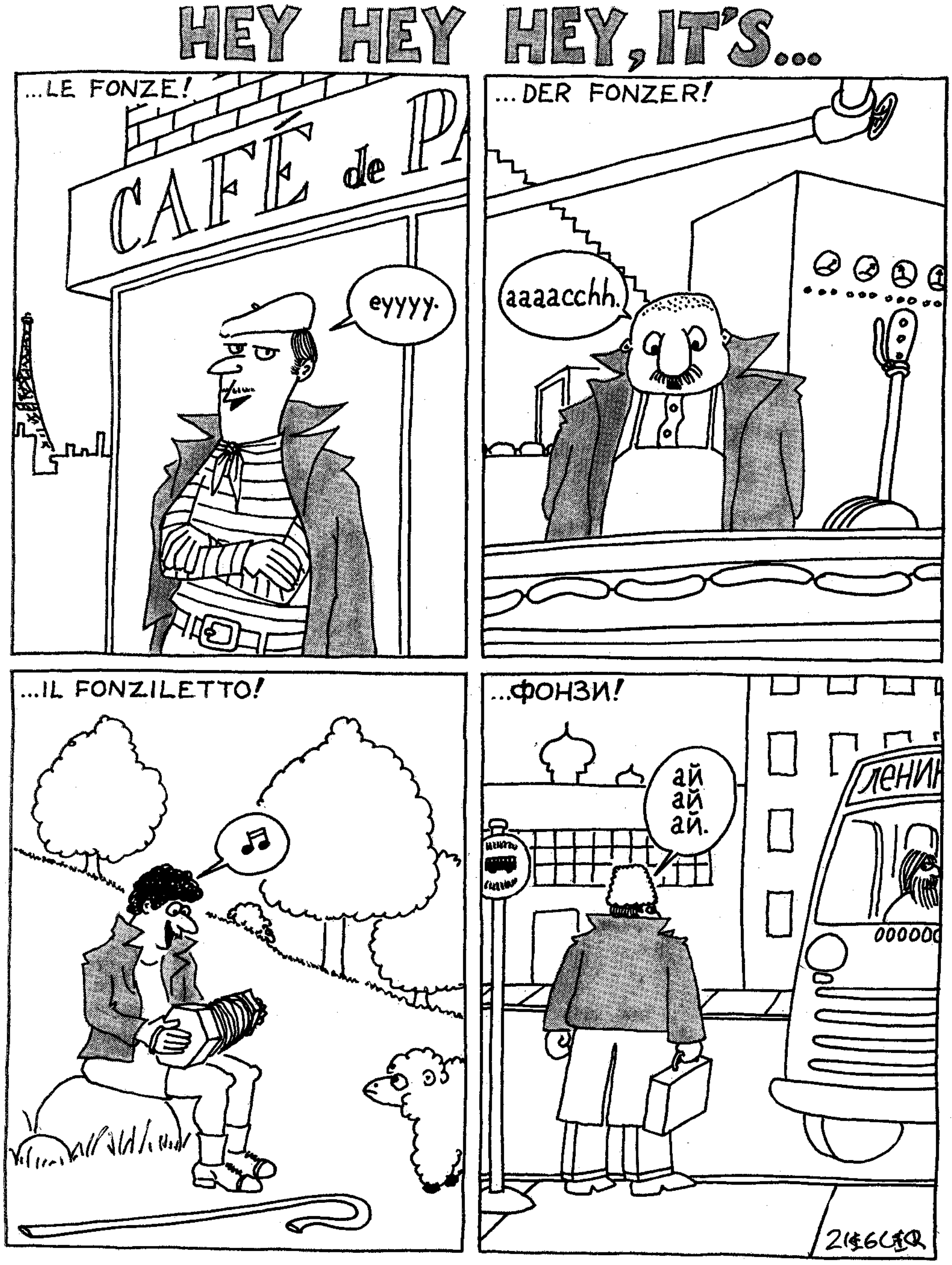
Blumenthal spends most of his time these days at a country place he has in West Cornwall, Connecticut—he wrote "The Printed Book in America" there, after putting in two and a half years of research for it in the Dartmouth Library, the Beinecke Library, at Yale, the Columbia University Library, and the New York Public Library—but he also has an apartment in Chelsea, and when he was in town one day recently we had lunch with him at his favorite Chinese restaurant on West Twenty-third Street, near his apartment. He said he was pleased at the number of young people, particularly out West, who have been entering the field of fine printing—the 1977 Western Books exhibition, for instance, he said, displayed works by a dozen or so small presses and printers, some of them showing for the first time. Since January of 1975, he added, there has been a good magazine—*Fine Print; A Review for the Arts of the Book*—just for friends of fine printing.

We asked Blumenthal how he approaches a piece of work.

"Craftsmanship has always been the core," he said. "And I've always devoted a maximum of effort to every job, big or small, profitable or not, from a book to a business card. The finished product, I hope, displays the kind of ease and serenity to be found in Bruce Rogers' work. Frost said of any kind of work that if it shows the agony it's no good. And Rogers, after he had spent a year designing a folio lectern Bible for the Oxford University Press—King George V wanted to present a Bible to the chapel that the Canadians had built for their dead at Ypres—said something I have always found especially cogent: 'I had decided in the beginning that notwithstanding its size of page the composition should not be ponderous or too formal—"monumental," I believe is the word for the appearance I wished to avoid. I wanted this book to appear as though I were accustomed to knocking off folios daily, or at least weekly, as mere routine work.' "

## *Forsythia*

NOT long ago, on a flawless and pristine day, the lunchtime crowds coursing along Fifth Avenue and enjoying the gleam had little, if any, idea that farther uptown our friends the bird-watchers of Central Park were about to make another small but solid contribution to the quality of life in this city: forsythia bushes. The bushes numbered eight, cost about two hundred dollars (paid for out of bird-watcher pockets), and would be planted in a badly walked-over area of the Park's Ramble known as the Top of the Point, which has for years been a popular birding spot. The Central Park Task Force, a privately funded organization that helps maintain the Park's landmarks and natural features, would provide the muscle, in the form of twenty teen-age internes. We had been told to report around noon for the bush-planting. We entered the Park from East Seventy-second Street, and walked past the boat basin and past sunbathers basking on a hill. At the Top of the Point, the bird-watchers and the Task Force internes were mingling in a friendly fashion, though each group



could be easily identified. The bird-watchers carried binoculars and were neatly dressed, fifties style. The internes carried shovels and wore the gray flannels of adolescence—jeans, sneakers, and T-shirts (green, emblazoned in white with "Central Park Task Force/ I Love New York"). The area to be planted was a bald patch of hard-packed dirt; its forlorn appearance suggested that a great deal of activity had occurred there.

A slender bird-watcher with a mustache approached us and extended a fist full of money. "Look at this," he said. "Not only did people contribute money for those bushes but someone has just suggested that we collect more money for more bushes. In no time at all, seventeen dollars."

Another bird-watcher, a white-haired, white-bearded man in a brown canvas hat, came up to us and identified himself as Lambert Pohner. Mr. Pohner carried a piece of white paper folded lengthwise. He opened it carefully, lifted a protective sheet of waxed paper, and gave us a look at two stalks of grass.

"Weeds," we said.

"Crabgrass," he said. "This is digitaria sanguinalis on the left. This is digitaria ischaemun on the right. Both are indigenous to the area. Have you talked with any of Miss Wiley's girls?"

We recognized the name of Farida A. Wiley, Honorary Associate in Natural Science Education at the Museum of Natural History, who has been leading nature walks in the Park for many years. Mr. Pohner pointed out a group of three women who were watching the bush-planting activities from a distance (staying out of harm's way, for by now the Task Force internes were busy watering the forsythia bushes, and each other). We went over to them. One woman had white hair and slate-blue eyes, and wore blue trousers and a striped shirt; the next was tall and slim, wearing a snappy brown print dress; the third wore a blue print dress and was sitting on a large rock, holding a single stalk of what we believed was digitaria ischaemun. They all appeared to be in their sixties, and they all cherish their anonymity.

"Sometimes there are as many as fifty people who go out with Miss Wiley on her morning walks," said the woman in the striped shirt. "If there are no birds, she knows the trees and the rocks and the rills, and so it is always worthwhile."

Blue Dress: "She pays absolutely no attention to weather."

Striped Shirt: "It can be coming down in pellets."

Brown Dress: "In buckets."

Striped Shirt: "She always brings the same vitality, the same freshness to everything."

Blue Dress: "Miss Wiley sidled up to me the other day and said, 'It has been about fifty years since I started going on these walks.' I can't believe it."

Striped Shirt: "We worship her."

Blue Dress: "I'll use the new expression. She is something else."

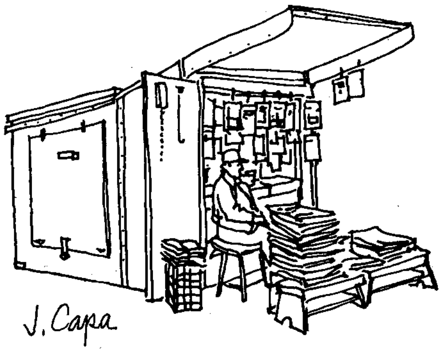
We left as the Task Force internes began to pack up their equipment. A few bird-watchers were staying on for a picnic lunch. Retracing our steps, we walked along an asphalt path that curved sharply east and led down toward the boathouse. The Park was a vivid, end-of-summer green. There were no birds, but we kept an eye out for the trees, the rocks, and the rills.

## *The Man Himself*

SOME of the best dancers in the city, including former Harvest Moon Ball champions and past Roseland instructors, follow a social-dancing circuit that takes them every Friday and Saturday night to one or more of five places: Mickey Knight's Dance World, in Flatbush; the Alexis Dance Studio, on Broadway at Eighty-seventh Street; the Darian Dance Studio, in Bay Ridge; the Phillips School of Dancing, also in Bay Ridge; and the Phillips Dance Studios, in the north Bronx. The five are distinguished by the fact that all of them have teachers who are former students—more accurately, disciples—of Johnny Phillips.

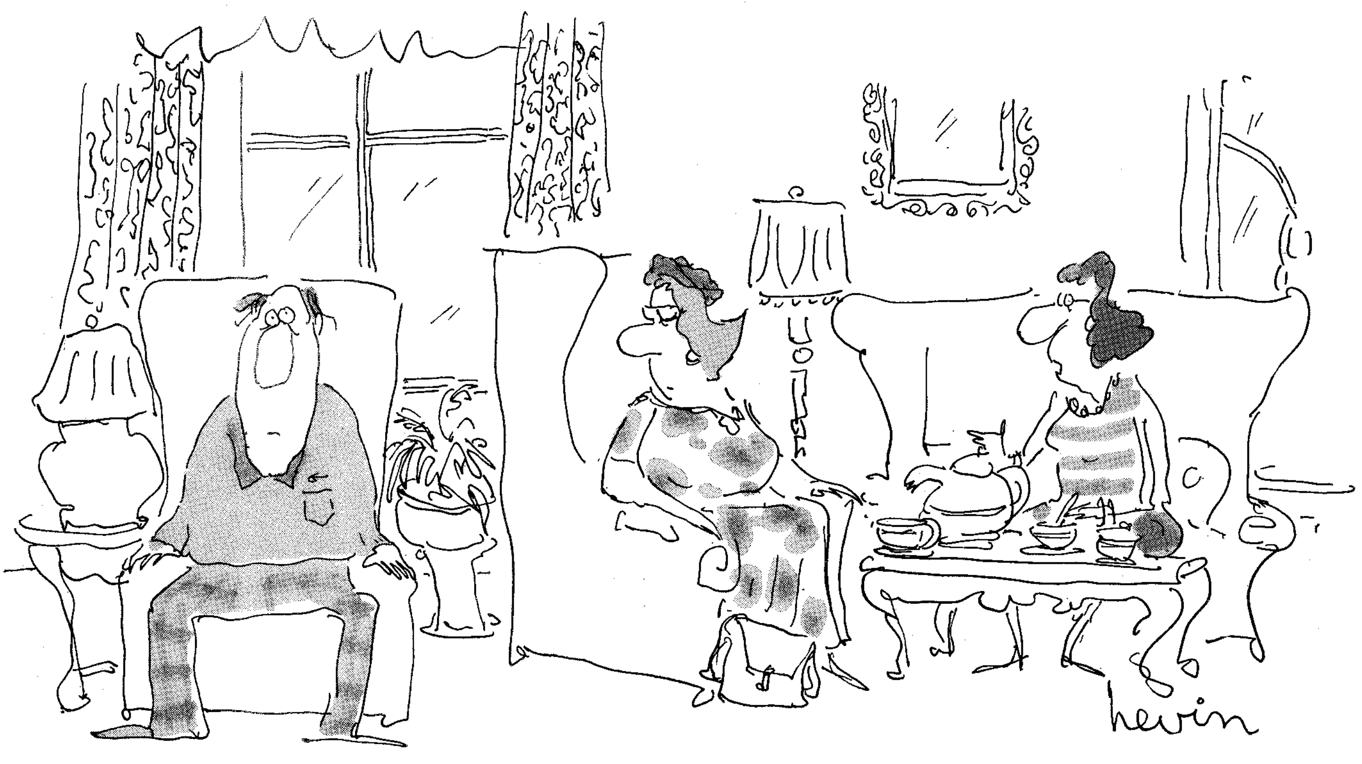
Clearly, most of the addresses that the dancers flock to are a little off the beaten track, but all these studios nevertheless attract what is called "the regular crowd" of dancers, because that means Phillips dancers. Saturday-night socials for dance students are a Phillips tradition, and they still feature some of New York's most accomplished dancers, who prefer the smaller studios to showy Roseland.

The Phillips studio in the Bronx is one of six Phillips dance studios to have been established since 1940, and one of two that still bear the name of the man generally regarded as New York's preëminent social-dance instructor. The Bronx studio is on the upper floor of a fading two-story office building on the corner of East Fordham Road and Walton Avenue, above Sterling Optical and on the same landing as the Household Finance Corporation, the Snelling & Snelling Personnel Agency of the Bronx, and Sterling Referral. The interior walls of the building are uniformly painted in a yellow high-gloss terra-cotta swirl, and the floors are a field of salt-and-pepper tile. The doors to most of the small business offices have chipped gold lettering on dusty frosted glass. At night, only the Phillips studio's thin red neon shines out to the street on the darker Walton Avenue side; a muffled hum of music can be heard in the hallways.



On a recent Saturday night, we were greeted at the Phillips studio by Alex Trepp, the studio director, who is a man of medium height and build, with a peak of wavy brown hair, black-framed glasses, and a radio announcer's push behind his speech. "Johnny Phillips stands above them all," he declared as he shook our hand. "Glad you could make it tonight. You know, since he retired, a few years ago, it's rare that he comes back. But he'll be here tonight! *Everyone's* looking for him." Indeed, a studio flyer that goes out to all Phillips Saturday-night-social regulars had announced an appearance by "The Man Himself," and on this particular Saturday night the studio was jammed with well over a hundred Phillips alumni and current Phillips students. "It's really incredible how they keep coming back for more," Mr. Trepp said.

Mr. Trepp graciously offered us the freedom of the house while he attended to incoming guests. "Look, it's all there, and dance if you want to. Come on!" He slapped us good-naturedly on the shoulder and made off. The place certainly was buzzing with people and crowded with things to study. On the wall by the entrance, there was a dazzling display of vintage record covers, tacked up diagonally: covers like "Red, Hot and Cha Cha Cha," which pictured a Latin siren wearing a Technicolor-red leotard that matched her lips and her spike heels, and with a conga drum slung across her poised body; and "Full House," featuring the dance orchestras of Al Castellanos, Sonny Rossi, Johnny Conquet, and Joe Cuba, and the La Playa Sextet. In front of the wall display were two wire racks, one holding similarly bold-colored record jackets, and the other supporting a mobile that advertised "Glamor Shoe Supports—Holds Shoe Firmly



*"With the exception of Marvin, power in this area was restored within twenty-four hours."*

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and Comfortably to Your Foot." To the right of the racks, a very blond woman named Dolores ("Call me Dee," she said with a little toss of her shoulder) sat behind a panelled counter where a three-dollar social fee was collected. Behind her hung a black "menu board," with movable white letters that spelled out an extremely active weekday and weekend schedule at the studio. Across from the counter was an open-ended closet in which coats and jackets hung on two parallel racks; piled high on shelves above the racks were shoeboxes with dancers' names written on them. Passing between the racks, we entered a small dance-instruction room, with a shiny-planked dance floor, mirrors lining the back wall, and several couples twirling furiously in front of them. "We're all ex-Mamboniks from the Mambo Palace!" a gray-haired man in a flowered shirt and white shoes shouted to us as he moved easily through some quick steps and sways. "Now and forever!"

We went on into a middle room, a good-sized lounge with several groups of end tables and love seats, and with a giant vinyl hassock in the center of the room, under a nineteen-fifties-modern ceiling-hung lamp. This room led to the front dance room—usually divided into two separate dance-instruction chambers by a wooden accordion curtain, which had been drawn back for the evening get-together—and yet another room, to the right, in which there was a long table with good cookies, little cakes, and plenty of coffee. This room was diagonally opposite the lounge. From it one could study, centered on one wall of the lounge, a large impressionistic painting of a formally dressed couple in an angled dance pose. Out of nowhere, Mr. Trepp appeared, to explain, "That was made from a photograph of my wife and me during our first Harvest Moon Ball—1946. Her gown cost three hundred and fifty dollars to make, which in those days was a real pile of wood." Mr. Trepp introduced us to Velia Santoro, the coach of the East Coast International Amateur Latin Dance Champions, and to John Nyemchek and Kathy Cobelli, who were going to offer an exhibition of their skills for Mr. Phillips. Miss Santoro was in charge of coordinating the music for the entire evening from a cramped booth, in a corner of the lounge, that was packed with stereo equipment, tape decks, tapes, and records and had a microphone connected to speakers throughout the studio. "You know," said Mr. Trepp, "it was Johnny Phillips who actually established the basis for the choreography at the Harvest Moon Ball competition, starting with the year he won the all-around championship—1939. He made it much more beautiful for competition work."

"He's a perfect gentleman," said Velia Santoro. "So rare."

Standing by the front-room doorway, we watched the smartly dressed dancers pivot and glide and execute idiosyncratic steps. We learned that good dancers never leave the dance floor without a comment.

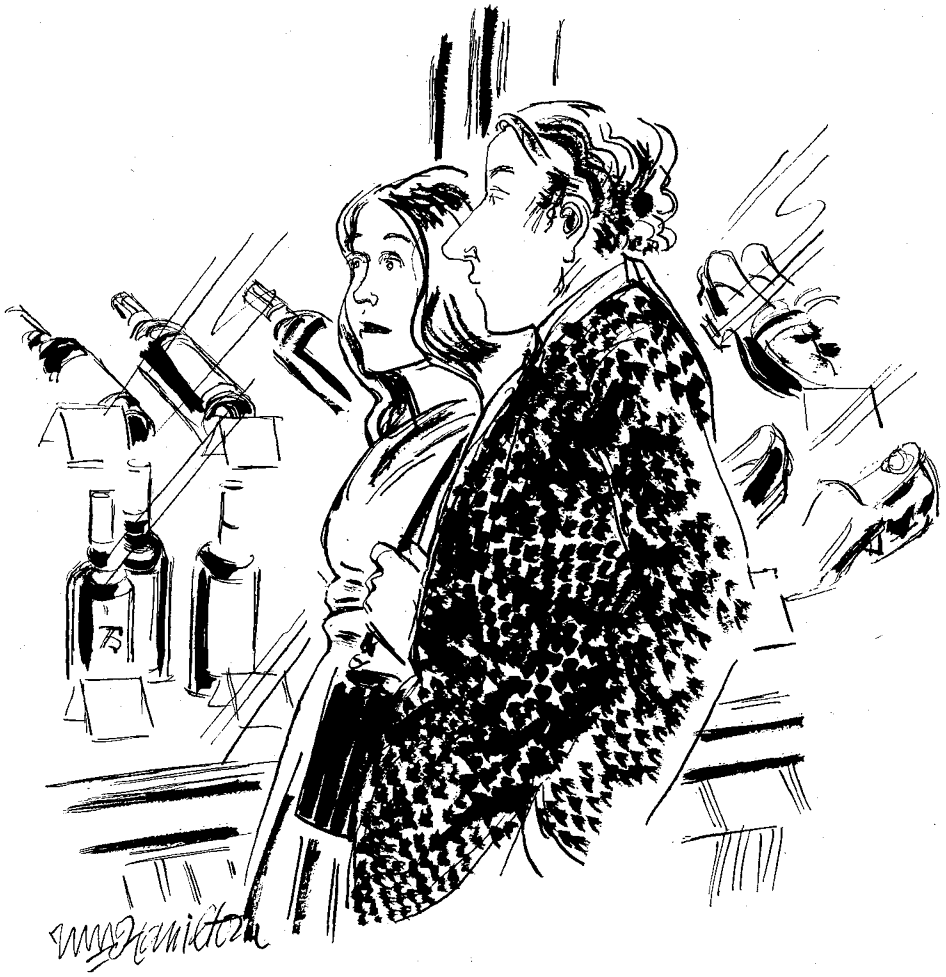
"This is a great tempo, Velia, but you should have played it later," said a natty middle-aged man in a custom-made sports jacket with lapels as wide as late-fifties Chevrolet fins.

"Nobody does a quickstep like me!" said a small, energetic man who looked like Louie Dumbrowsky, the ice-cream-store proprietor in Bowery Boys movies.

"Why can't you stand straight?" said one woman to her slumping dance partner.

We paused for a moment at the coffee bar and chatted with Maxwell Emery, a twenty-three-year General Motors man in a sports jacket of wild Madras plaid, who turned out to be quite a Phillips man as well. "In 1943, I wanted to learn the Lindy, so I joined the Phillips Studio," he said. "I've been taking Phillips instruction ever since. I was in his classes for twenty-five years. I was in his class on Seventy-second Street, on Eighty-third Street, on Eighty-ninth Street on the East Side, and on Eighty-seventh Street on the West Side. I used to follow Johnny Phillips, but since he retired I go where the dancers go."

At that moment, we noticed a tall man in a black suit, whose movements were conspicuously smooth, walking around and greeting people in the



*"Ever since we've been getting along, I've felt less interesting."*

lounge. He had strikingly good posture. His bow to the seated ladies was not ceremonious but understated and correct. His black suit seemed very black. The dance floor thinned out a bit, and people who had been standing at the coffee bar milled by the doorway. Mr. Trepp waved us over to the black-suited man. "This is Johnny Phillips," he said, and we shook hands. Phillips, a distinguished-looking man in his middle sixties, was several inches taller than most of the guests, and he seemed to stand even taller than that, partly because of his particularly erect posture and partly because he had a high forehead and a trim, downward-pointing mustache.

"Quite a following you've got here," we said.

"Oh, yes," he replied quietly.

He sat down on one of the love seats, and we sat down beside him and asked how he had become interested in dancing.

"Well, my older brother used to go to dances at the Brooklyn Y, and at that time the foxtrot, waltz, tango, and rumba were popular," he said. "When he finally took me along to one of them, I found I had a flair for dancing. Then it was more social. Later, I got interested in exhibition. I was twenty-two or twenty-three, working as a shipping clerk, and I'd just broken up with my dance partner, when I saw this lady at the Harvest Moon Ball competition. I thought she was a beautiful dancer. Her name was Margo Sage. I went to the Harvest Moon Ball with Margo Sage in 1939, and we made the finals in foxtrot, tango, rumba, and waltz, and won the All-Around Championship. Later, we split up, and the last I heard of her, she had married into wealth and was living in California. After the 1939 Ball, I was Dance Director at Roseland for two years—which was important, because when you're known as a dancer at Roseland you've made the grade. In the meantime, I had gotten married, and my wife, Marie, and I gave exhibitions at the Havana Madrid, the La Conga, sometimes Roseland. We got a thrill out of introducing new dances—the Calypso, the bossa nova, and so on. When we were doing a show at the La Conga, I remember, there was a piece of new music called 'The Mambo Bop,' and we put a dance together for it, but it never amounted to anything." He twirled his mustache for a moment. "To tell you truthfully, I never really enjoyed performing. When I'd get on the floor, I'd freeze, even after a terrific rehearsal. But everything I did was for the school. We did shows at various night clubs, where we introduced group dancing, changing partners while we danced, and I began group instruction at the school, too. Soon the school became very busy, and we eventually opened the branches."

We asked Mr. Phillips how he accounted for such a loyal following.

"People always talk about the Phillips method or the Phillips system, but we never really had a formal method," he said. "I'd take a young fellow out of the group lessons, a fellow with talent, who loved dancing, and let him do with the group what he wanted. Nothing special was required—not even special shoes. I've danced in everything, including brogues. 'Walk your way to better dancing' is what I've always said. Back then, when I first began, the others wouldn't listen to me, but now it's the modern thing. I always advocated the Castle style—that's where you preland and point. You actually step on your heel first, and then point with your toe. Heel and toe, heel and toe." He demonstrated for us by waggling his shiny black Florsheims. "The basic idea is to feel very tall out there. Take control of your dance, and make it feel *your* rhythm."

A couple spun out of the rear dance room and continued spinning toward the front room in a succession of tight circles. "Watch it, Johnny, I've got my eye on you!" a woman with a beehive hairdo called out across the room.

Mr. Phillips seemed a little embarrassed. He lit a cigarette. "I've been out of the business for a few years now," he said. "Blood pressure, and so on. I've only danced two numbers in the last two years. If I can't be in it, I don't want to be around it. But seeing this tonight makes me very happy with what I've done."

Mr. Phillips excused himself and rose to shake hands with several couples who were milling closely around us, and soon a fairly long line of dancers was waiting to greet him. "He's responsible for a lot of people's good years," said Frances Horowitz, who, with her husband, Harold, was standing near the end of the line. It was growing quite late, yet the Horowitzes seemed content to wait in line and allow each dancer his full share of time with Johnny Phillips.

# THE END OF BOB'S BOB HOUSE

IN the thirties, it was in the basement of the old Vanderbob Towers Hotel. In the forties, it moved into the first floor of the Youbob Building, on Fifty-second Street. In the late fifties, it settled in what was to become its final home, the plush revolving lounge on the top of the BobCo Building. No matter where they found it through the years, patrons of Bob's Bob House (and there were many who were much more than patrons—devotees might be a better word) knew that anyplace old Bob Bobson, God love him, was hanging out there was sure to be excitement, fun, and big thick steaks nearby. I'll never forget back in '54, I'd just been fired by Bill Veeck for alcoholism, and I walked into the Bob House with a face about a mile long. Bob took one look at me and hollered, "Christ, you're *sober*, Doc!" (He always called me Doc. Of course, I didn't have a medical degree, but I did have my own stapling gun. He called me Doc ever since the war, over in Korea.) "Anything you want, it's on me." My God, I drank the place dry that night, and then I had a good solid piece of American grain-fed beef and got in my car and ran over a claims adjuster and ended up in Matteawan State Hospital for the Criminally Insane. That's the kind of guy Bob was.

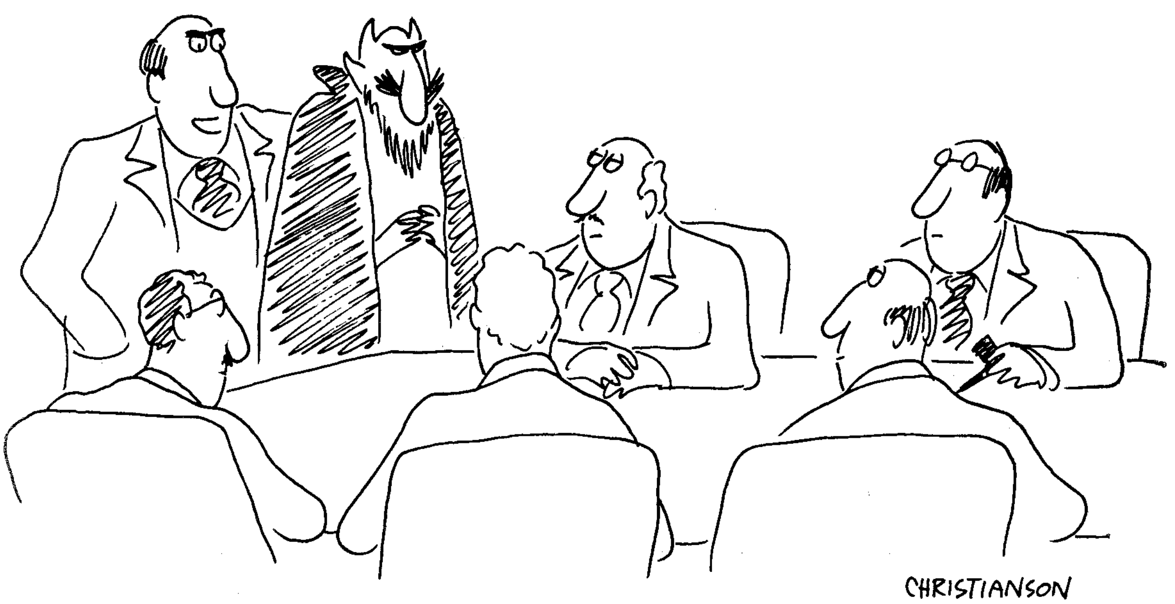
If you were a friend of Bob's, there was nothing he wouldn't do for you, even to the point of making soup out of your underwear and drinking the broth, as he once did for longtime crony and companion Maria Montessori, the Italian educator. But if you fell among the unfortunate few who Bob considered enemies, then look out: he might refuse to give you a good table or, looking serious, say he was going to put your dog through the bologna slicer. I'll never forget, it was June of '58 and my first ex-wife had just won a thousand dollars a month alimony so she could go and shack up with that big Mennonite buck she used to run with, plus custody of my little son and daughter. I told the judge, "God damn it, she's got the boy sleeping in a basket of fish heads—now, I don't think that's right. She's making my daughter lick dead bugs off the car radiator grille. You think that's the behavior of a fit mother?" Well, hell, she got custody anyway. The judge gave her custody. I suppose he knows better than me.

The only friend I had left in the world in those days was old Bob. I spent most of my time at the Bob House. "Mother of God, Highpockets," he'd say. (Always called me Highpockets. Course, I was only five-eight, but I did have my own cattle prod.) "Highpockets, buddy, let me tell you what happened to my luggage"—and off he'd go on a long involved rigamarole that never failed to make me feel white again.

IT was through Bob, of course, that I first met Senator Robert Mebob. This was back before all the controversy surrounding the Committee to Re-Bob Mebob, as we all called it, which Bob got tangled up in with that crazy prank where he and someone on the Senator's staff put a Saltine in a cup of warm tea (an allegation that was never proved, by the way). At any rate, Bob took me over to the Senator's table at the Bob House one night. "Curly," he said to me. (He always called me Curly. Course, I didn't have any hair of my own, but I did have my own meat thermometer.) "Curly," he says, "I want you to meet the Honorable Robert Youbob Mebob—I call him Bob, buddy of mine—he's the greatest guy, he's a helluva guy. God, I love him. I'll bet you didn't know that this guy right here, Senator Bob Mebob, he's the father of my oldest boy, Bobby." Then he grinned and grabbed the Senator in a big bear hug and his eyes filled with tears, and I have to admit I was surprised, even though I knew that Bob's wife, who used to wait tables at the Bob House, was a great and beautiful lady and a fine helpmeet and a terrific gal who shacked up with any damned guy she felt like, and a terrific mother who loved to drink and drive. Later, when the Senator got indicted, Bob never forgot him, and once sent him five dozen red roses with a note asking if he was still in love with Otis Sistrunk, of the Oakland Raiders. That's the way it was if you were friends with Bob—you were in love with Otis Sistrunk, although probably you weren't.

Now, after forty years and who knows how many stomachs pumped, they're closing down the old Bob House, where so many of us had such great times and blacked out so many times over the years, and we're sure going to miss it. Of course, Bob has slowed down a lot, and he can't threaten people as well as he used to when he was younger, and that, along with the incident last fall where a bunch of kids broke in after hours and taped live ferrets to the salad bar, has taken a lot of the fun out of the Bob House for him. Bob is moving to Jersey, where he plans to just take it easy and collect moving violations and rifle the desks of guys who know him and trust him, and we wish him the best. I know I speak for everybody else who has known Bob and his Bob House when I say that we love him and think he's the greatest guy and the cutest guy and has done a terrific job not only for the restaurant business but also for the city as a whole.

—IAN FRAZIER

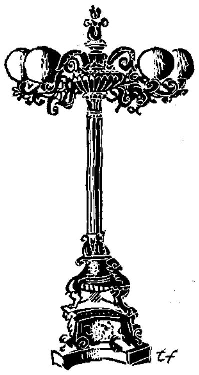


*"Gentlemen, our troubles are over."*

# TORRIDGE

PERHAPS nobody ever did wonder what Torridge would be like as a man—or what Wiltshire or Mace-Hamilton or Arrowsmith would be like, come to that. Torridge at thirteen had a face with a pudding look, matching the ring of his name. He had small eyes, and short hair like a mouse's. Within the collar of his gray regulation shirt the knot of his house tie was formed with care, a maroon triangle of just the right shape and bulk. His black shoes were always shiny.

Torridge was unique in some way: perhaps only because he was beyond the pale and appeared, irritatingly, to be unaware of it. He wasn't good at games, and he had difficulty in understanding what was being explained in the classroom. He would sit there frowning, half smiling, his head a little to one side. Occasionally he would ask some question that caused an outburst of groaning. His smile would increase then. He would glance around the classroom, not flustered or embarrassed in the least, seeming pleased to have caused such a response. He was naïve to the point where it was hard to believe he wasn't pretending, but his naïveté was real and was in time universally recognized as such. A master called Buller Yeats reserved his cruellest shafts of scorn for it, sighing whenever his eye chanced to fall on Torridge, pretending to believe his name was Porridge.



Of the same age as Torridge, but similar in no other way, were Wiltshire, Mace-Hamilton, and Arrowsmith. All three of them were blond-haired and thin, with a common sharpness about their features. They wore, untidily, the same clothes as Torridge, their house ties knotted any old how, the laces in their scuffed shoes often tied in several places. They excelled at games and were quick to sense what was what. Attractive boys, adults had more than once called them.

The friendship between the three of them developed because Torridge was what he was. From the first time that they were aware of him—on the first night of his first term—he appeared to be special. In the darkness after lights-out someone was trying not to sob and Torridge's voice was piping away, not homesick in the least. His father had a button business was what he was saying; he'd probably be going into the button business himself. In the morning he was identified: a boy in red-and-blue striped pajamas, still chattering in the washroom. "What's your father do, Torridge?" Arrowsmith asked at breakfast, and that was the beginning. "Dad's in the button business," Torridge beamingly replied. "Torridge's, you know." But no one did know.

He didn't, as other new boys did, make a particular friend. For a while he attached himself to a small gang of homesick boys, who had only their malady in common; but after a time this gang broke up, and Torridge was on his own, though it seemed quite happily so. He was often to be found among other visiting boys in the room of the kindly housemaster of Junior House, an aging white-haired figure called Old Frosty, who listened sympathetically to complaints of injustice at the hands of other masters and was always ready to agree that the world was a hard place. "You should hear Buller Yeats on Torridge, sir," Wiltshire used to say in Torridge's presence. "You'd think Torridge had no feelings, sir." Old Frosty would reply that Buller Yeats was a frightful man. "Take no notice, Torridge," he'd add in his kindly voice, and Torridge would smile, making it clear that he didn't mind in the least what Buller Yeats said. "Torridge knows true happiness," a new young master, known as Mad Wallace, said in an unguarded moment one day—a remark that caused immediate uproar in a geography class. It was afterward much repeated, like "Dad's in the button business" and "Torridge's, you know." The true happiness of Torridge became a joke, the particular property of Wiltshire and Mace-Hamilton and Arrowsmith. Furthering the joke, they claimed that knowing Torridge was a rare experience, that the private realm of his innocence and his happiness was even exotic. Wiltshire insisted that one day the school would be proud of him. The joke was worked to death.

At the school it was the custom for certain senior boys to "take an interest in" juniors. This varied from glances and smiles across the dining hall to written invitations to meet in some secluded spot at a stated time. Friendships, taking a variety of forms, were then initiated. It was flattering, and very often a temporary antidote for homesickness, when a new boy received the agreeable but bewildering attentions of an important fifth former. A meeting behind Chapel led to the negotiating of a barbed-wire fence onto a slope of gorse bushes, the older boy solicitous and knowledgeable. There were well-trodden paths and nooks among the gorse, where smoking could take place with comparative safety. Farther afield, in the hills, there were crude shelters composed of stones and corrugated iron. Here, too, the emphasis was on smoking and romance.

New boys very soon became aware of the nature of older boys' interest in them. The flattery changed its shape, an adjustment was made—or the new boys retreated in panic from this area of school life. Andrews and Butler, Webb and Mace-Hamilton, Dillon and Pratt, Tothill and Goldfish Stewart, Good and Wiltshire, Sainsbury Major and Arrowsmith, Brewitt and King: the liaisons were renowned, the combinations of names sometimes seeming like music-hall turns, soft-shoe shuffles of entangled hearts. There was faithlessness, too: the Honourable Anthony Swain made the rounds of the senior boys, a fickle and tartish bijou, desired and yet despised.

Torridge's puddingy appearance did not suggest that he had bijou qualities, and glances did not readily come his way in the dining hall. This was often the fate, or good fortune, of new boys and was not regarded as a sign of qualities lacking. Yet quite regularly an ill-endowed child would mysteriously become the object of fifth- and sixth-form desire. This remained a puzzle to the juniors until they themselves became fifth or sixth formers and desire was seen to have to do with something deeper than good looks.

It was the apparent evidence of this truth that first made Torridge aware of the world of bijou and protector. He received a note from a boy in the upper fifth who had previously eschewed the sexual life offered by the school: a big black-haired youth, with glasses and a protruding forehead, called Fisher.

"Hey, what's this mean?" Torridge inquired, finding the note under his pillow, tucked into his pajamas. "Here's a bloke wants to go for a walk."

He read the invitation out: " 'If you would like to come for a walk meet me by the electricity plant behind Chapel. Half past four Tuesday afternoon. R. A. J. Fisher.' "

"Jesus Christ!" said Arrowsmith.

"You've got an admirer, Porridge," Mace-Hamilton said.

"Admirer?"

*"Now, this is a very new variety, which some people are having trouble relating to."*

• •

"He wants you to be his bijou," Wiltshire explained.

"What's it mean, bijou?"

"Tart it means, Porridge."

"Tart?"

"Friend. He wants to be your protector."

"What's it mean, protector?"

"He loves you, Porridge."

"I don't even know the bloke."

"He's the one with the big forehead. He's a half-wit, actually."

"Half-wit?"

"His mother let him drop on his head. Like yours did, Porridge."

"My mum never."

Everyone was crowding around Torridge's bed. The note was passed from hand to hand. "What's your dad do, Porridge?" Wiltshire suddenly asked, and Torridge automatically replied that he was in the button business.

"You've got to write a note back to Fisher, you know," Mace-Hamilton pointed out.

" 'Dear Fisher,' " Wiltshire prompted, " 'I love you.' "

"But I don't even—"

"It doesn't matter not knowing him. You've got to write a letter and put it in his pajamas."

Torridge didn't say anything. He placed the note in the top pocket of his jacket and slowly began to undress. The other boys drifted back to their own beds, still amused by the development.

In the washroom the next morning Torridge said, "I think he's quite nice, that Fisher."

"Had a dream about him, did you, Porridge?" Mace-Hamilton inquired. "Got up to tricks, did he?"

"No harm in going for a walk."

"No harm at all, Porridge."

In fact, a mistake had been made. Fisher, in his haste or his excitement, had placed the note under the wrong pillow. It was Arrowsmith, still allied with Sainsbury Major, whom he wished to attract.

That this error had occurred was borne in on Torridge when he turned up at the electricity plant on the following Tuesday. He had not considered it necessary to reply to Fisher's note, but he had, across the dining hall, essayed a smile or two in the older boy's direction; it had surprised him to meet with no response. It surprised him rather more to meet with no response by the electricity plant. Fisher just looked at him and then turned his back, pretending to whistle.

"Hullo, Fisher," Torridge said.

"Hop it, look. I'm waiting for someone."

"I'm Torridge, Fisher."

"I don't care who you are."

"You wrote me that letter." Torridge was still smiling. "About a walk, Fisher."

"Walk? What walk?"

"You put the letter under my pillow, Fisher."

"Jesus!" said Fisher.

The encounter was observed by Arrowsmith, Mace-Hamilton, and Wiltshire, who had earlier taken up crouched positions behind one of the chapel buttresses. Torridge heard the familiar hoots of laughter, and because it was his way he joined in. Fisher, white-faced, strode off.

"Poor old Porridge," Arrowsmith commiserated, gasping and pretending to be contorted with mirth. Mace-Hamilton and Wiltshire were leaning against the buttress, issuing shrill noises.

"Gosh," Torridge said. "*I* don't care."

He went away, still laughing a bit, and there the matter of Fisher's attempt at communication might have ended. In fact, it didn't, because Fisher wrote a second time, and this time he made certain that the right boy received his missive. But Arrowsmith, still firmly the property of Sainsbury Major, wished to have nothing to do with R. A. J. Fisher.

When Torridge was told the details of Fisher's error, he said he'd guessed it had been something like that. But Wiltshire, Mace-Hamilton, and Arrowsmith claimed that a new sadness had overcome Torridge. Something beautiful had been going to happen to him, Wiltshire said; just as the petals of friendship were opening, the flower had been cruelly snatched away. Arrowsmith said Torridge reminded him of one of Picasso's sorrowful harlequins. They agreed that one way or another the experience would be beneficial to Torridge's sensitivity. It was seen as his reason for turning to religion, which recently he had done, joining a band of similarly inclined boys who were inspired by the word of the chaplain, a man known as God Harvey. God Harvey looked ascetic and dangerously thin, his face all edge and as pale as paper, his cassock odorous with incense. He conducted readings in his room, offering coffee and biscuits afterward, though not himself partaking of these refreshments. "God Harvey's linnets" his acolytes were called, for often a hymn was sung to round things off. Welcomed into this fold, Torridge regained his happiness.

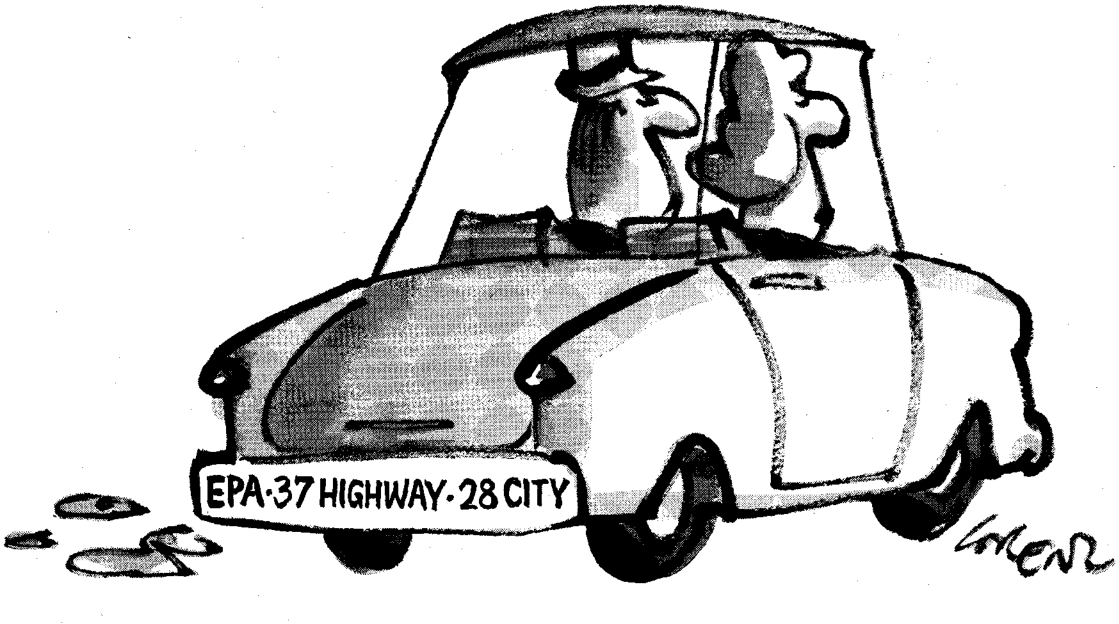
R. A. J. Fisher, on the other hand, sank into greater gloom. Arrowsmith remained elusive, mockingly faithful to Sainsbury Major, haughty when Fisher glanced pleadingly. Fisher developed a look of introspective misery. His notes, which Arrowsmith delightedly showed around, were full of longing, increasingly tinged with desperation. The following term, unexpectedly, Fisher did not return to the school.

There was a famous assembly at the beginning of that term, with much speculation beforehand as to trouble in the air. Rumor had it that once and for all an attempt was to be made to stamp out the smiles and the glances in the dining hall, the whole business of bijous and protectors, the faithless behavior of the Honourable Anthony Swain. The school waited, and then the gowned staff arrived in the assembly hall and waited also, in grim anticipation on a dais. Public beatings for past offenders were scheduled, it was whispered; the sergeant-major—the school's boxing instructor, who had himself told tales of public beatings in the past—would inflict the punishment at the headmaster's bidding. But that did not happen. Small and bald and red-skinned, the headmaster marched to the dais unaccompanied by the sergeant-major. Twitching with anger that many afterward declared had been simulated, he spoke at great length of the school's traditions. He stated that for fourteen years he had been proud to be its headmaster. He spoke of decency, and then of his own dismay. The school had been dishonored; he would wish certain practices to cease. "I stand before you ashamed," he added, and paused for a moment. "Let all this cease," he commanded. He marched away, tugging at his gown in a familiar manner.

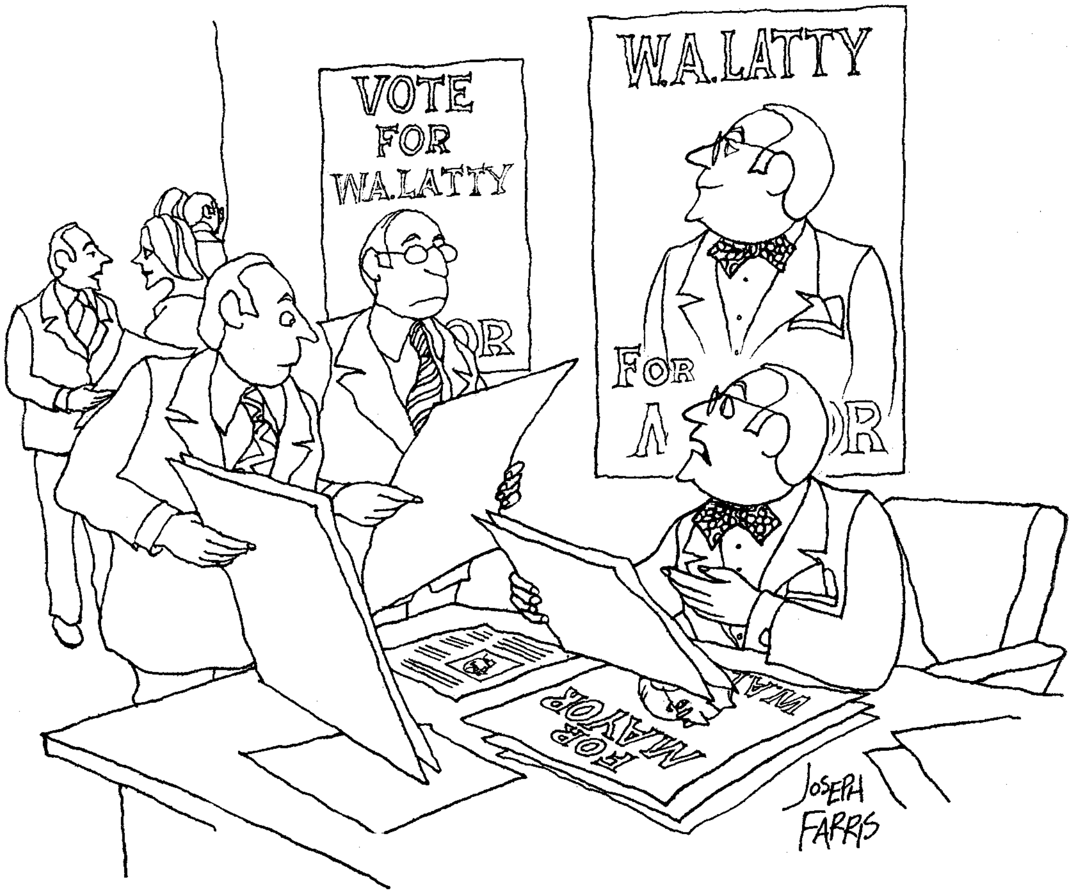
No one understood why the assembly had taken place at that particular time, on the first day of a summer term. Only the masters looked knowing, as though laboring beneath some secret; but pressed and pleaded with, they refused to reveal anything. Even Old Frosty, usually a most reliable source on such occasions, remained awesomely tight-lipped.

But the pronounced dismay and shame of the headmaster changed nothing. That term progressed, and the world of bijous and their protectors continued as before: the glances, the meetings, the cigarettes and romance in the hillside huts. R. A. J. Fisher was soon forgotten, having never made much of a mark. But the story of his error in placing a note under Torridge's pillow passed into legend, as did the encounter by the electricity plant and Torridge's being deprived of a relationship. The story was repeated as further terms passed by; new boys heard it and viewed Torridge with greater interest, imagining what R. A. J. Fisher had been like. The liaisons of Wiltshire with Good, Mace-Hamilton with Webb, and Arrowsmith with Sainsbury Major continued until the three senior boys left the school. Wiltshire, Mace-Hamilton, and Arrowsmith found fresh protectors then, and later these new liaisons came to an end in a similar manner. Later still, Wiltshire, Mace-Hamilton, and Arrowsmith ceased to be bijous and became protectors themselves.

Torridge pursued the religious side of things. He continued to be a frequent partaker of God Harvey's biscuits and spiritual uplift and a useful presence among the chapel pews, where he voluntarily dusted, cleaned brass, and kept the hymnbooks in a state of repair with cellophane tape. Wiltshire, Mace-Hamilton, and Arrowsmith continued to circulate stories about him that were not true: he was the product of virgin birth, he possessed the gift of tongues but did not care to employ it, he had three kidneys. In the end, there emanated from them the claim that a liaison existed between Torridge and God Harvey. "Love and the Holy Spirit," Wiltshire pronounced, suggesting an ambience of chapel fustiness and God Harvey's gray boniness. The swish of God Harvey's cassock took



on a new significance, as did his thin, dry fingers: in a holy way the fingers pressed themselves onto Torridge, and then their holiness became a passion that could not be imagined. It was all a joke, because Torridge was Torridge, but the laughter it caused wasn't malicious, because no one hated him. He was a figure of fun; no one sought his downfall, because there was no downfall to seek.



*"How about the hoopla, boys? Where's the hoopla?"*

THE friendship between Wiltshire, Mace-Hamilton, and Arrowsmith continued after they left the school, after all three had married and had families. Once a year they received the old-boys' magazine, which told of the achievements of themselves and the more successful of their schoolfellows. There were old-boys' cocktail parties, and old-boys' day at the school every June, and the old-boys' cricket match. Some of these occasions, from time to time, they attended. Every so often they received the latest rebuilding brochure, with the suggestion that they might like to contribute to the rebuilding fund. Now and again they did.

As middle age closed in, the three friends met less often. Arrowsmith was an executive with a petroleum company and stationed for longish periods in different countries abroad. Once every two years he brought his family back to England, which provided an opportunity for the three friends to meet. The wives met on these occasions also, and over the years the children. Often the men's distant school days were referred to, Buller Yeats and Old Frosty and the sergeant-major, the little red-skinned headmaster, and above all Torridge. Within the three families, in fact, Torridge had become a myth. The joke that had begun when they were all new boys together continued, as if driven by its own impetus. In the minds of the wives and children the innocence of Torridge, his true happiness in the face of mockery, and his fondness for the religious side of life all lived on. With some exactitude a physical image of the boy he'd been took root: his neatly knotted maroon house tie, his polished shoes, the hair that resembled a mouse's fur, the pudding face with two small eyes in it. "My dad's in the button business," Arrowsmith had only to say to cause instant laughter. "Torridge's, you know." The way Torridge ate, the way he ran, the way he smiled back at Buller Yeats, the rumor that he'd been dropped on his head as a baby, that he had three kidneys—all this was considerably appreciated, because among them Wiltshire and Mace-Hamilton and Arrowsmith related it well.

What was not related was R. A. J. Fisher's error in placing a note beneath Torridge's pillow, or the story that had laughingly been spread concerning Torridge's relationship with God Harvey. This would have meant revelations that weren't seemly in family circles: an explanation of the world of bijou and protector, the romance and cigarettes in the hillside huts, the entangling of hearts. The subject had been touched upon among the three husbands and their wives in the normal course of private conversation, although not everything had been recalled. Listening, the wives had formed the impression that the relationships between younger and older boys at their husbands' school were similar to the platonic admiration junior girls had so often harbored for senior girls at their own schools. And so the subject had been left.

One evening in June, Wiltshire and Mace-Hamilton met in a bar called The Vine, in Piccadilly Place. They hadn't seen one another since two summers before—the last time Arrowsmith and his family had been in England. They were to meet the Arrowsmiths again, for a family dinner in the Woodlands Hotel, Richmond. On the last occasion, the three families had celebrated their reunion at the Wiltshires' house, in Leatherhead, and the time before with the Mace-Hamiltons, in Ealing. Arrowsmith insisted that it was a question of turn and turn about, and every third time he arranged for the family dinner to be held at his expense at the Woodlands. Although the Arrowsmiths spent the greater part of each biennial leave with Mrs. Arrowsmith's parents, in Somerset, they always stayed for a week at the Woodlands in order to see a bit of London life.

In The Vine, in Piccadilly Place, Wiltshire and Mace-Hamilton hurried over their second drinks. As always, they were pleased to see one another, and both were excited at the prospect of seeing Arrowsmith and his family again. Wiltshire and Mace-Hamilton still looked faintly alike. Both had become bald and run to fat. They were inconspicuous blue suits with a discreet chalk stripe, Wiltshire's a little smarter than Mace-Hamilton's.

"We'll be late," Wiltshire said, having just related how he'd made a small killing since the last time they'd met. Wiltshire operated in the import-export world; Mace-Hamilton was a chartered accountant.

They drove in Wiltshire's car to Richmond. It was a Friday evening; the traffic was heavy.

"He had a bit of trouble, you know," Mace-Hamilton said.

"Arrows?"

"She took a shine to some guy in Mombasa."

Wiltshire nodded, poking the car between a cyclist and a taxi. He wasn't surprised. One night six years ago Arrowsmith's wife and he had committed adultery together at her suggestion. A messy business it had been, and afterward he'd felt terrible.

AT the Woodlands Hotel, Arrowsmith, in a gray flannel suit, was not entirely sober. He, too, had run a bit to fat, although unlike Wiltshire and Mace-Hamilton he hadn't lost any of his hair. Instead, it had dramatically changed color: what Old Frosty had once called "Arrows' blond thatch" was gray now. Beneath it his face was pinker than it had been, and he had taken to wearing spectacles, heavy and black-rimmed.

In the bar of the Woodlands he drank whiskey on his own, smiling occasionally to himself because tonight he had a surprise for everybody. After five weeks of being cooped up with his in-laws in Somerset, he was feeling good. "Have one yourself, dear," he invited the barmaid, a girl with an excess of lipstick on a pudgy mouth. He pushed his own glass toward her while she was saying she didn't mind if she did.

His wife and his three adolescent children, two boys and a girl, entered the bar with Mrs. Mace-Hamilton. "Hi, hi, hi," Arrowsmith called out to them in a jocular manner, causing his wife and Mrs. Mace-Hamilton to note that he was drunk again. They sat down at a table while he quickly finished the whiskey that had just been poured for him. "Put another in that for a start," he ordered the barmaid, and crossed the bar to find out what everyone else wanted.

Mrs. Wiltshire and her twins, girls of twelve, arrived while drinks were being decided about. Arrowsmith kissed her, just as he had kissed Mrs. Mace-Hamilton. The barmaid, deciding that the accurate conveying of such a large order was going to be beyond him, came and stood by the two tables that the party now occupied. The order was given, an animated conversation begun.

The three women were different in appearance and in manner. Mrs. Arrowsmith was thin as a knife, fashionably dressed in a shade of ash gray that reflected her ash-gray hair. She smoked perpetually, unable to abandon the habit. Mrs. Wiltshire was small. Shyness caused her to coil herself in the presence of other people, so that she often resembled a ball. Tonight she was in pink—a faded shade. Mrs. Mace-Hamilton was carelessly plump, a large woman attired in a carelessly chosen dress that had begonias on it. She rather frightened Mrs. Wiltshire. Mrs. Arrowsmith found her trying.

"Oh, heavenly little drink!" Mrs. Arrowsmith said, briefly drooping her blue-tinged eyelids as she sipped her gin-and-tonic.

"It *is* good to see you," Mrs. Mace-Hamilton gushed, beaming at everyone and vaguely raising her glass. "And how they've all grown!" Mrs. Mace-Hamilton had not had children herself.

"Their boobs have grown, by God," the older Arrowsmith boy murmured to his brother—a reference to the forming bodies of the Wiltshire twins. Neither of the two Arrowsmith boys went to their father's school: one was at a preparatory school in Oxford, the other at Charterhouse. Being of an age to do so, they both drank sherry and

## ON VACATION A WOMAN MISTAKES HER LEG

On vacation a woman mistakes her leg
for her husband's leg.

Perhaps the clock has been left behind
and an absence of daylight

inhabits the room like a stray that will not
be wakened. The bats come out, aimless

and maybe crazed with the sounds of air.
She wants her husband to fasten the screen.

He rises, walks awhile under the pines
and the moon, the legendary moon, asking himself

if he is brave. At dawn the invisible lake
glitters again. He guides the boat by the

sun, in circles, while she watches a line of trees
unravel behind his ear. Across the bay

a fisherman thinks they are watching
one another's lips, as he would do

if he were driving a lady in circles.
He thinks they are pink, and damp

with lotion under their flowered shirts.
They do not mention the clouds of shy minnows.

And later they step from bathing suits,
their false bodies on the pine floor.

Their windows pull the lake
right into the room. In their tumblers

the ice can be heard across a mile of water
where a farmer coming home notices the glass

animals his wife has set on the sill.

—LESLIE ULLMAN

• •

HONEY
BEANS
COOKIES
SYRUP

*"Now that Ralph's emerged from deep cover, we're moving to Sarasota."*

intended to drink as much of it as they possibly could. They found these family occasions tedious. Their sister, about to go to university, had determined neither to speak nor to smile for the entire evening. The Wiltshire twins were quite looking forward to the food.

Arrowsmith sat beside Mrs. Wiltshire. He didn't say anything, but after a moment he stretched a hand over her two knees and squeezed them in what he intended to be a brotherly way. He said without conviction that it was great to see her. He didn't look at her while he spoke. He didn't much care for hanging about with the women and children.

In turn, Mrs. Wiltshire didn't much care for his hand on her knees and was relieved when he drew it away. "Hi, hi, hi," he suddenly called out, causing her to jump. Wiltshire and Mace-Hamilton had appeared.

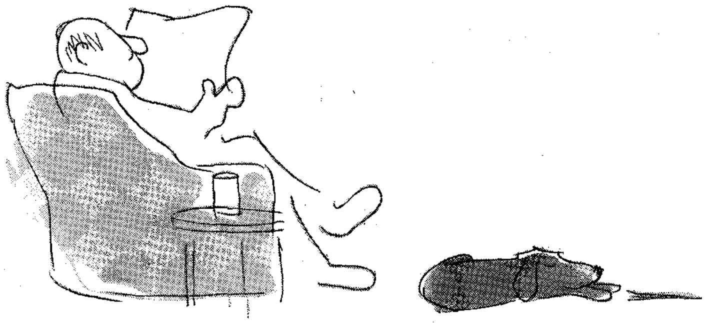
The physical similarity that had been so pronounced when the three men were boys and had been only faintly noticeable between Wiltshire and Mace-Hamilton in The Vine was clearly there again, as if the addition of Arrowsmith had supplied missing reflections. The men had thickened in the same way; the pinkness of Arrowsmith's countenance was a pinkness that tinged the others' faces, too. Only Arrowsmith's gray thatch of hair seemed out of place, all wrong beside the baldness of the two others; in their presence it might have been a wig—an impression it did not otherwise give. His gray flannel suit beside their pinstripes looked like something put on by mistake. "Hi, hi, hi," he shouted, thumping their shoulders.

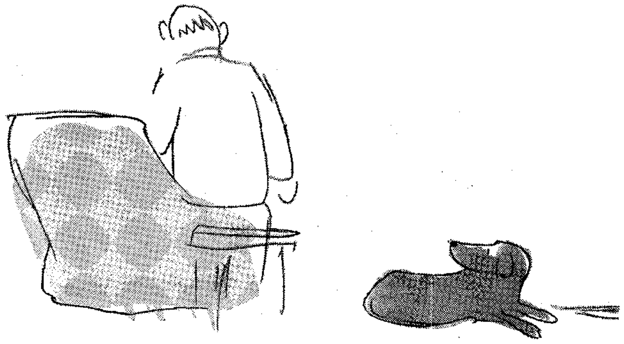
More rounds of drinks were brought and consumed. The Arrowsmith boys declared to each other that they were drunk and made further sotto-voce observations about the forming bodies of the Wiltshire twins. Mrs. Wiltshire felt the occasion becoming easier as Cinzano Bianco coursed through her bloodstream. Mrs. Arrowsmith was aware of a certain familiar edginess within her body, a desire to be elsewhere, alone with a man she did not know. Mrs. Mace-Hamilton spoke loudly of her garden.

In time the party moved from the bar to the dining room. "Bring us another round at the table," Arrowsmith commanded the lipsticked barmaid. "Quick as you can, dear."

In the large, dim dining room, waiters settled them around a table with little vases of carnations on it, a long table beneath the chandelier in the center of the room. Celery soup arrived, and smoked salmon and pâté, and the extra round of drinks Arrowsmith had ordered, and bottles of Nuits-Saint-Georges, and bottles of Vouvray and Anjou rosé, and sirloin of beef, chicken à la king, and veal escalope. The Arrowsmith boys laughed shrilly, openly staring at the tops of the Wiltshire twins' bodies. Potatoes, peas, spinach, and carrots were served. Mrs. Arrowsmith waved the vegetables away and smoked between courses. After this dinner six years ago she had made her suggestion to Wiltshire—both of them being the worse for wear and it seeming not to matter because of that. "Oh, *isn't* this jolly?" the voice of Mrs. Mace-Hamilton boomed above the general hubbub.

Over Chantilly trifle and orange surprise the name of Torridge was heard. The name was always mentioned just about now, though sometimes sooner. "Poor old bean," Wiltshire said, and everybody laughed, because it was the one subject they all shared. No one really wanted to hear about the Mace-Hamiltons' garden; the comments of the Arrowsmith boys were only for each other; Mrs. Arrowsmith's needs could naturally not be voiced; the shyness of Mrs. Wiltshire was private, too. But Torridge was different. Torridge, in a way, was like an old friend now, existing in everyone's mind, a family subject. The Wiltshire twins were quite amused to hear of some freshly remembered evidence of Torridge's naïveté; for the Arrowsmith girl it was better, at least, than being questioned by Mrs. Mace-Hamilton; for her brothers it was an excuse to bellow with simulated mirth. Mrs. Mace-Hamilton considered that the boy sounded frightful; Mrs. Arrowsmith couldn't have cared less. Only Mrs. Wiltshire had doubts: she thought the three men were hard on the memory of the boy, but of course she had not ever said so. After Wiltshire reminded





everybody of the time Torridge had been convinced by Arrowsmith that Buller Yeats had dropped dead in his bath, the younger Arrowsmith boy told of a boy at his own school who'd been convinced that his sister's dog had died.

"Listen," Arrowsmith suddenly shouted out. "He's going to join us. Old Torridge."

There was laughter—no one believing that Torridge was going to arrive, Mrs. Arrowsmith saying to herself that her husband was pitiful when he became as drunk as this.

"I thought it would be a gesture," Arrowsmith said. "Honestly. He's looking in for coffee."

"You bloody devil, Arrows," Wiltshire said, smacking the table with the palm of his hand.

"He's in the button business," Arrowsmith shouted. "Torridge's, you know."

As far as Wiltshire and Mace-Hamilton could remember, news of Torridge had never appeared in the old-boys' magazine. No details of his career had been printed, and certainly no obituary. It was typical, somehow, of Arrowsmith to have winkled him out. It was part and parcel of Arrowsmith to want to add another dimension to the joke, to recharge its batteries; for the sight of Torridge in middle age would surely make funnier the reported anecdotes.

"After all, what's wrong," demanded Arrowsmith noisily, "with old school pals all meeting up? The more the merrier."

He is a bully, Mrs. Wiltshire thought; all three of them are bullies.

Torridge arrived at half past nine. The hair that had been like a mouse's fur was still like that. It hadn't grayed any more; the scalp hadn't become bald. He hadn't run to fat; in middle age he'd thinned down a bit. There was even a lankiness about him now, which was reflected in his movements. At school he had moved slowly, as though with caution. Jauntily attired in a pale linen suit, he crossed the dining room of the Woodlands Hotel with a step as nimble as a tap-dancer's.

No one recognized him. To the three men who'd been at school with him, the man who approached their dinner table was a different person; and he was quite unlike the figure that existed in the minds of the wives and children.

"My dear Arrows," Torridge said, smiling at Arrowsmith. The smile was different, too: a brittle snap of a smile that came and went in a matter-of-fact way. The eyes that had been small didn't seem so in his thinner face. They flashed with a gleam of some kind, matching the snap of his smile.

"Good God, it's never old Porridge!" Arrowsmith's voice was slurred. His face had acquired the beginnings of an alcoholic crimson; sweat glistened on his forehead.

"Yes, it's old Porridge," Torridge said quietly. He held his hand out toward Arrowsmith and then shook hands with Wiltshire and Mace-Hamilton. He was introduced to their wives, with whom he shook hands also. He was introduced to the children, which involved further handshaking. His hand was cool and rather bony; they felt it should have been damp.

"You're nicely in time for coffee, Mr. Torridge," Mrs. Mace-Hamilton said.

"Brandy, more like," Arrowsmith suggested. "Brandy, old chap?"

"Well, that's awfully kind of you, Arrows. Chartreuse I'd prefer, really."

A waiter drew up a chair. Room was made for Torridge between Mrs. Wiltshire and the Arrowsmith boys. It was a frightful mistake, Wiltshire was thinking. It was mad of Arrowsmith.

Mace-Hamilton examined Torridge across the dinner table. The old Torridge would have said he'd rather not have anything alcoholic, that a cup of tea and a biscuit were more his line in the evening. It was impossible to imagine this man saying his dad had a button business. There was a suavity about him that made Mace-Hamilton uneasy. Because of what had been related to his wife and the other wives and their children, he felt he'd been caught out in a lie, yet in fact that wasn't the case.

The children stole glances at Torridge, trying to see him as the boy who'd been described to them, and failing to. Mrs. Arrowsmith said to herself that all this stuff they'd been told over the years had clearly been rubbish. Mrs. Mace-Hamilton was bewildered. Mrs. Wiltshire was pleased.

"No one ever guessed," Torridge said, "what became of R. A. J. Fisher." He raised the subject suddenly, without introduction.

"Oh, God—Fisher," Mace-Hamilton said.

"Who's Fisher?" the younger of the Arrowsmith boys inquired.

Torridge turned to flash his quick smile at the boy. "He left," he said. "In unfortunate circumstances."

"You've changed a lot, you know," Arrowsmith said. "Don't you think he's changed?" he asked Wiltshire and Mace-Hamilton.

"Out of recognition," Wiltshire said.

Torridge laughed easily. "I've become adventurous. I'm a late developer, I suppose."

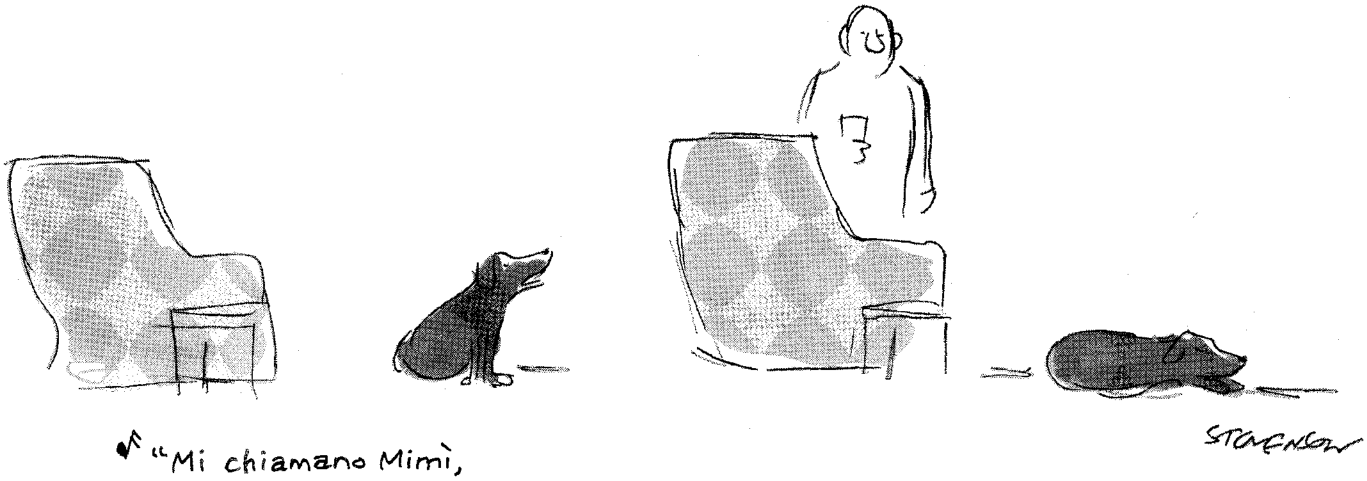
"What kind of unfortunate circumstances?" the younger Arrowsmith boy asked. "Was Fisher expelled?"

"Oh, no, not at all," Mace-Hamilton said hurriedly.

"Actually," Torridge said, "Fisher's trouble all began with the writing of a note. Don't you remember? He put it in my pajamas. But it wasn't for me at all."

He smiled again. He turned to Mrs. Wiltshire in a way that seemed polite, drawing her into the conversation. "I was an innocent at school. But innocence eventually slips away. I found my way about eventually."

"Yes, of course," she murmured. She didn't like him, even though she was glad he wasn't as he might have



"Mi chiamano Mimì,
il perchè non so.
Sola, mi fo il pranzo da me stessa."

been. There was malevolence in him, a ruthlessness that seemed like a work of art. He seemed like a work of art himself, as though in losing the innocence he spoke of he had re-created himself.

"I often wonder about Fisher," he remarked.

The Wiltshire twins giggled. "What's so great about this bloody Fisher?" the older Arrowsmith boy murmured, nudging his brother with an elbow.

"What're you doing these days?" Wiltshire asked, interrupting Mace-Hamilton, who had also begun to say something.

"I make buttons," Torridge replied. "You may recall my father made buttons."

"Ah, here're the drinks," Arrowsmith rowdily observed.

"I don't much keep up with the school," Torridge said as the waiter placed a glass of Chartreuse in front of him. "I don't so much as think about it except for wondering about poor old Fisher. Our headmaster was a cretin," he informed Mrs. Wiltshire.

Again the Wiltshire twins giggled. The Arrowsmith girl yawned, and her brothers giggled also, amused that the name of Fisher had come up again.

"You will have coffee, Mr. Torridge?" Mrs. Mace-Hamilton offered, for the waiter had brought a fresh pot to the table. She held it poised above a cup. Torridge smiled at her and nodded. She said, "Pearl buttons d'you make?"

"No, not pearl."

"Remember those awful packet peas we used to have?" Arrowsmith inquired.

Wiltshire said, "Use plastics at all? In your buttons, Porridge?"

"No, we don't use plastics. Leathers, various leathers. And horn. We specialize."

"How very interesting!" Mrs. Mace-Hamilton exclaimed.

"No, no. It's rather ordinary, really." He paused, and then added, "Someone once told me that Fisher went into a timber business. But of course that was far from true."

"A chap was expelled a year ago," the younger Arrowsmith boy said, contributing this in order to cover up a fresh outburst of sniggering. "For stealing a transistor."

Torridge nodded, appearing to be interested. He asked the Arrowsmith boys where they were at school. The older one said Charterhouse, and his brother gave the name of his preparatory school. Torridge nodded again and asked their sister, and she said she was waiting to go to university. He had quite a chat with the Wiltshire twins about their school. They considered it pleasant the way he bothered, seeming genuinely to want to know. The giggling died away.

"I imagined Fisher wanted me for his bijou," he said when all that was over, still addressing the children. "Our place was riddled with fancy larks like that. Remember?" he added, turning to Mace-Hamilton.

"Bijou?" one of the twins asked before Mace-Hamilton could reply.

"A male tart," Torridge explained.

The Arrowsmith boys gaped at him, the older one with his mouth actually open. The Wiltshire twins began to giggle again. The Arrowsmith girl frowned, unable to hide her interest.

"The Honourable Anthony Swain," Torridge said, "was no better than a whore."

Mrs. Arrowsmith, who for some minutes had been engaged with her own thoughts, was suddenly aware that the man who was in the button business was talking about sex. She gazed diagonally across the table at him, astonished that he should be talking in this way.

"Look here, Torridge," Wiltshire said, frowning at him and shaking his head. With an almost imperceptible motion he gestured toward the wives and children.

"Andrews and Butler. Dillon and Pratt. Tothill and Goldfish Stewart. Your dad," Torridge said to the Arrowsmith girl, "was always very keen. Sainsbury Major in particular."

"Now, look here," Arrowsmith shouted, beginning to get to his feet and then changing his mind.

"My gosh, how they broke chaps' hearts, those three!"

"Please don't talk like this." It was Mrs. Wiltshire who protested, to everyone's surprise, most of all her own. "The children are quite young, Mr. Torridge."

Her voice had become a whisper. She could feel herself reddening with embarrassment, and a little twirl of sickness occurred in her stomach. Deferentially, as though appreciating the effort she had made, Torridge apologized.

"I think you'd better go," Arrowsmith said.

"You were right about God Harvey, Arrows. Gay as a grig he was, beneath that cassock. So was Old Frosty, as a matter of fact."

"Really!" Mrs. Mace-Hamilton cried, her bewilderment turning into outrage. She glared at her husband, demanding with her eyes that instantly something be done. But her husband and his two friends were briefly stunned by what Torridge had claimed for God Harvey. Their school days leaped back at them, possessing them for a vivid moment: the dormitory, the dining hall, the glances and the invitations, the meetings behind Chapel. It

*"Gentlemen, please! This is a bank."*

was somehow in keeping with the school's hypocrisy that God Harvey had had inclinations himself, that a rumor begun as an outrageous joke should have contained the truth.

"As a matter of fact," Torridge went on, "I wouldn't be what I am if it hadn't been for God Harvey. I'm what they call queer," he explained to the children. "I perform sexual acts with men."

"For God's sake, Torridge," Arrowsmith shouted, on his feet, his face the color of a ripe strawberry, his watery eyes quivering with rage.

"It was nice of you to invite me tonight, Arrows. Our alma mater can't be too proud of chaps like me."

People spoke at once: Mrs. Mace-Hamilton and Mrs. Wiltshire, all three men. Mrs. Arrowsmith sat still. What she was thinking was that she had become quietly drunk while her husband had more boisterously reached the same condition. She was thinking as well that, by the sound of things, he'd possessed as a boy a sexual urge that was a lot livelier than the one he'd once exposed her to and now hardly ever did. With boys who had grown to be men he had had a whale of a time. Old Frosty had been a kind of Mr. Chips, she'd been told. She'd never even heard of Sainsbury Major or God Harvey.

"It's quite disgusting," Mrs. Mace-Hamilton's voice cried out above the other voices. She said the police should be called. It was scandalous to have to listen to unpleasant conversation like this. She began to say the children should leave the dining room but changed her mind because it appeared that Torridge himself was about to go. "You're a most horrible man," she cried.

Confusion gathered like a fog around the table. Mrs. Wiltshire, who knew that her husband had committed adultery with Mrs. Arrowsmith, felt another bout of nerves in her stomach. "Because she was starved, that's why," her husband had almost violently confessed when she'd discovered. "It was putting her out of her misery." She had wept then, and he had comforted her as best he could. She had not told him that he had never succeeded in arousing in her the desire to make love; she had always assumed that to be a failing in herself, but now for some reason she was not so sure. Nothing had been directly said that might have caused this doubt, but an instinct informed Mrs. Wiltshire that the doubt should be there. The man beside her smiled his brittle, malevolent smile at her, as if in sympathy.

With his head bent over the table and his hands half hiding his face, the younger Arrowsmith boy examined his father by glancing through his fingers. There were men whom his parents warned him against, men who would sit beside you in buses or try to give you a lift in a car. This man who had come tonight, who had been such a joke up till now, was apparently one of these, not a joke at all. And the confusion was greater: at one time, it seemed, his father had been like that, too.

The Arrowsmith girl considered her father also. Once she had walked into a room in Lagos to find her mother in the arms of an African clerk. Ever since, she had felt sorry for her father. There'd been an unpleasant scene at the time: she'd screamed at her mother and later in a fury had told her father what she'd seen. He'd nodded wearily, seeming not to be surprised, while her mother had miserably wept. She'd put her arms around her father, comforting him; she'd felt no mercy for her mother, no sympathy or understanding. The scene formed vividly in her mind as she sat at the dinner table; it appeared to be relevant in the confusion and yet not clearly so. Her parents' marriage was messy—messier and more rubbishy than it had looked. Across the table her mother grimly smoked, focussing her eyes with difficulty. She smiled at her daughter—a soft, inebriated smile.

The older Arrowsmith boy was also aware of the confusion. Being at a school where the practice that had been spoken of was common enough, he could easily believe the facts that had been thrown about. Against his will, he was forced to imagine what he had never imagined before: his father and his friends as schoolboys, engaged in passion with other boys. He might have been cynical about this image, but he could not be. Instead it made him want to gasp. It knocked away the smile that had been on his face all evening.

The Wiltshire twins unhappily stared

at the white tablecloth, here and there stained with wine and gravy. They, too, found they'd lost the urge to smile and instead shakily blinked back tears.

"Yes, perhaps I'd better go," Torridge said.

With impatience Mrs. Mace-Hamilton looked at her husband, as if expecting him to hurry Torridge off or at least to say something. But Mace-Hamilton remained silent. Mrs. Mace-Hamilton licked her lips, preparing to speak herself. She changed her mind.

"Fisher didn't go into a timber business," Torridge said. "Because poor old Fisher was dead as a doornail. Which is why our cretin of a headmaster, Mrs. Mace-Hamilton, had that assembly."

"Assembly?" she said. Her voice was weak, although she'd meant it to sound matter-of-fact and angry.

"There was an assembly that no one understood. Poor old Fisher had strung himself up in a barn on his father's farm. I discovered that," Torridge said, turning to Arrowsmith, "years later—from God Harvey, actually. The poor chap left a note, but the parents didn't care to pass it on. I mean it was for you, Arrows."

Arrowsmith was still standing, hanging over the table. "Note?" he said. "For me?"

"Another note. Why d'you think he did himself in, Arrows?"

Torridge smiled—at Arrowsmith and then around the table.

"None of that's true," Wiltshire said.

"As a matter of fact, it is."

He went, and nobody spoke at the dinner table. A body of a schoolboy hung from a beam in a barn, a note on the straw below his dangling feet. It hung in the confusion that had been caused, increasing the confusion. Two waiters hovered by a sideboard, one passing the time by arranging sauce bottles, the other folding napkins into cone shapes. Slowly Arrowsmith sat down again. The silence continued as the conversation of Torridge continued to haunt the dinner table. He haunted it himself, with his brittle smile and his tap-dancer's elegance, still faithful to the past in which he had so signally failed, triumphant in his middle age.

Then Mrs. Arrowsmith quite suddenly wept, and the Wiltshire twins wept and Mrs. Wiltshire comforted them. The Arrowsmith girl got up and walked away, and Mrs. Mace-Hamilton turned to the three men and said they should be ashamed of themselves, allowing all this to happen.

—William Trevor

# GOSHAWK, ANTELOPE

Against creamed snowpeaks (that country of blue sedge and shimmer
of distance rising into his tiny skull full of desire), he
fell across my windshield, a dot at sixty, and I, half

looking for a place I had never seen, half dreaming rooms
where blind miles of light lie on framed family faces,

saw him before he was anything, a spot above the glassy road
and in my eye, acetylene-burned by brightness and hours
of passage, saw memory. He came

out of the strange, clouded horizon like the dark of whipped
phone wires and the quiet of first feathering shingles
in storm or in the hour of burial,

and dropped into absence where the antelope stood alive
at the fence of barbed wire, horns lifted slightly,
hovering on hooves' edge, as if bored with the prospect
of leaps, long standing and still. The wind-

darted dust gave no image beyond itself, puffballs that turned
clockwise and counterclockwise as he stood
changeless beneath that sudden whistle
of gray. I felt my heart

within those lovely shoulders flame and try to buck off
whatever the air had sent down as shapeless as obsession
and stopped my car, knowing already how
easily the talons dispossessed

all who, without illusions, lived. Dark and light bucked, clung,
shredded in my brain until I became again a boy on a fence,
hunched near the dream-contending world. But

someone far off was calling and I could not undream what held me.
Though I stood at last it was late, too late. Someone
called and the legs I had always trusted broke,
but not in time, and I fell from all chance
to change what was done or undone.

In Wyoming, in June, it was already starcold
though the mild blue of dusk beat back my mother's pain
when I saw him, small as a wind, shriek for the cliffs,
his dream gone, the aching, wingless shoulders of the antelope
risen from a low mound of rocks, running from what was
unseen and there, forever, like the red print of a hand

about to fall, for I was late and wishing to God for a tree
to hide under and see for once what had died
out of my life but would never leave or
come back as it had been

like the slow growth of an antelope's legs into freedom
and away from desire's black whirling dream. It was
late, there had been no sign, no reason

to move except the call that might have been only dreamed,
but once I stood under the keening moon that, in Wyoming,
owns all that is, and I begged the stars not to come
gouging my bitter and motherless sleep

where I lay long and longed, as I do now over barbed wire,
for the peace of the night-gleaming peaks and the flare
of absence that came, had fallen into

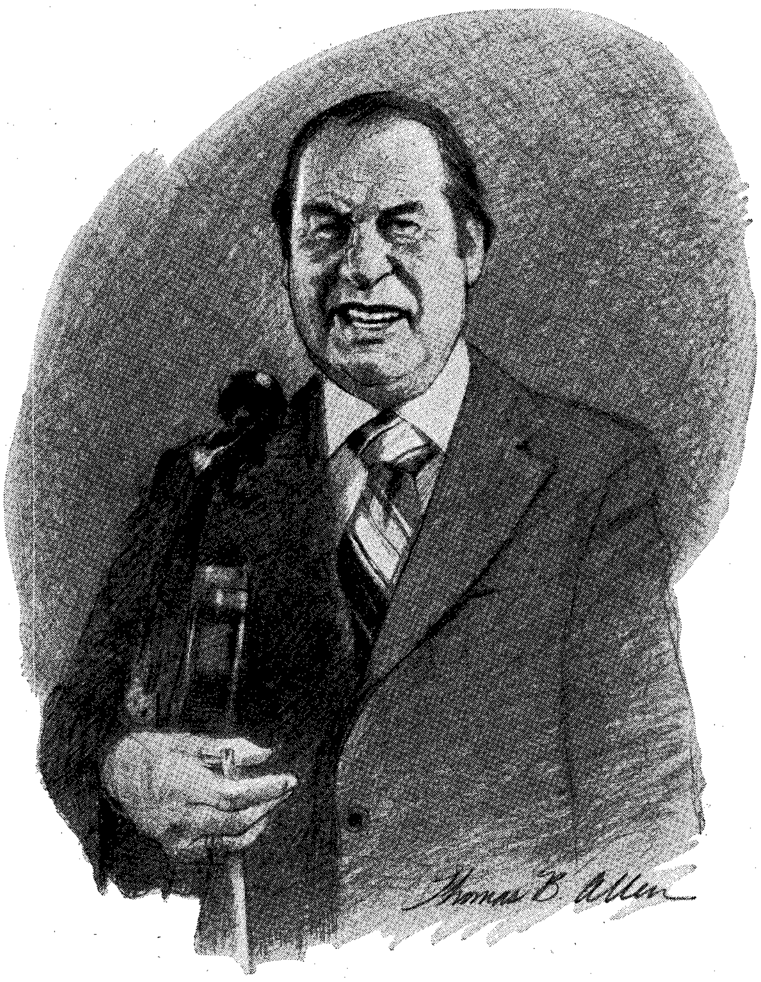
the accusing goshawk face of my father in that dark room
where I walked too late, where the glowing fur-tufts
of candle shadows drift on her face and his

and what was held has become, suddenly, lost like breath.

—Dave Smith

# PROFILES

## HURRY, HURRY!



HENNY YOUNGMAN, who may be the greatest joke teller in the world, is certainly the world's hardest-working comedian. Last year, at the age of seventy, Henny travelled half a million miles in the United States and Canada with his famous trademark, his fiddle (Italian, nineteenth century)—which he holds under one arm while he's working, and on which he occasionally plays a few bars of "Smoke Gets in Your Eyes"—to do more than two hundred and twenty engagements. He does engagements in top night clubs in Los Angeles, Las Vegas, Montreal, and Chicago; talk-show guest shots with Johnny Carson, Merv Griffin, and Mike Douglas; appearances on network variety shows, roasts, and specials; performances on cruises to the West Indies and the coast of Mexico; and scores of one-nighters and other one-shot outings—sales meetings, conventions, breakfasts, lunches, banquets, country clubs, colleges, hotels, synagogues, concerts, and trade shows. And all this in addition to his local appearances, which include everything from taping gags for New York Telephone's Dial-A-Joke (one message unit gets you a minute of comedy) to shooting thirty-second TV spots for Korvettes' big Thanksgiving Day sale. "Nothing is too remote," Henny says. "I can go anywhere, play any date, for any kind of people."

This year, Henny is working even harder, which means he is constantly on the phone to Sadie Youngman, his wife of forty-nine years, in Miami Beach, who keeps track of his schedule (his own files are the pockets of his suit jackets; his fiddle case is his briefcase), and to the Concierge answering service, in New York (the operators have instructions to answer the phone "Henny Youngman, King of the One-Liners"), to see who wants him where and when and for how much. When a phone rings in Henny's vicinity, he's likely to yell, "Answer it! It could be a job!"

Henny's phone number is listed in the Manhattan directory; he doesn't want to be hard to get hold of. His fees are negotiable. "See what they'll spend," he says. " 'What'll you take?' 'What can you afford?' You don't turn it down if it's within reason. If you turn it down, you don't get it back anymore. And sometimes what they offer is more than you would have asked." "Within reason" generally means a minimum of twenty-five hundred dollars, and that means you can hire Henny for a lot less than the minimum of twenty-five thousand dollars Carson and Bob Hope are said to get for a single appearance. But Henny makes a nice living; his annual income is invariably well into six figures. "If I played the fiddle any better," he says, "I'd be making a hundred and twenty-five dollars a week."

A lot of Henny's money goes to Sadie and to other members of his family: his daughter, Marilyn, a receptionist at Pach Brothers, the famous old Manhattan portrait photographers; his grandson, Larry Kelly, twenty, who is launching a career as a manager, booking acts of all kinds; Henny's younger brother, Lester, who is retired in Florida, and who makes "Dime-and-pins" (dimes soldered to safety pins)—a novelty item that Henny gives away in profusion and also happily solicits bulk orders for. Henny invests whatever he can in property. "Every time I ever bought property, I made a buck, so when somebody talks me into it I do it." He says that the property, unmortgaged, will be his legacy to his family; he also has a son, Gary, who, at thirty-seven, has been a successful New York film editor for the last sixteen years and has just finished directing his first feature film—"Rush It," a comedy-love story about a girl who delivers packages. Henny maintains a comfortable apartment in a midtown Manhattan high-rise. The New York offices of the William Morris theatrical agency are across the street; when the agency moved in, some years ago, Henny put a sign in his living-room window that read "WELCOME WILLIAM MORRIS. BOOK THY NEIGHBOR." He also rents an apartment in Miami Beach, and he has a ninety-nine-acre country place in Woodstock, New York, which he almost never visits. "There's animals there," he says. "I'm afraid to go there. I think there's bears. I *know* there's deers." Henny likes city settings, much preferring to spend his time in restaurants, clubs, or hotels—places with plenty of telephones.

Henny's other heavy investment is in his own business. "I've got more agents than the I.R.S.," he likes to say, but he enjoys acting as his own agent, and spends more than ten thousand dollars a year on phone calls—calling up bookers all over the country, for instance, to tell them that Youngman will be in their area three months from now. Henny, who was once a printer, is also the Youngman public-relations man, and himself sends out to a long list of agents, friends, columnists, and fellow-comedians frequent promotional mailings that he has designed, either announcing upcoming dates or reprinting rave reviews with gag headlines ("A SPLASH WITH THE AQUACADE—I'VE BEEN HELD UNDER FOR ANOTHER TWO WEEKS"). He also designs his own eye-catching stationery: yellow envelopes that say "envelope" on them in large orange sans-serif letters; white envelopes with photos of Henny and his fiddle and the caption "If you don't open this envelope, I'll play in your ear. . . ."

While most of his contemporaries in the joke-telling business—comedians like Milton Berle and Jackie Gleason—have gone into elegant semi-retirement and spend a good deal of time prowling around big houses in California or Florida, Henny, as Henny Youngman's manager, is still actively buying jokes every week. He estimates that in forty years of buying jokes he's laid out at least a quarter of a million dollars to build his unbelievable four-hour joke repertoire: unbelievable because Henny can tell six or seven jokes a minute, which means that he knows over fifteen hundred jokes—and all of them guaranteed surefire, because jokes that falter are retired immediately. "Jokes cost money," he says. "You don't get them that easy. Two pages of special material can cost fifteen hundred dollars, and that's only six minutes' worth of jokes. You gotta take care of your business, or you gotta worry. When you're on that stage, no one can help you. A stage is only thirty square feet. Any stage. So where the hell can you go? Cheap comedians never invest a nickel in the business. Nobody's paid his dues like I have."

Henny works on his stock every day, testing new material on anyone who phones, and improving his delivery. He's always working, every time he tells a joke, to eliminate even one unnecessary word—though he may have told the gag thousands of times before. This keeps all his jokes in fighting trim, gives his audiences quick release at every performance, and insures that no audience of his will ever have to get angry waiting for a punch line. Which may explain why, at almost seventy-two, Henny Youngman is by his own admission a contented man and looks like the freshest face in the business.

Henny's a big man, of Charles de Gaullean proportions. He is six feet two inches tall, has a healthy girth he pretends to worry about, and walks with a stately, measured, slightly forward-tilted, faintly pigeon-toed gait. He is always dressed in a suit and tie, which usually means, specifically, a white shirt, black shoes and socks, a conservatively tailored business suit with an unexpectedly gaudy silk lining ("I fell through an awning and decided to keep it"), a blinding tie, and a Dime-and-pin. With a dress suit, when he's working an evening engagement, he wears silk braces embroidered with the Hebrew characters for "kosher." He has a voice that can dominate an elevator, a street, Carnegie Hall, any telephone conversation—even a waiter at the Friars Club, his favorite New York lunch haunt, two and a half blocks east of his apartment. Fourteen years ago, when most comedians were heading out of town for keeps, Henny moved into Manhattan from Brooklyn. "There's a million chances in New York," he says. "Who wants to make it in California? It's so smoggy the rainbows are in black and white."

"Hurry, hurry! This way to the Midway." That's Henny strolling from his place to the Friars Club for lunch. He's working the street, even though for the moment I'm his only audience. Con Ed is tearing up part of the street. "The Mayor's kid lost a ball!" Henny yells. A pigeon swoops low off a perch on St. Thomas's Episcopal Church. "Any messages?" Henny asks. The signboard in front of the church says "ENTER, REST, PRAY." "Make up your mind," Henny tells the signboard. We pass a large hole in the ground where hardhats are laying the foundation for an office building. "You tore down the wrong building, dummkopfs!" Henny shouts down the hole. The hardhats look up, startled, then wave, and make violin-playing motions, and one of them yells back, "Take my wife—please!" (Henny's most famous one-liner—the best four-word joke in the language, a joke so compact it has a punch word instead of a punch line.) A jogger plows by. Henny swings an arm like a checkered flag. "The winner!" he yells. The jogger breaks stride and then continues without looking back.

The New York Friars Club is a spacious collegiate-Gothic town house with a good kitchen and a mixed show-business/businessman membership. There's a large round table just to the right of the entrance to the dining room—an ideal spot for Henny to tummle the

HEY! LOOK WHO'S HERE
WE MISSED YOU
READY WHEN YOU ARE J.T.
WELCOME BACK
GLAD TO SEE YOU
YOU LOOK RESTED
J.T.
Bernard Schoenbaum

lunch crowd and the waiters. In the dining room, there's a P.A. system connected to the club switchboard, and one of the messages it broadcasts most frequently is "Phone call for Friar Henny Youngman." And there's an extension phone on the wall next to the round table, so Henny has everything he needs. "Hurry, hurry!" That's Henny entering the dining room. "Cheer up! Say hello to Joey Adams—he used to be somebody. Goodbye, Joey—we'll talk about you as soon as you leave. *You must remember this*"—he breaks into song—"*A knish is just a knish.*" He spots a waiter. "Have you got a little orange juice you're not using? And bring me some matzos. But don't charge me. You've got to remind them you're here, or they just stand around. Have a little matzos—a little matzos never did anyone any good. Where's my orange juice? Bring me an empty glass. And fill it with orange juice."

Henny, who likes to treat people to meals, has invited me and a couple of his old pals, Alex Rose and Fred Harris, to lunch. Alex Rose is an inventor and a former court reporter. He invented the Pocket Jester, a tape measure with sixty Henny Youngman jokes printed on it instead of inches; he invented an ashtray with a built-in snuffer; he invented the Typatune, a musical typewriter—when you punch the keys, it plays melodies. The Japanese are interested in marketing the Typatune, but Rose says he doesn't have the time to work with them on it. He is the author of several books, including "Memoirs of a Heterosexual." He's a small man who wears a watch chain across the top of his vest. He once took accordion lessons secretly five hours a day for seven months in order to surprise his wife. Fred Harris is an elegant man who wears pearl-gray waistcoats. He manages the singer Cleo Laine and books acts. Harris has just returned from two days of trout fishing in the mountains—one day in the Berkshires and one day in the Catskills, where he hooked a sixteen-incher. Back before the Second World War, Harris had a dance act, and played in every country in Europe except Russia (Russia being strictly a circus country). Rose and Henny met in the early thirties. Harris and Henny go back to 1934, when they both worked in a show called "Vaudeville, U.S.A." "Henny was the tall, skinny kid," Harris says. "Like he is now."

An out-of-work comedian approaches the table. "How are you, Henny Youngman?"

"A little louder, please," Henny says.

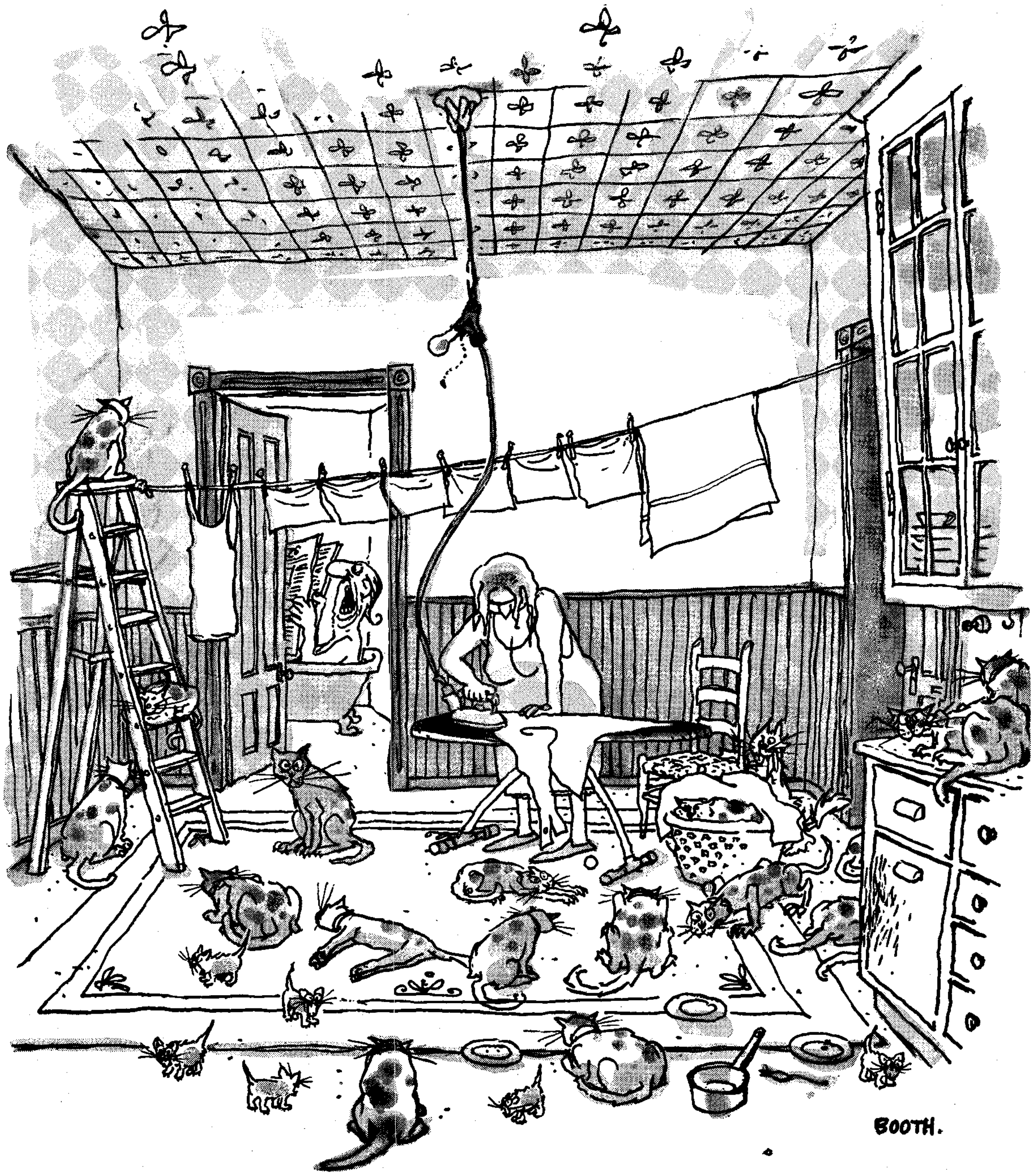
"How's your wife?" says the comic.

"Expensive. Pal, you're full of it. You never got more laughs on the stage than Berle or me. No regards."

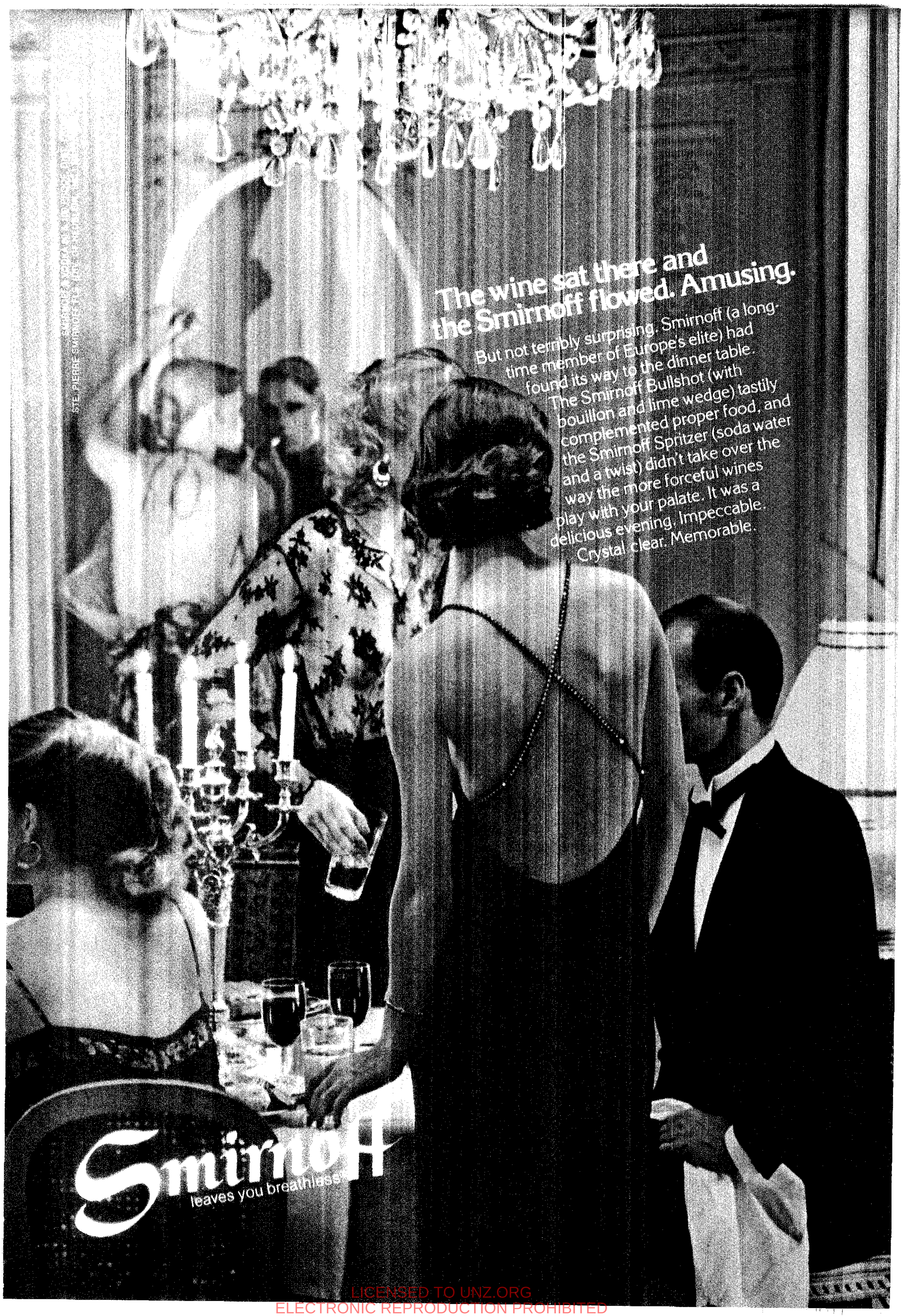
Sotto voce to Harris: "Only way to cheer him up. He ought to go to work again. Then he won't feel bad."

"Phone call for Friar Henny Youngman," says the P.A. system.

Henny picks up the phone. It's the secretary of an agent Henny called this morning when he got up. (Henny generally gets up around ten and immediately puts in an hour on the phones. He likes to turn in around 2 A.M.) "He's tied up?" Henny says into the phone. "Well, untie him. . . . Hello? . . . A little synagogue in Buffalo wants me September 27th? Wait a minute." Henny puts on a pair of black-rimmed glasses, pulls a



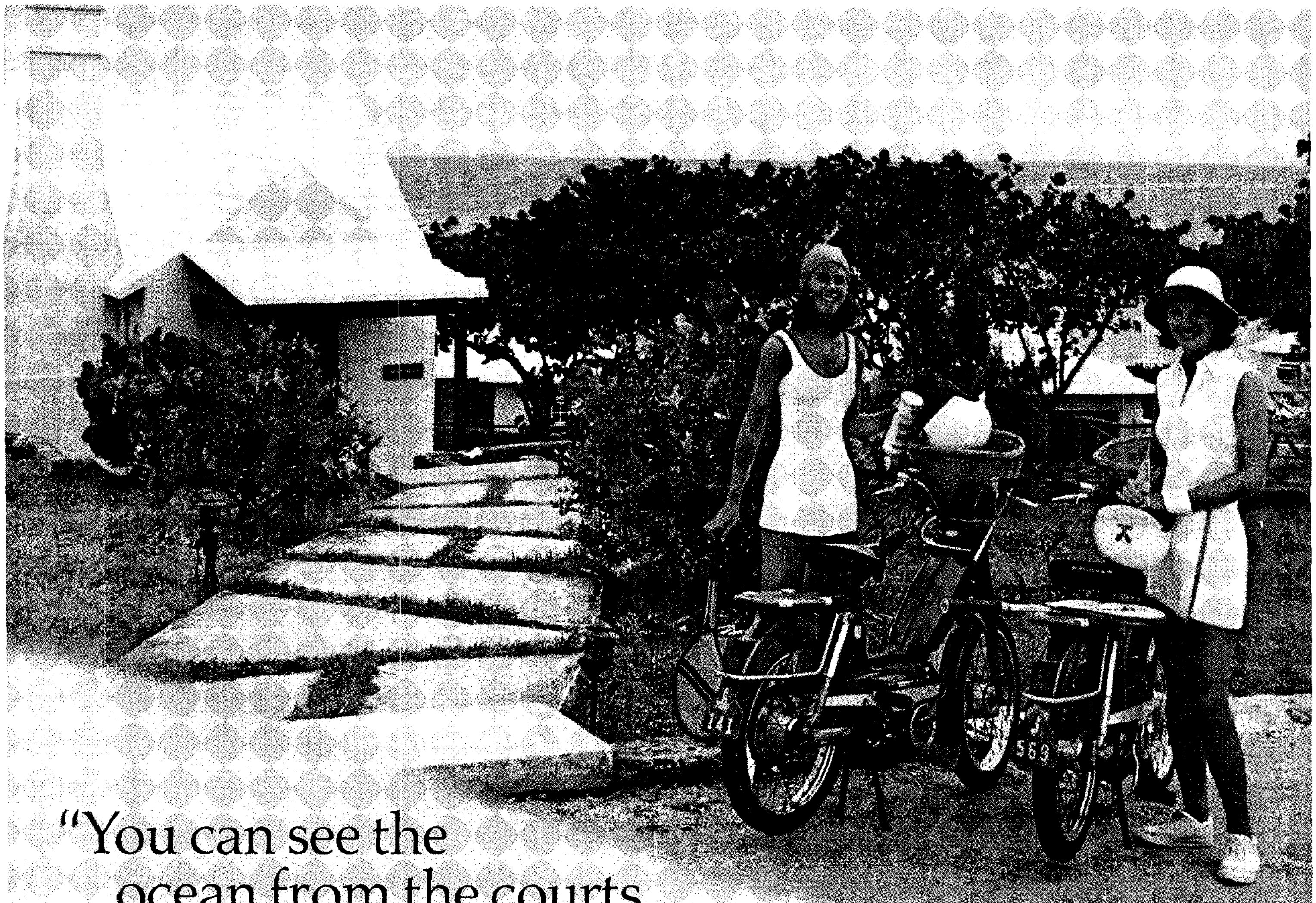
*"'The difference you make makes all the difference.' Well put!"*



## The wine sat there and the Smirnoff flowed. Amusing.

But not terribly surprising. Smirnoff (a long-time member of Europe's elite) had found its way to the dinner table. The Smirnoff Bullshot (with bouillon and lime wedge) tastily complemented proper food, and the Smirnoff Spritzer (soda water and a twist) didn't take over the way the more forceful wines play with your palate. It was a delicious evening. Impeccable. Crystal clear. Memorable.

STE. PIERRE SMIRNOFF FLS.

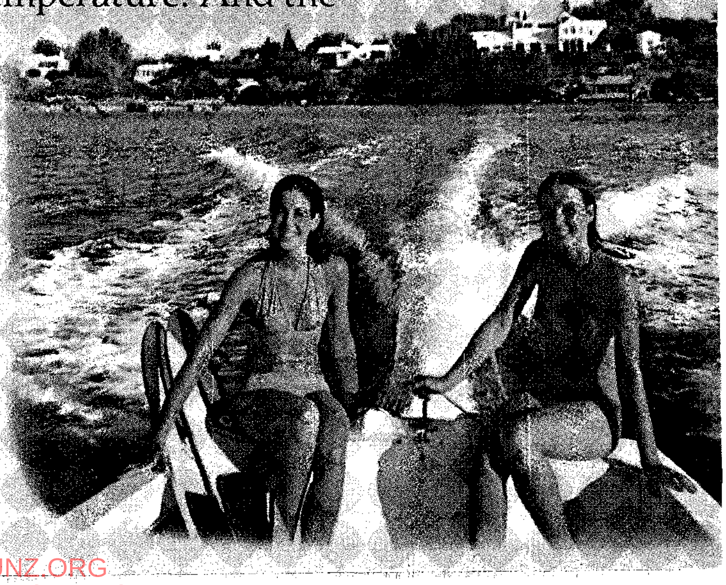


"You can see the
ocean from the courts.
And the little pink houses.
It's a beautiful setting for tennis."

Heidi Gage, on her first visit, and Bonnie Weyher, on her third, talk about Bermuda.

"We loved dining outdoors. The lights
of the ships and of Hamilton
in the distance. Just lovely."

"The water is absolutely perfect for skiing.
Just the right temperature. And the
fellows who run
the boats are
very good.
That's important."



# Bermuda

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GOD BLESS OUR IMMOBILE HOME

LORENZ

• •

handful of business cards, gag cards, uncashed checks, and letters from a jacket pocket, and scribbles a note on the back of a "Pride and Joy" card. (You ask someone "Have I shown you my pride and joy?" and produce the card, face down. Then you turn up the card, which has a color snapshot of a bottle of Pride furniture wax and a bottle of Joy detergent.) "Get a deposit. And I gotta have a one-month cancellation clause—I will provide them with another act if I gotta cancel."

After Henny hangs up, he tells Rose, "You gotta do your homework in this business. I believe in letting people know at all times that I'm in business, I'm around. I'm alive. I got a job today!" he shouts. "We're going to *live!*" Henny is happy if he gets at least ten bookings a month. "If it's dignified, take it," he says to Harris. "My business is the worst—there are just so many jobs. Very rough. I try to talk people out of going into it. A cantor called me up this morning. Making fifteen thousand a year. Wants to get into show business. I said, 'Don't leave the job. Hold on to the job.' It's very peculiar, very treacherous. If a comedian goes to a cheap place, it don't look good. You have to turn down a job that's not top-drawer even if you're starving, because then they'll see you're desperate. It's different for a singer—if he has a hot record, he can take a job in a joint in Brooklyn without looking cheap. And then five weeks later he's playing a local joint on Long Island and bouncing every nickel."

A man Henny and Harris both know approaches the table and whispers urgently in Henny's ear for a minute. "I don't care what you say," Henny says, picking up a butter knife and buttering his own wrist. The man laughs and walks away. "To hear him is to hug him," Henny tells Harris.

A waiter brings Henny, who is supposedly on a diet most of the time, a chef's salad. "What kind of dressing do you want?" he asks.

"I'm not going to tell," Henny says. "I'm no rat."

"Enjoy your lunch," the waiter says.

"How'm I going to enjoy it when I have to pay for it?"

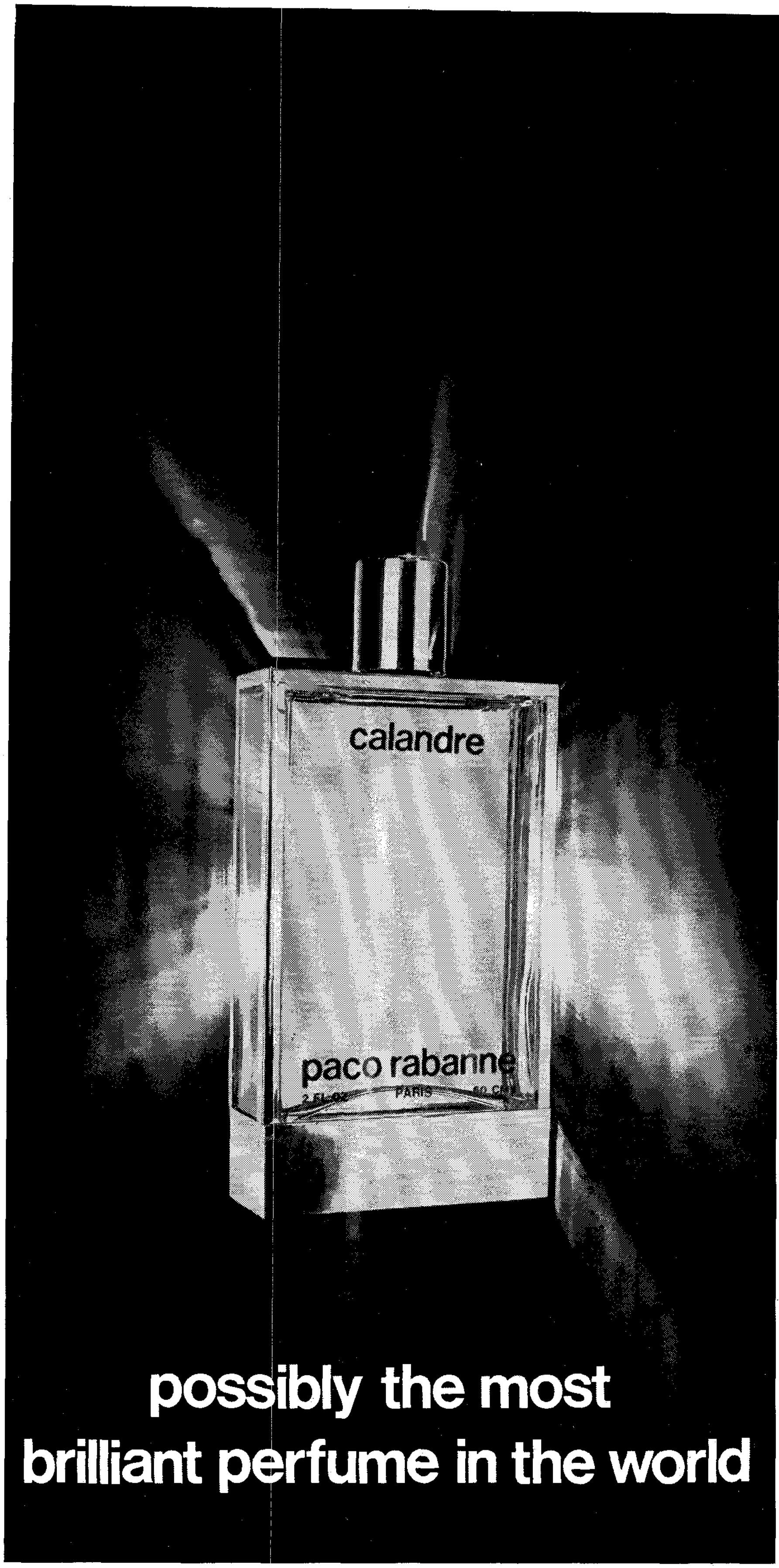
"How do jokes work?" I ask Henny.

He says, "For me, every joke is really a cartoon—you can see it. Like: *A man says to another man, 'Can you tell me how to get to Central Park?' 'No.' 'All right, I'll mug you here.'* Or: Two guys in a gym, one putting on a girdle. 'Since when have you been wearing a girdle?' 'Since my wife found it in the glove compartment of our car.' If it's too tough to visualize, or it's not part of your life, what the hell good is it? I picked out what I liked, because it was natural to me. I forgot about the sophisticates years ago—I tried smart comedy; people wouldn't believe it of me. I play for the masses. I tell easy jokes—you don't have to think. My jokes happen to everybody. Some people get embarrassed because my jokes are corn, they're plain, they make people laugh. But you gotta have a few laughs. If you can't get a few laughs, what good is it? And nobody knows these jokes. The average guy never heard them."

"Want a little grapefruit?" Henny asks. "It's good for you. Purifies your blood." A half grapefruit arrives at the table. "Can't you get the bottom half?" he asks the waiter. Henny orders coffee—he drinks a lot of coffee, rarely drinks alcohol, doesn't smoke. He doesn't gamble, either, for that matter.

HENNY has been in show business forty-six years now. He got his big break forty years ago, when, without an audition, he was signed to do a six-minute spot on Kate Smith's radio show. The first night he went on, he went over so big that Ted Collins, Kate Smith's manager, who produced the show, let him stay on for ten minutes. As a result, since Henny's delivery was even more rapid-fire then than it is now, he used up a hundred jokes—just about all the jokes he had managed to accumulate at the time. "My whole life is a dream world," Henny says. "I don't know what the hell happened unless you tell me some dates. After that first show, Ted Collins came to me with a contract to be a regular and asked me, "Where's the rest of your material and your writers?' I said, 'Who? Where? What material?' I was a greenhorn. I came out of left field. I didn't even know enough to imitate anybody. I wasn't trained. I wasn't taught. But overnight I became a star, so I hadda learn the business. I got two hundred and fifty dollars for that first show. My mother said, 'Since when have you been funny?' I showed her the check."

Learning the business meant hiring new writers, and the dues that Henny then started paying made him, as it turned out much later, something like the godfather of the TV sitcom: aspiring young comedians like Red Buttons and Jan Murray glued their ears to radios to take down what Henny said and study the way he said it, and the young comedy writers who got their start writing one-liners for Henny subsequently went out to Hollywood and wrote shows like "Julia," "My Friend Irma," and "The Lucy Show." One of Henny's writers, Harry Crane, went on to become head writer on "The Dean Martin Show;" another, Snag Werris, later wrote for Sinatra. Henny also bought jokes from Morey Amsterdam. Norman Lear, then another young writer, once sold him a comedy song. Al Schwartz, Henny's first writer, who is now living in Los Angeles and is writing "All in the Family" scripts, maintains that Henny has "discovered and launched the careers of more comedy writers than any other comedian in the business." He says, "It's almost like 'Take my writers—please!' They went on—and he went on. He survived it." Al Schwartz, who comes from a comedy-writing family (one brother, Sherwood Schwartz, created and wrote "Gilligan's Island," and he and a second brother, Elroy Schwartz, have written for "The Brady Bunch"), first went to Hollywood himself in 1937, and he put in thirteen years as head writer for Bob Hope's radio show. Afterward, Schwartz was back and forth between the coasts: he spent three years writing Jackie Gleason's "The Honeymooners," three years on "The Lucy Show," and another three years on Red Skelton's show—where he won an Emmy—before becoming the story consultant for "Petticoat Junction," in 1964. He went to work for Henny just before "The Kate Smith Show," when Henny was



JOSEPH MAGNIN

working the Yacht Club, a night spot on The Street, as it was known—Fifty-second between Fifth and Sixth, a block that then had so many night clubs it was practically a wholesale comedy district. The "21" Club, which now takes itself more seriously, is the only survivor of The Street's thirties nightlife. Schwartz was fresh out of law school at the time. He gave his diploma to his mother, and Henny paid him twenty dollars a week to sit upstairs at the Yacht Club in a little office and write gags (like "Last night I baited a mousetrap with a picture of cheese. I caught a picture of a mouse"), which Henny then immediately delivered downstairs.

Schwartz and Henny have kept in touch ever since, and I got a chance to talk with Schwartz in the lobby of the Beverly Rodeo Hotel, in Beverly Hills, when I flew out to Hollywood with Henny on the occasion of his appearing in one scene of a movie that hasn't gone anywhere—"Won Ton Ton, the Dog Who Saved Hollywood." Henny had only about a dozen lines in the film, but the job delighted him, because he'd like to star in a picture someday. He'd also like to have his own TV show, and he may get one; he told me that Mickey Rooney wants to produce a TV pilot called "Zeli's Deli," a sort of Yiddish "Duffy's Tavern," starring Henny as a delicatessen host. And Henny would like to star in a Broadway show, either a comedy or a serious play. Henny once had a serious part in a "U.S. Steel Hour" playing a broken-down comedian, and got good reviews.

Henny invariably stays at the Beverly Rodeo Hotel when he's in Los Angeles. It's a small, comfortable hotel about half a block away from the Beverly Wilshire—the hotel Henny invariably stayed at until it took out its all-night drugstore. "That was a wonderful drugstore," he likes to say. "You could meet people there. You could meet everybody there. Then they closed it down and made it into a *bookstore*. Christ!"

Al Schwartz is a short, contemplative man, quiet in his movements. "When Henny got 'The Kate Smith Show,' my salary immediately went up from twenty dollars a week to thirty-five," Schwartz told me as we sat in the Beverly Rodeo lobby. (Henny had gone up to his room to make some phone calls.) "Henny had been playing club after club before Kate Smith. Those are the learning days for young comedians. They get material, for one thing. A lot of Henny's jokes come

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from trying to eat off club dates in Newark or Paterson or outside Providence. 'I won't say business was bad at the last place I played, but the band was playing "Tea for One."' And 'Fellow called up and said, "What time is the next show?" I said, "What time can you make it?"' That overnight-success stuff is crap. When you start, you're fighting the world to make a niche for yourself. Henny used a cigar in his act at first. It was a custom then—you weren't a comic unless you had a cigar sticking out of your face. He started making the violin important on 'The Kate Smith Show.' He'd do music for breaks. Do fast lines and play lousy—one phrase of 'Smoke Gets in Your Eyes' and then: 'Folks, you wanta drive somebody crazy? Send him a telegram that says "IGNORE FIRST WIRE."' From the beginning, Henny was known for his speed. Eddie Cantor had started patter comedy; previously, comedians had worked slow, like Jolson. Bob Hope spread speed—while the audience is laughing at the first joke, the comedian is halfway through the second joke. This was very important for radio. If you've got an eight-minute spot, you can only tell five long stories. But if you can cut an anecdote down to a three-liner, you can, like Henny, do fifty or more jokes in eight minutes. To me, this is generosity in a comedian. Of course, you fly from subject to subject—a new car, a bathing suit, your wife, your doctor, a horse race, the World Series. All the things that are already on people's minds. Henny's never had time, in segueing from one topic to the next, to say anything except something *fast:* 'Folks, my timing is off lately. When I sit down to eat, I get sexy. When I go to bed, I get hungry. People are crazy these days! I saw a man lying in the street. I said, "Can I help you?" He said, "No, I just found a parking space and sent my wife to buy a car." Just murderous what's going on with people today! One fellow says, "I haven't tasted food in a week." I said, "Don't worry. It tastes the same." All right, rolling along! I love this crowd!' Some people in the business used to put Henny down for his segues—they'd talk about him as if he was on the outside, a natural, a Grandma Moses. Well, some of those people don't exist anymore, and Henny's rolling along. For a fellow on the outside, he's doing pretty good. All performers are exhibitionists, but Henny's not a tease. He gives value. And he's not only generous with his material, he's a professional—and a professional just doesn't

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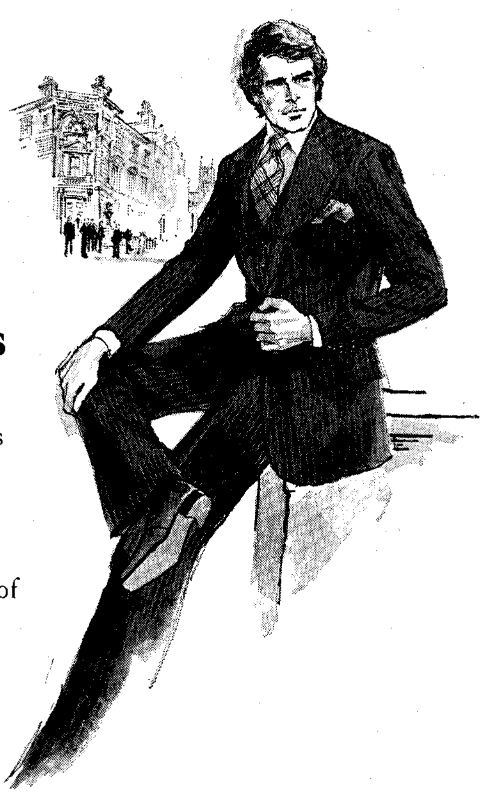

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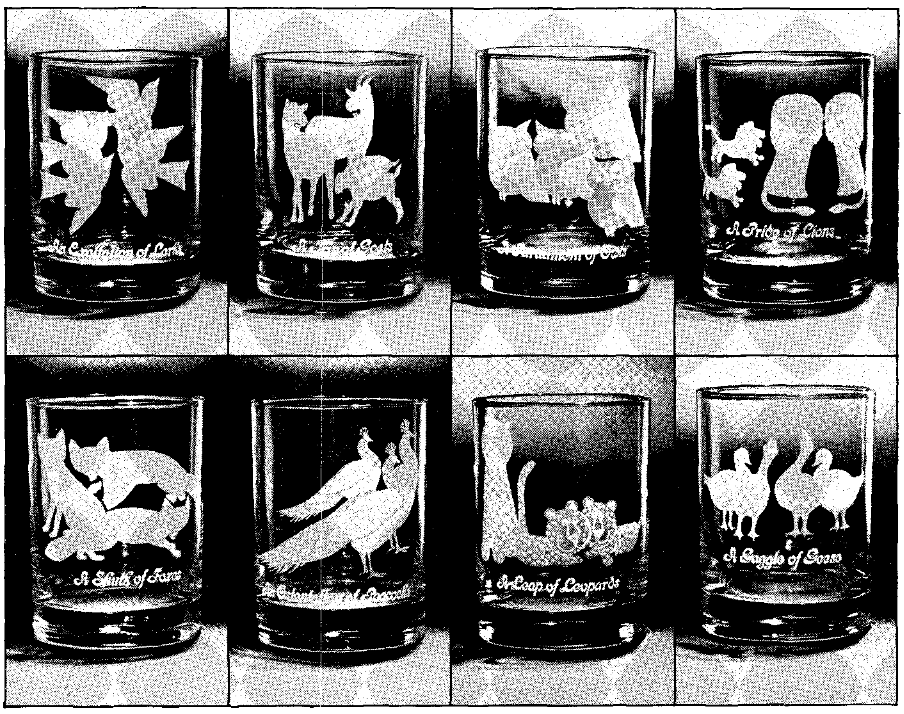

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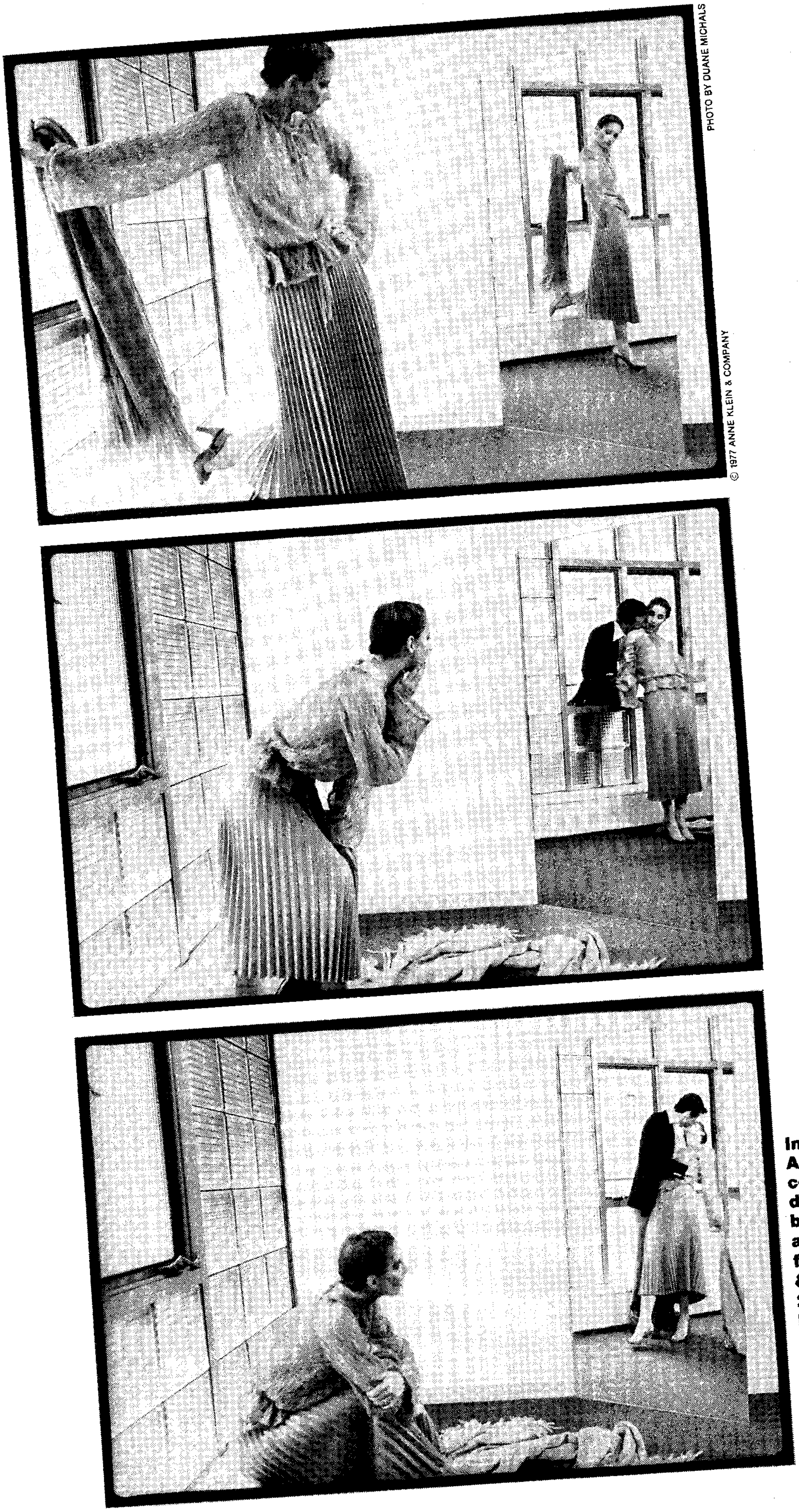

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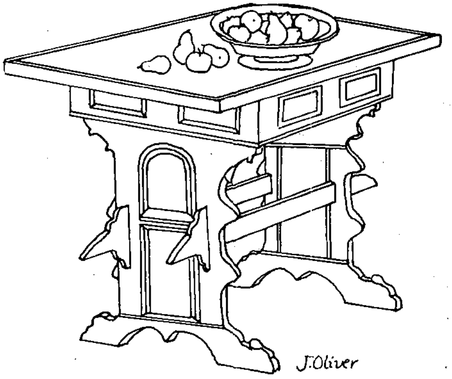
give up on a tough audience. He knows he'll nail 'em someplace. So if the act's not clicking, Henny will shift material in mid-act, go with the more solid material—maybe the mother-in-law. 'I have a mother-in-law that's nearsighted. Yesterday she spent twenty minutes nagging a coatrack.' Henny knows exactly what he's doing when he bounces around from one thing to the next.

"Henny always gives a solid performance—he's always reliable. One comedian I worked for disappeared for two days during rehearsal once; it turned out he was on the Ferris wheel at Coney Island the whole time—gave the guy who ran it a hundred dollars and told him not to stop. Henny doesn't do nasty material; he never attacks people—only the archetypes bubbling right under the surface. He doesn't do 'anti' jokes; he doesn't get into politics. Political jokes divide an audience, get people nervous. He stays away from all X-rated material; he stays clean. A short joke has to be very strong—it can't be a thin, watery joke. Henny's jokes are as compressed, as vivid as any dream material. He builds imagery. It's there. You can picture the whole thing. 'She was bowlegged, he was knock-kneed. When they stood together, they spelled "ox."' That's a great, great classic—another joke, like 'Take my wife—please!,' where the punch line, what we call the stress, is compressed into one word.

"Henny's a natural ad-libber. 'Take my wife—please!' just popped up as an ad-lib segue. This sets him off from a great comedian like Milton Berle, who's a good memorizer, with a mind like a computer. Milton, I think, was contrived into being a comic by his mother. Henny just wanted it by himself—he was determined. Know what you want to do, and give it a chance. He's the same fellow he was forty years ago. Oh, he's slowed down a little, so the audience could catch up to him. He kind of laughs at himself a little now; he sometimes bows after a punch line,



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to show that he knows they know the joke, too—he's developed a warmth. Milton became an uncle early. Henny became an uncle later. To audiences now, he's an old friend, the way Jimmy Durante was. And others are discovering, forty years after I did, that he can be a good friend. When I came out here to the Coast to work for Hope, Jesus, I was so broke I had to borrow carfare. And Henny, who was pretty broke himself just at that moment, bought me a suit with practically his last forty dollars. Other comedians have trademarks. Jack Benny was tightfisted; Dean Martin's tight; Hope was always chasing girls. But Henny's just funny."

WHILE we were in Hollywood for the shooting of Henny's "Won Ton Ton" scene, Jackie Gleason was over at the Fox Studios taping a rare TV appearance on a Lucille Ball comedy special. Henny took me and a friend of his, Zeke Manners—Manners had the first country-and-Western show on New York radio, in the thirties and forties, and he wrote "Pennsylvania Polka"—over to say hello to the Great One, who was in the studio building, sitting in front of his dressing room, a giant Sportscoach camper with a California license plate on the back that said "GREAT ONE." Lucy was onstage somewhere toward the back of the huge building rehearsing, and Gleason was waiting for his call. He'd been waiting several hours, and he and Henny, who hadn't seen each other in years, sat down in a couple of lawn chairs on a green Astro-Turf lawn in front of the camper and started gabbing. They talked about the Broadway cafeterias in the old days.

"We were all broke," Henny said.

"I was m.c.-ing shows at the Halsey Theatre, in Brooklyn," Gleason said. "I was doing so bad I was going to have a bump put in my nose. I would make up at home and then walk the eight blocks to the theatre nice and slow, so everyone would know I was an actor. Then I'd go into Kellogg's Cafeteria, in Manhattan, for a bite. The way to avoid the check was, you'd finish your grapefruit and go to the front and tell the cashier, 'The one who's going to wave will pay the check.' Then you'd wave bye-bye to your friends. Someone always waved back."

"Oh, my," said Henny. "Forty years of this."

"New Yorkers are more gullible than anyone," said Manners. "It was a Broadway philosophy that no matter

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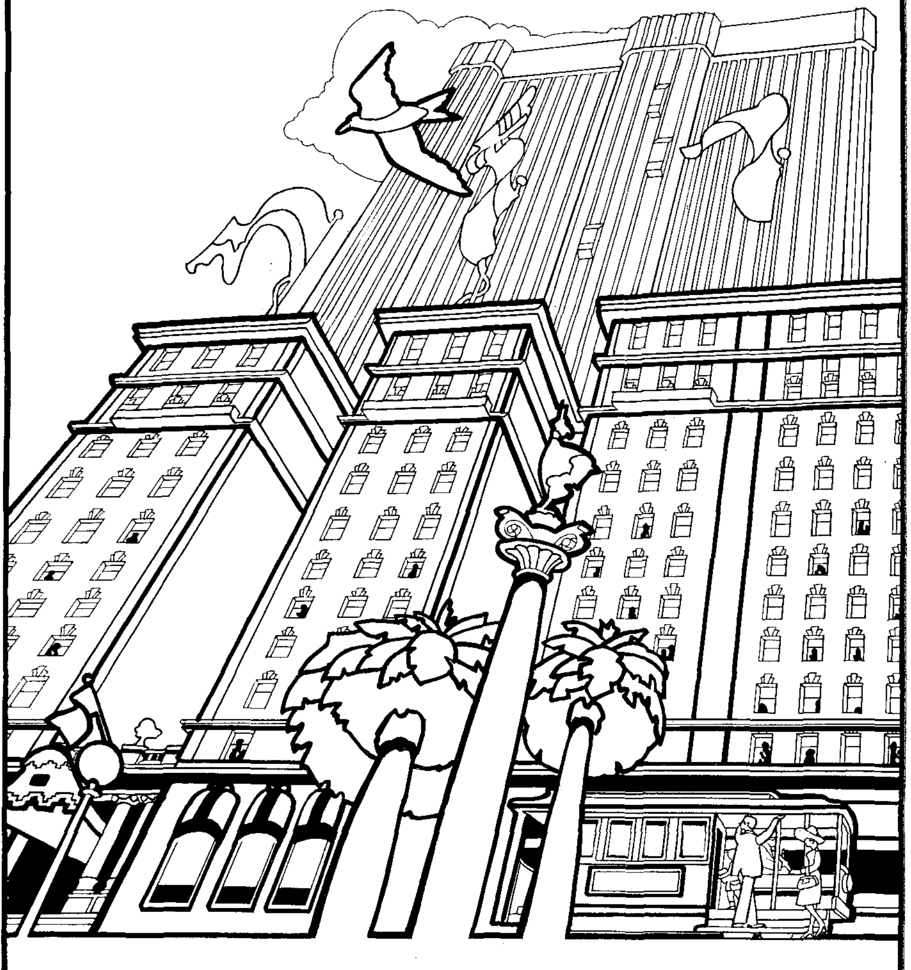

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what you did, if you had a grapefruit at 4:30 A.M. you'd be healthy."

The conversation had begun in whispers, but as Gleason and Youngman warmed up they began to speak in their normal onstage voices.

Suddenly, Lucy yelled from the set, "Shut up! Go outside if you want to holler."

The noise level dropped for a minute. Then the two ex-Brooklyners (Gleason lives in Florida) traded stories about friends who'd had nose jobs, about gags they'd pulled, about joints they'd played.

"Various rumors come back from New York," Gleason said. "Henny's doing sensational—he's got a cruise."

"Jackie's got a beautiful home," Henny said. "Chandeliers, a lovely game room with a beautiful blackjack table, slot machine, backgammon."

"Next time you're down there, look in the windows," said Gleason. "You know, Henny, I want to go back to work."

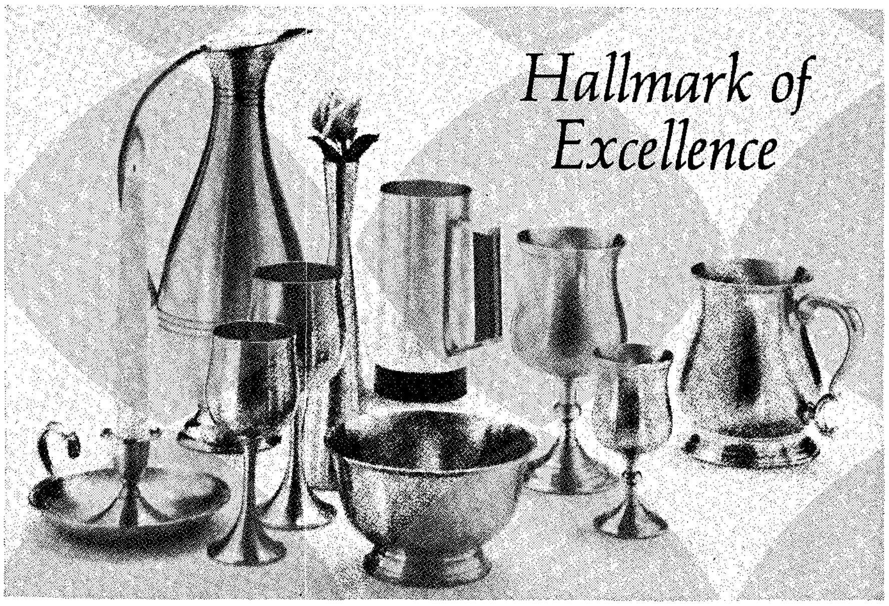
"He's been laying off four years. *Now* he wants to work. Jackie, you wouldn't live out here, would you?"

"No chance, pal. The only thing to do out here is sit and wait for an earthquake."

"I wonder where the telephone is around here," said Henny.

ON a second outing I made with Henny, the two of us met at seven o'clock on a Monday morning in January in Chicago, outside the Merchandise Mart, the largest wholesale marketplace in the world, and a holding of the Kennedy family. Henny was about to play an 8 A.M. date at the Mart's M & M Club before a breakfast audience of five hundred buyers of china, glass, giftware, and collectibles from six hundred miles or so around Chicago, who were attending a semiannual International Decorative Accessories Center show. (Nationally, decorative accessories are a five-billion-dollar-a-year business.) I was there to answer a question that I'd had in my mind since I'd heard about this job: Could Henny Youngman get a group of five hundred buyers laughing at eight o'clock on a Monday morning in January in Chicago?

Henny has been getting jobs like the Chicago I.D.A.C. breakfast by running a four-hundred-and-fifty-dollar display ad in *Potentials in Marketing*, a trade magazine that goes out to executives in advertising, marketing, and promotions. The ad, which Henny wrote, says "HAVE JOKES, WILL TRAVEL. LET HENNY YOUNGMAN PERK UP



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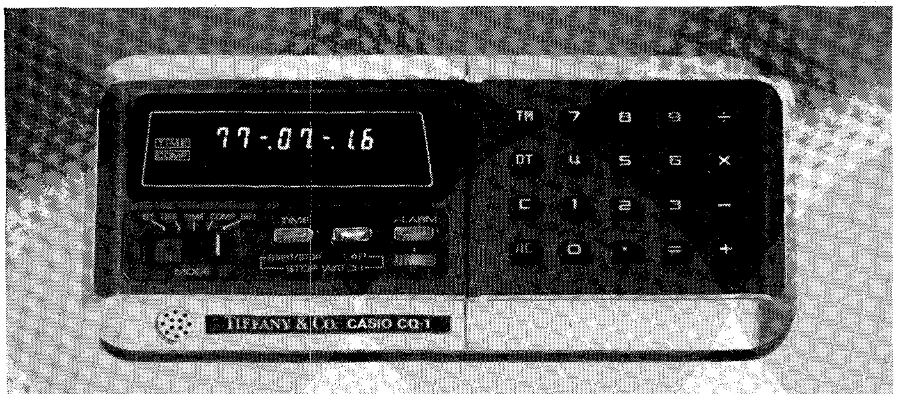

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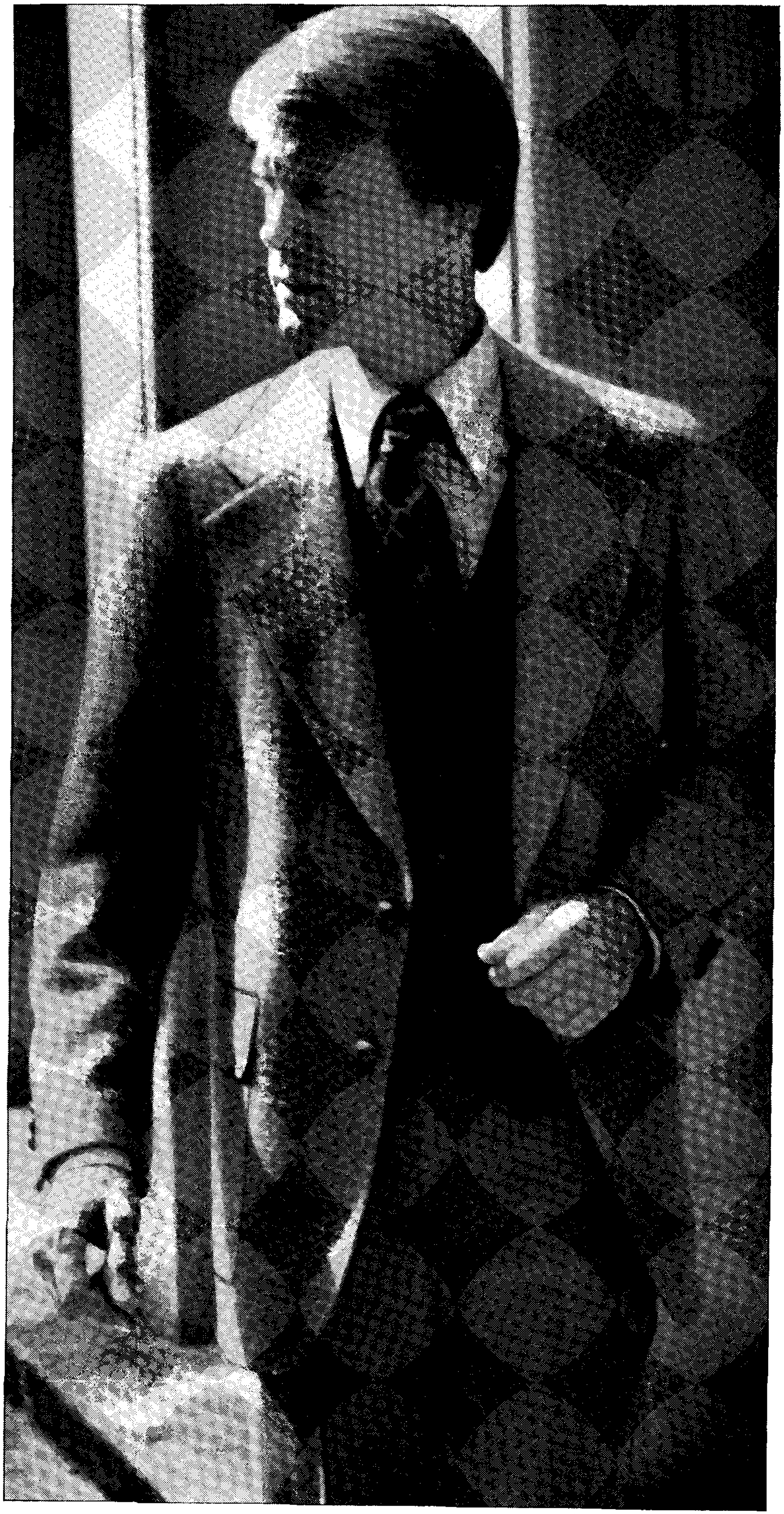

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YOUR EVENT." Henny brought only his fiddle with him into Chicago for the I.D.A.C. job; he'd checked the rest of his luggage at O'Hare Airport. The previous day, he'd worked before a thousand at a breakfast in Houston put on by Leonard Goldstein, president of the Biddle Purchasing Company, and he'd flown from there to Los Angeles to tape a bit for an Alan King comedy special. (Archeologists searching for the world's oldest joke open a sarcophagus, and Henny emerges saying, "Take my wife—please!") For the Chicago date, Henny was attired in a sober black suit with a faint brown check (the silk lining was giant blue-orange-and-green tropical plants) and an oversized golf cap. He looked fresh, frisky, sassy, and ready for work. "This is the time I used to get home," he said. "Winchell, Damon Runyon, all the columnists—you couldn't meet those guys in the daytime, so we had to go to Lindy's, where Jimmy Cannon, the press agents, anyone who couldn't sleep nights hung out. And after Lindy's closed, at four, Winchell went over to an all-night drugstore at Fifty-first and Seventh until six. The whole angle at Lindy's was to get a mention in Winchell's column five days in a row—that was like having a hit record."

Inside the M & M Club, an enormous room, the waitresses were finishing their breakfasts; the buyers wouldn't be arriving for another few minutes.

"Who's got the hot coffee?" said Henny, making an entrance.

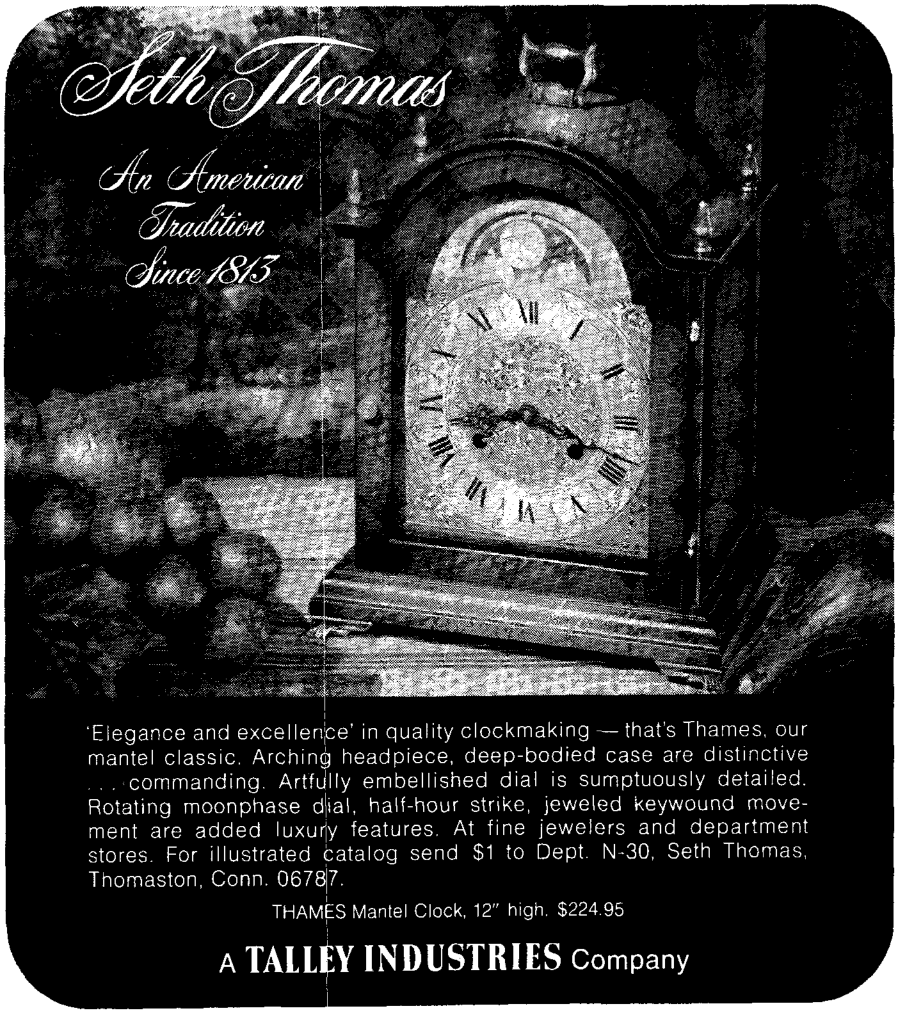
A red-headed waitress brought Henny and me coffee and asked him for his autograph, announcing, "You're one of the most talented men in the world."

"You're beautiful, Miss," Henny said. "Or am I too late to call you Miss? Got any money saved?"

"How come you're up so early, Henny?" the waitress said.

Henny said, "Once in a while, we get one of these. You gotta get up and do it—if you get no sleep, the hell with it. That way, you build a good reputation. They know you're reliable." To me, Henny stage-whispered, "I used to get these waitresses crazy. I'd do a little mind reading. I'd get to the job ahead of time, scout out and find out things about four or five of them from another waitress, so I was always right."

Buyers began arriving—lots of buyers. There were over a hundred more, it turned out, than the expected five hundred, so the start of the show was delayed until almost eight-thirty. "All



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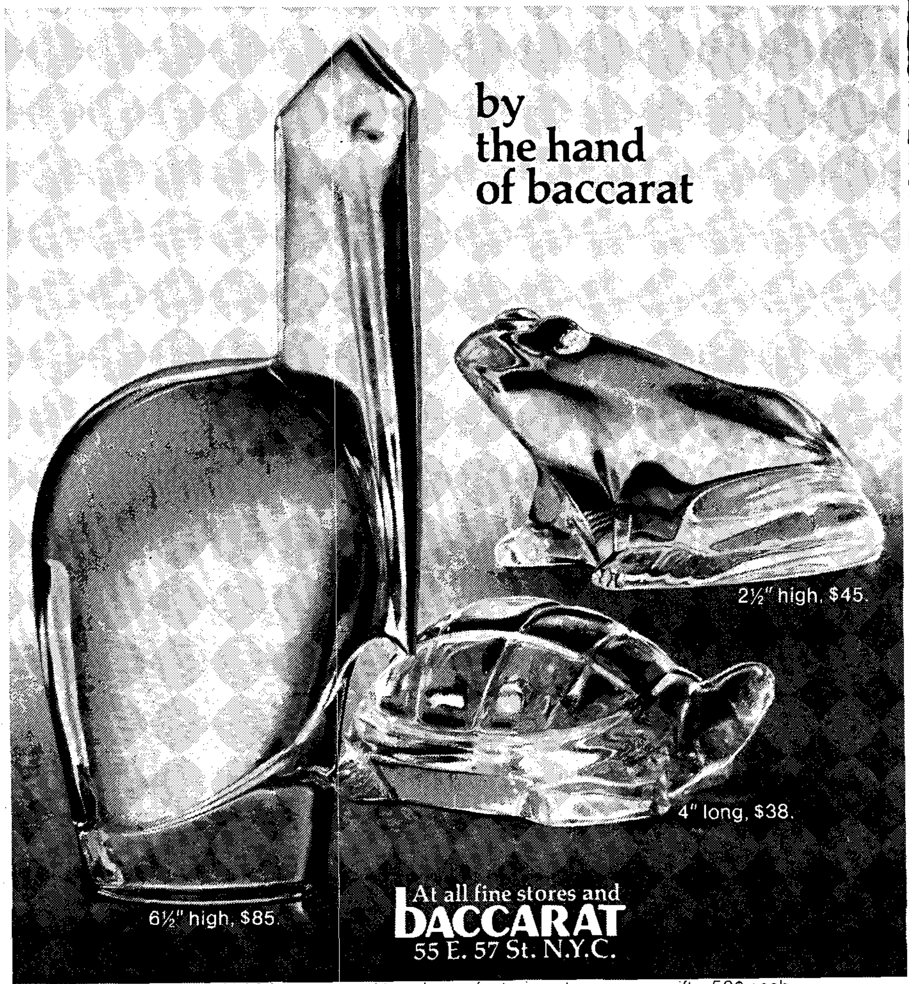

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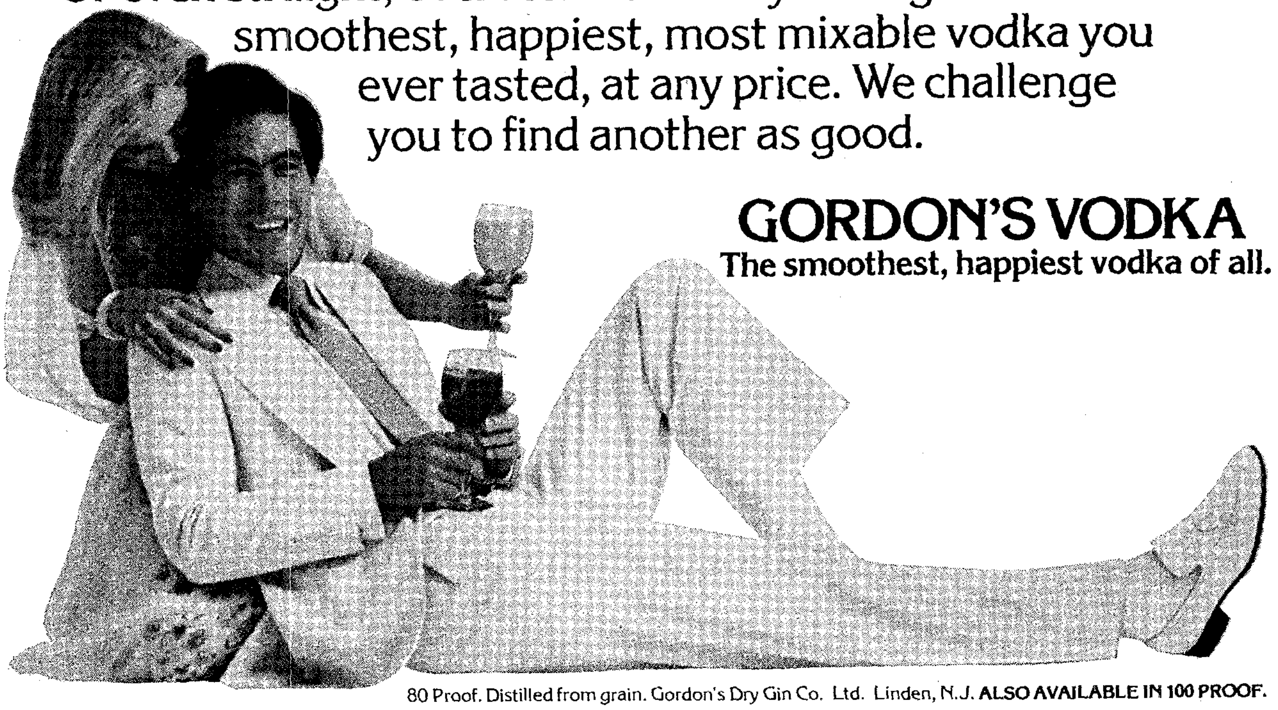

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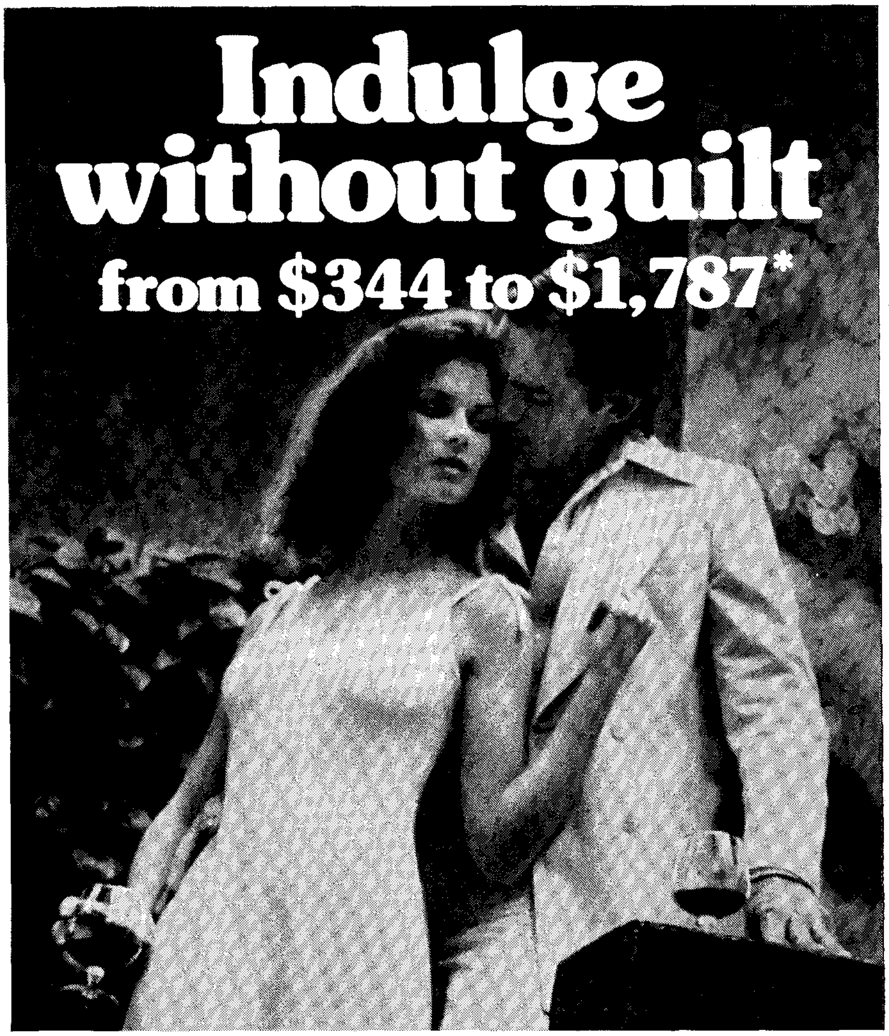
right," Henny said to me. "The jury's coming in. These people live a different life entirely. They probably go to sleep about ten. I didn't see a picture of myself outside. There should be one—it's good to have it. People see it, they're more sure of themselves—the star's really going to show up."

The buyers settled down to eggs and bacon, ate sleepily, and made next to no noise, using very little of the vast volume of air in the M & M Club. Henny joined William Wylie, the chairman of the board, on a podium at one end of the room, and after they'd had something to eat, Mr. Wylie proceeded to introduce "our distinguished and very talented guest." It was time to see what Henny could do under hardship circumstances.

While he worked, Henny leaned on a lectern with his left elbow, put his right hand on his right hip, grinned at everybody, laughed at all his jokes, and spoke loudly, using a great deal of air. His voice pushed every word into the ears of every one of his six hundred listeners. He told eighty jokes by my count—I may have missed a few—and he inserted Mr. Wylie's name in one joke and my name in another. ("Mr. Wylie, when I go to Israel, in your honor I'll have a tree uprooted." And "We have with us today Mr. Hiss, the highly suspected surgeon. If you can't afford the operation, for eighty dollars he'll touch up the X-rays.") Henny always works into his material the name of the chairman of an event or the honoree, as an extra service. Henny told wife jokes, mother-in-law jokes, brother jokes, grandson jokes, doctor jokes, mugger jokes, car jokes, anniversary jokes, psychiatrist jokes, lawyer jokes, girl-friend jokes, and Polish jokes. ("A Polish terrorist was sent to blow up a bus—he burned his lips on the exhaust pipe. A Polish rapist is in the police lineup. They bring the woman in—he points at her and yells, 'That's her!' ")

The act clicked. Henny went over big. The first couple of jokes produced light laughs, coughs, and throat clearings, which sounded ominous for a moment. But these noises must have been the sounds of throats unlocking, because almost immediately the laughs got bigger, and when Henny tossed in the Polish rapist, he brought the house down. Now, with the audience where he wanted them, Henny yelled, "I love this crowd!," inserted the reference to Mr. Wylie, and fired off three classics in a row, three jokes that deliciously prolong the inevitable: A little fellow has a jewelry store, but he stutters. A



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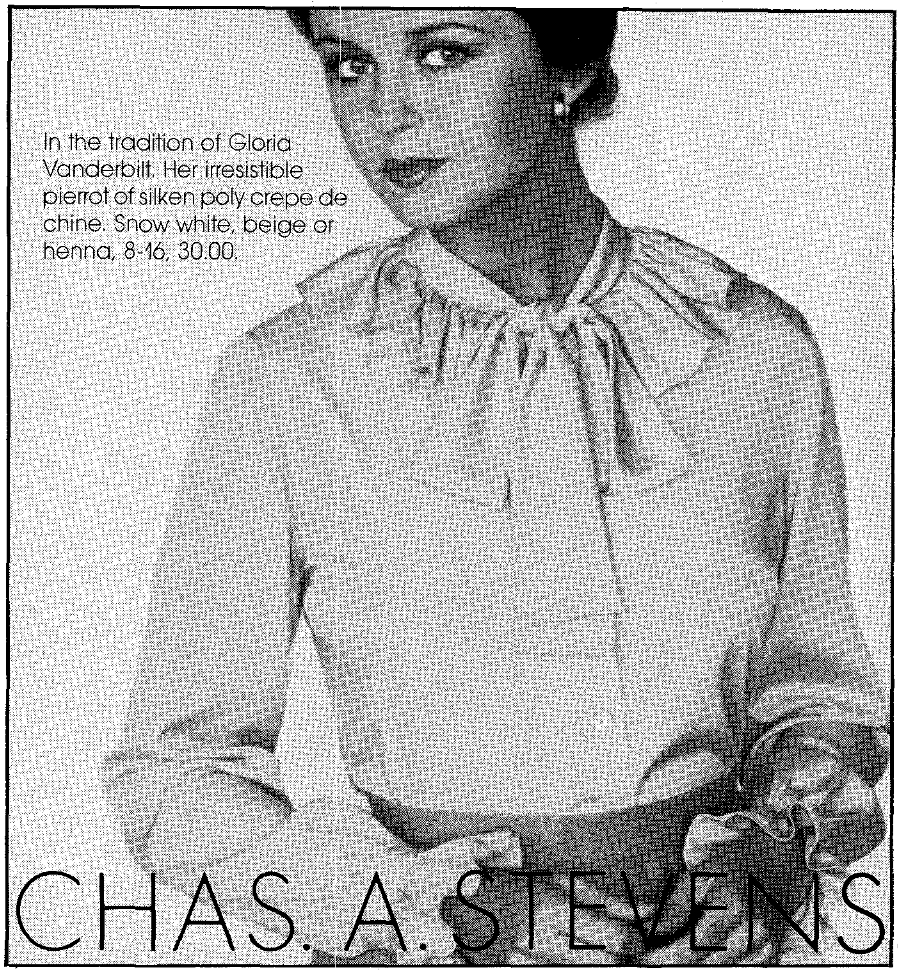

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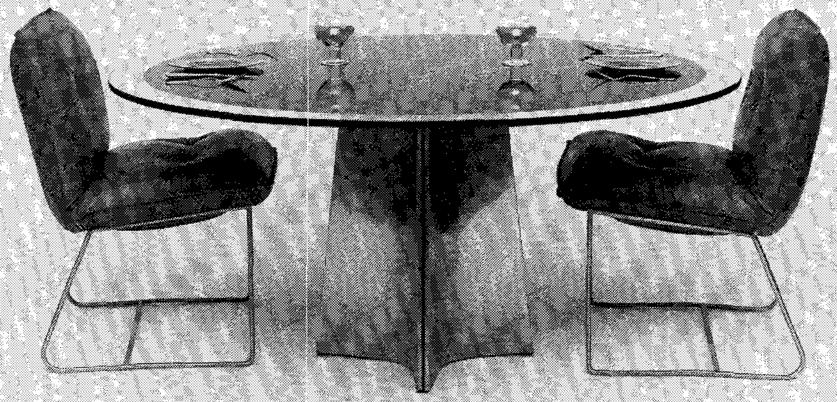

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man rushes in, says, "Take this watch, oil it, clean it, fix the mainspring, put a new band on, adjust the timing, clean the glass, I'll be back in half an hour," and slams the door. The jeweller looks up and says, "C-c-c-c-come in." Two men are talking. One says, "I just lost my third wife." "What happened to the first?" "She died from eating poisoned mushrooms." "And the second?" "She died from eating poisoned mushrooms." "What happened to the third?" "Skull fracture." "How come?" "She wouldn't eat the poisoned mushrooms." A man calls up a lawyer's. "Good morning, Schwartz, Schwartz, Schwartz & Schwartz." "Let me speak to Mr. Schwartz." "Mr. Schwartz is in Cleveland—won't be back for a week." "Well, let me speak to Mr. Schwartz." "Mr. Schwartz has retired—he's no longer with us." "Well, let me speak with Mr. Schwartz." "I'm sorry, Mr. Schwartz is in court—he'll be out all day." "Well, let me speak to Mr. Schwartz." "Speaking." All three jokes were big hits, and after that Henny clearly could have stayed on for an hour. When he did stop, after fifteen minutes, he got an ovation.

Henny, in high good humor, bounced up and told me, "All right, break it up. Walk out quietly. Go get your coat. I'll call Sadie. Hurry, hurry!"

A woman stopped his forward motion and said, "That was like wine, Mr. Youngman!"

"We gotta stop meeting like this," Henny said.

Mr. Wylie gave Henny a check for a thousand dollars; the deal Henny had made with I.D.A.C. was one grand for the job, air fare to and from the Coast, no expenses. Henny's plan for the rest of the day called for relaxation. This meant: a fast tour of the Merchandise Mart; phone calls ad lib; lunch at his friend Eli Schulman's steak house with Bob Dachman, executive director of the Little City Foundation, a charity Henny sponsors, which helps blind and retarded children; a visit to Eli himself, who was laid up in the hospital recuperating from an operation; a fast tour of Chicago; a bus to the airport; a plane back to New York; dinner with some friends.

We got into a crowded Merchandise Mart elevator. As soon as the doors closed, Henny said, "Everybody breathe in. Second floor, notions, sundries, accessories, ladies' lingerie." Upstairs, we checked out at least fifty I.D.A.C. display areas. "Let's make a few bucks!" Henny shouted to the ex-

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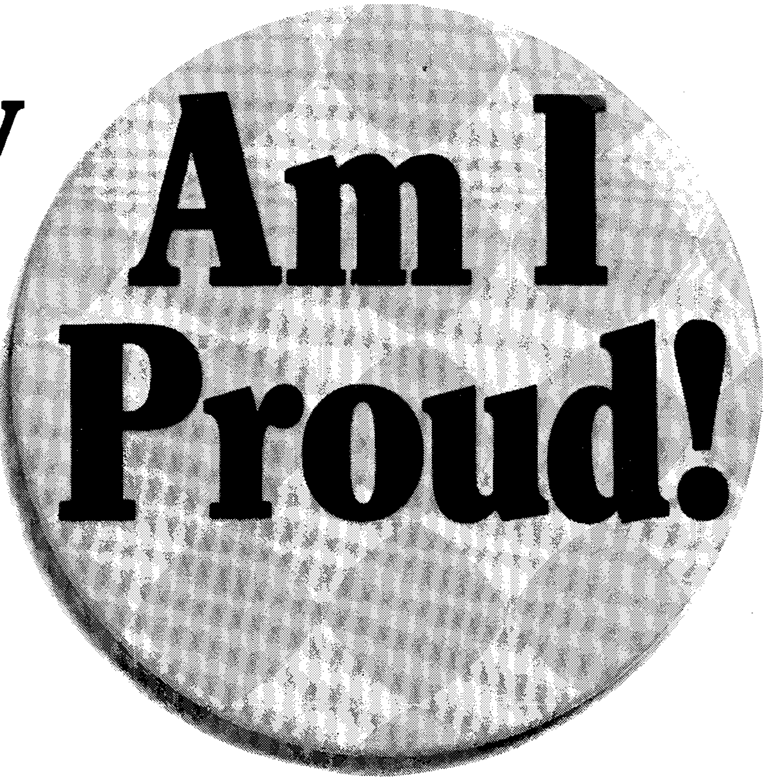

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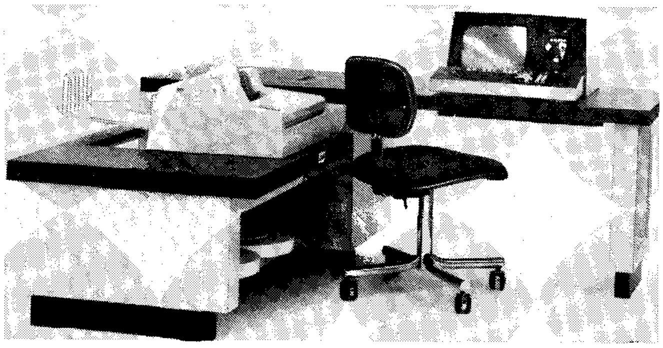

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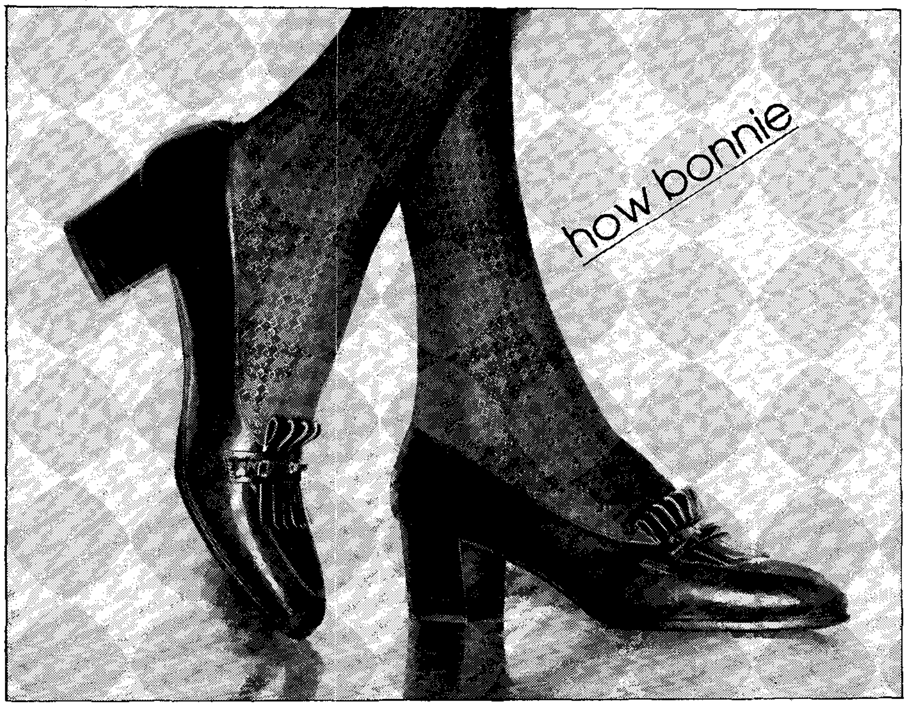

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hibitors. He bowed to one booth. "A Japanese firm," he explained.

He stopped a passing mailman. "Any mail for me?"

"Who do you know who can write?" said the mailman.

"I'll tell the jokes," said Henny.

At a candle display, Henny scored a clown candle for himself and a mouse candle for me. Henny likes clown artifacts. I got to carry both of them. He exchanged greetings with all the concessionaires.

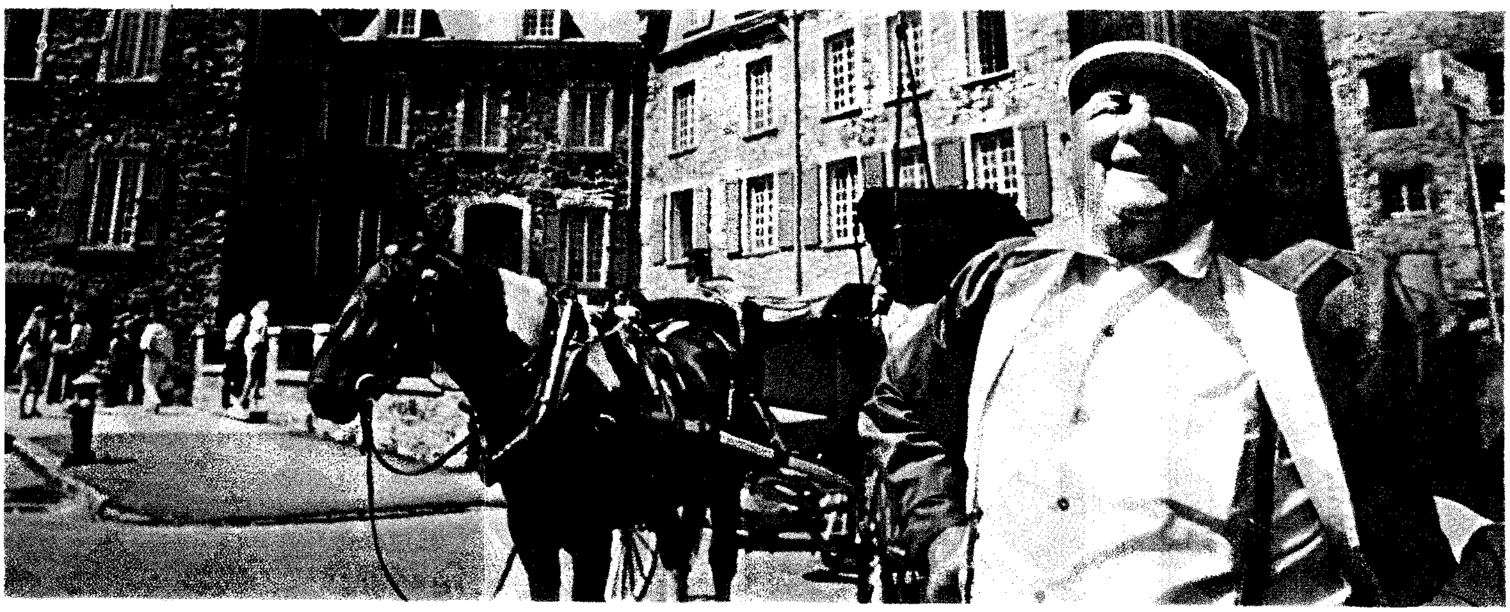
"Hello, Mr. Youngman," a young woman said.

"Hello, Beautiful. Got any money saved?"

Henny went into an office behind one I.D.A.C. display to make his calls. Sadie was in Miami Beach: "Hello, Sweetheart, I just did the breakfast. It turned out nice. They laughed at the jokes about you. . . . You shouldn't do that, dear. Order and have *them* deliver. . . . Who won't deliver? Go to the Epicure." On our way to the next booth, Henny looked down at his shoes and laughed. "I was in such a hurry to get down here this morning I forgot to tie my shoelaces." We dropped in on a Henny pal—Harry Finkel, leasing director of the Merchandise Mart and its adjoining Apparel Center, who sells all the space in the six-and-a-half-million-square-foot complex. Harry has a WATS line, so Henny called Sadie again, this time for free. "Is Mrs. Youngman there? . . . Oh, she's still out shoplifting? I'll call later."

After lunch, Henny got Bob Dachman to take the two of us to Northwestern University Hospital to visit Eli Schulman, who was lying in bed with his legs in the air—a captive audience. The book-wagon lady rolled by, and Henny asked, "Got any pornographic books?" Eli admired a bracelet Henny was wearing. "Sadie gave it to me. Of course, I keep up the payments." The phone by Eli's bed rang. "It may be for me, Eli." Then Dachman drove us around town, and Henny talked about playing Chicago joints in the thirties. There was one job on Rush Street where he flopped because the customers were looking around for the right way to end the evening and no one listened to the jokes. There was a job at the Paramount, a gambling place, where everyone laughed, and after Henny worked the first of two weeks the manager said, "I gotta let you go." "I thought I was a hit." "That's just it. Everyone's coming in to listen to you; no one's gambling." Henny had a room at the Croydon, a theatrical boarding house. The Stroud

*1. Lobster feast in Montague, Prince Edward Island 2. Oktoberfest festival, Kitchener, Ontario 3. Horseback riding, New Brunswick 4. Harvest time, Nova Scotia 5. Calèche driver, Québec City, Québec 6. Sunset at Sally's Cove, Newfoundland*



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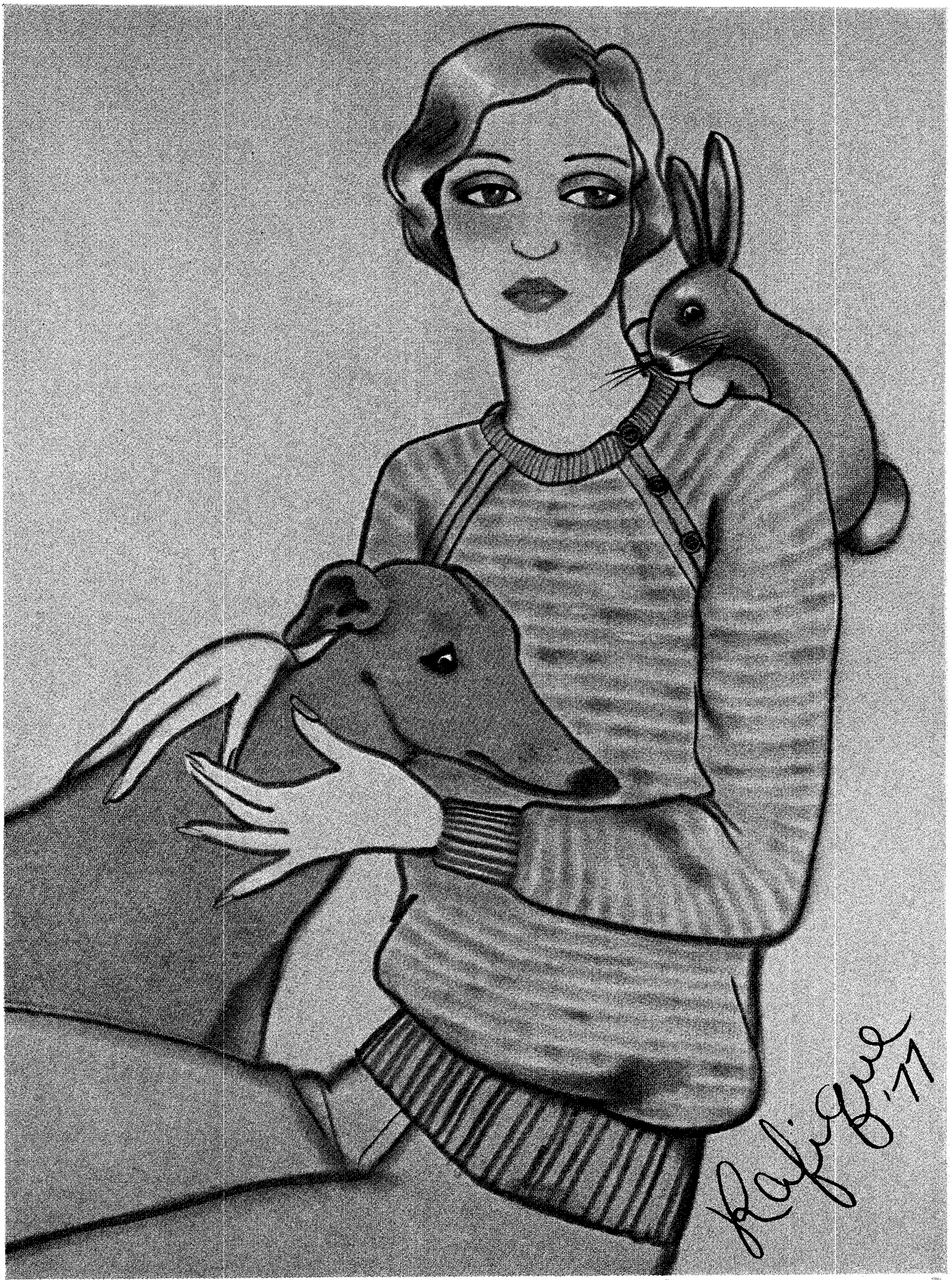

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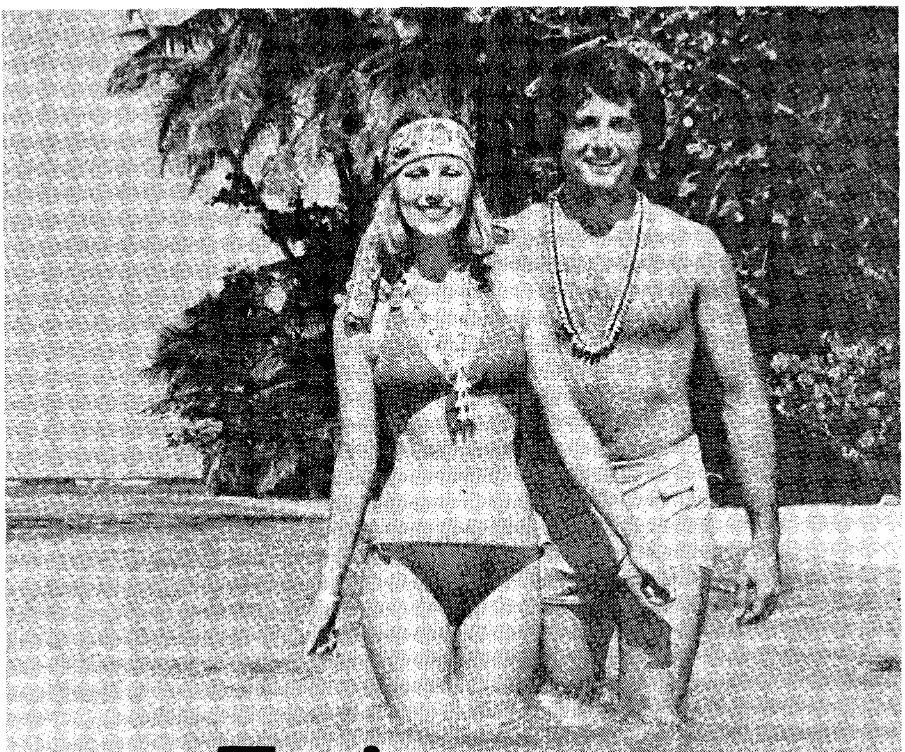
twins, who had a comedy act, took two bedrooms with an adjoining bath. One of them would take a girl up to his room, and after a couple of hours would excuse himself to go to the bathroom. A couple of minutes later, his brother would come out of the bathroom and hop into bed with the girl. "There was a guy with a cane at the Croydon. Every day, I sneaked into his room and cut off a little bit—about a quarter inch. The guy used to go around saying, 'I can't understand it—I'm getting taller.' You do these things when you're hard up. Once, I tried to get arrested in Chicago. I wore a nature-boy outfit on Michigan Avenue. I figured it would make the front page. A cop took one look at me and said, 'Get the hell out of here.' "

When the stewardess folded down the tray tables in front of us to serve dinner on the plane back to New York, Henny tucked his napkin under his chin, looked back at the day so far, and sang, to the tune of "Three Blind Mice," "Three free meals! Three free meals!"

The next day, at the Friars Club at lunchtime, another comedian, Gene Baylos, came up to the round table and said, "Chicago was good?"

"It's always good," Henny said. "Gene, the idea is—get the job, get the money. Nemm the gelt, Gene. I did a benefit years ago in New Jersey, finished at just the right moment, got a standing ovation. Then the sponsor—he was drunk—came over and said, 'I want you to mention my wife. I'll give you five hundred extra.' So I went back and said, 'Wait a minute, folks, I forgot to tell you . . .' "

HENNY YOUNGMAN speaks a little Norwegian. He grew up in a Norwegian and Irish section of Bay Ridge, in Brooklyn. Like Abe Beame, he was born in London and moved to New York within his first six months. His father, Yonkel Yungman, was a hatmaker who loved opera. He left Friedrichstadt, Russia, in the eighteen-nineties for Paris to avoid being drafted by the Czar. In Paris, he got a job in the claque at the Opéra for two francs a night. Yungman changed his name to Jacob Youngman about 1893 and moved to Whitechapel, in the East End of London, where he joined his parents, who had left Russia a year before he had. His father was also in the hat business. Once in London, Jake Youngman decided to move to New York, and when he got here he lived in a Mills Hotel on the lower East Side for twenty-five cents a day, found a job



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making caps and hats, and met and married a girl named Olga Chetkin, who had just arrived from Riga with her six older sisters and two older brothers. Jake decided to go back to London on his honeymoon, and, once there, he spent a year and a half earning the money to go back to New York—to Brooklyn, this time, where his brother-in-law Morris Kaplan owned tenements and liquor stores in Bay Ridge. By the time Jake left London, he had a son, Henry. Henry was called Hen until he was eighteen and a bandleader and his name first appeared in *Billboard*—"HEN YOUNGMAN AND SYNCOPATERS OPEN CONEY ISLAND BOARDWALK." "Hens lay eggs," he said to himself when he read this headline, and he changed his name to Henny. Henny says that Uncle Morris was generous enough to give Jake and his family the top flat in one of his tenements for the same money that the previous tenant had paid. Henny talks about his early days only occasionally. In his autobiography, "Take My Wife . . . Please!: My Life and Laughs," which came out in 1973, Henny says that his mother's sister Marie, Uncle Morris's wife, ran the family "with Uncle Morris's money," and that it was Uncle Morris who, after marrying Marie, brought the rest of the Chetkins to America. "Uncle Morris tried to instill his philosophy about money in my father," Henny says in his book. "Uncle Morris felt having it was better than not having it. That far Poppa could follow him. But when it came to the part about how getting it was better than anything, he lost Poppa. Poppa thought opera was better than anything." Jake Youngman had a phonograph and eighteen records of Tetrazzini and Schumann-Heink. On his return to the States, he decided he was tired of the hat business, studied sign painting, and got a job as a sign painter and show-card writer at Kresge's five-and-dime store in downtown Brooklyn. Jake took his family to synagogue on the High Holy Days. "Beyond that, the religion Poppa taught was be good to your parents, read books, and listen to opera," Henny says. When Aunt Marie bought Henny a violin, his father decided that the boy, then eight years old, should grow up to be a violinist in the orchestra at the Met, and for five years he laid out a dollar a week for an hour's violin lesson for Hen. His father also bought a piano and a sax for Hen's brother, Lester, who came along two years after Hen; neither Hen nor Lester ever touched either of these instru-

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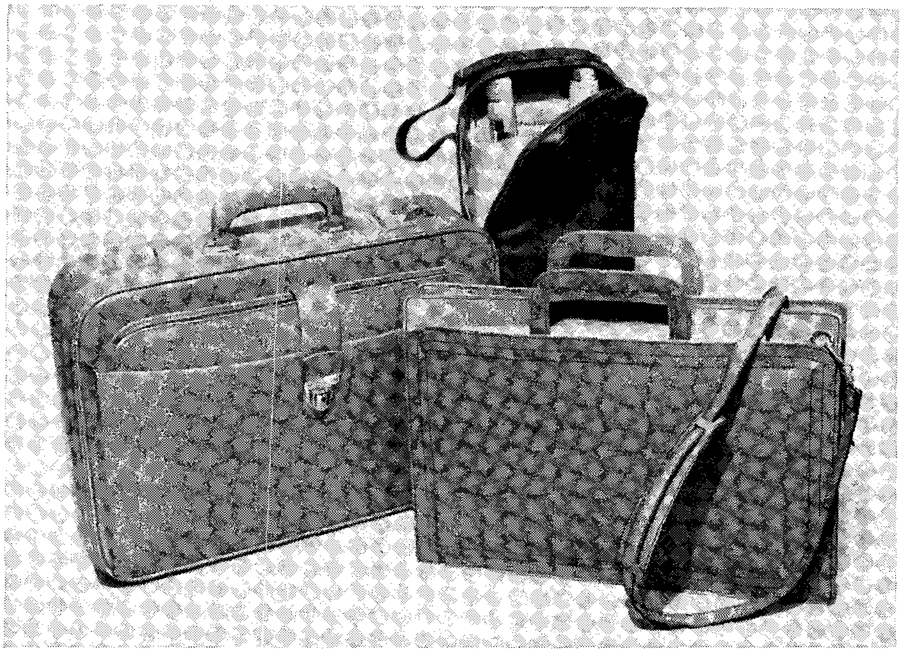

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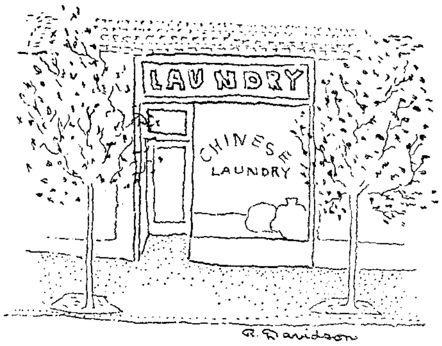
ments. Hen attended P.S. 2, about five blocks away from home, and was thrown out of class a lot for saying funny things. "I was a troublemaker," he says. "But I was never funny at home. There was no reason for it. I'd just go in and eat my meals."

The Youngmans were one of only two Jewish families on their block. One day, a big Irish kid tried to grab Hen's violin case on the street, and Hen knocked the kid out with a lucky punch. Other big kids in the neighborhood wanted him to be a fighter, but he got knocked out in the first round of his first fight, and after that he went out for track. "Kids who grow up in run-down areas of any city have two alternatives," Henny says. "They can stand and fight or they can learn to run very fast. Running is safer." Henny went to Manual Training High School for a couple of years, acted up regularly in class, was told to go to the Detention Room, and instead cut out and went to shows at four vaudeville houses near the school—the Orpheum, the Fox, the Flatbush, and the Prospect. Then he'd go try out the jokes he'd picked up there on some older neighborhood kids who hung out in a candy store. Putting together a borrowed routine, he started making appearances at political clubs and block dances. He played fiddle for a while in the pit of a movie theatre owned by his Uncle Morris, and then started playing, for three dollars a week, in a small pickup combo at the Thursday-night socials at Manual Training High. "One night, we had two drummers, a trumpet player, and me on the violin," he recalls. A man whose job was booking contestants for amateur nights signed Hen up for an appearance as a comedian at the Sixteenth Street Theatre. The night he went on happened to be Yom Kippur, and, although he kept his stage début a secret from his family, he made the mistake of bragging to his friends, and Jake got wind of it and turned up at the theatre with a cop in the middle of Hen's first stage appearance anywhere and yanked him off the stage. Jake eventually decided that Hen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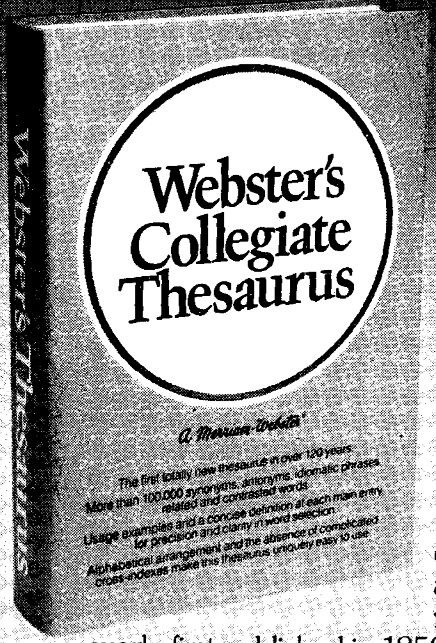
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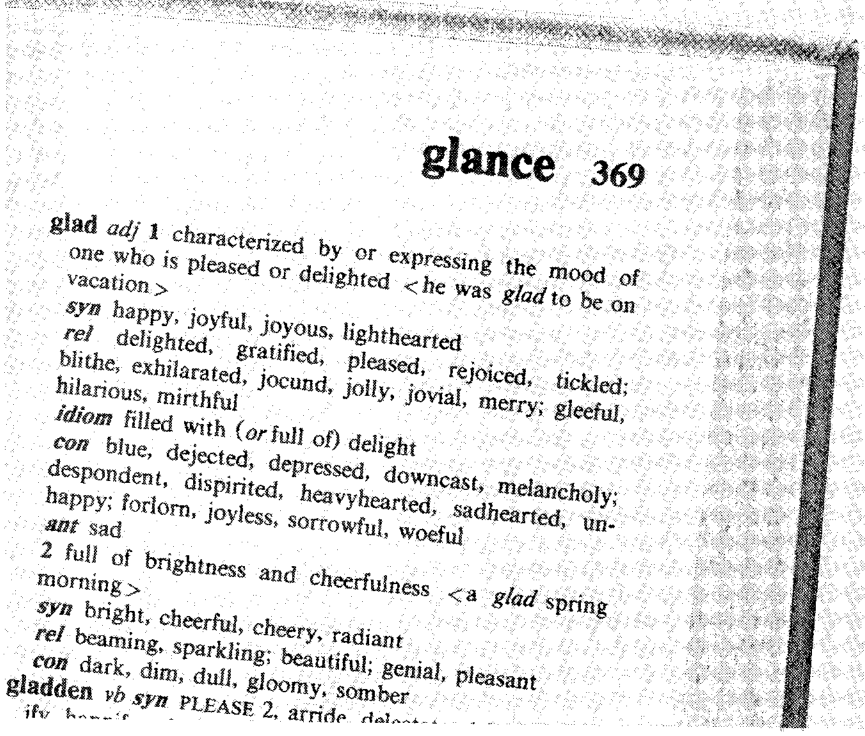
**glance** 369

**glad** *adj* **1** characterized by or expressing the mood of one who is pleased or delighted <he was *glad* to be on vacation>
*syn* happy, joyful, joyous, lighthearted
*rel* delighted, gratified, pleased, rejoiced, tickled; blithe, exhilarated, jocund, jolly, jovial, merry; gleeful, hilarious, mirthful
*idiom* filled with (*or* full of) delight
*con* blue, dejected, depressed, downcast, melancholy; despondent, dispirited, heavyhearted, sadhearted, unhappy; forlorn, joyless, sorrowful, woeful
*ant* sad
**2** full of brightness and cheerfulness <a *glad* spring morning>
*syn* bright, cheerful, cheery, radiant
*rel* beaming, sparkling; beautiful; genial, pleasant
*con* dark, dim, dull, gloomy, somber
**gladden** *vb syn* PLEASE 2, arride

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wasn't going to turn into a Met violinist. Hen was thrown out of Manual High for fooling around, and since he liked books, Jake entered him in the Brooklyn Vocational School to learn printing. Jake's dream now was that Hen would grow up to own his own printing plant and print magazines like *The Literary Digest* and *St. Nicholas*. Hen put together his own band—one of the boys was Mike Riley, who later wrote "The Music Goes 'Round and 'Round"—variously called the Swanee Syncopaters, the Bay Ridge Society Orchestra, the Flatbush Five, and the Coney Island Ramblers, depending on where they were booked. They usually practiced on the subway on their way home from a date. They got four and a half dollars an engagement. Hen took an after-school job printing business cards and letterheads with a printer who had a booth at Kresge's; when there was no trade, Hen printed up jokes that ran in *Variety* every week under the heading "Released Jokes." Hen thought these were jokes that comedians were no longer using. What *Variety* meant was that the jokes were so old they should be put out to pasture. Hen developed a secret crush on a soft-spoken Irish girl who sold sheet music and records across the aisle at Kresge's, but he didn't dare ask her out, in case his mother might hear about it. He also had a job serving summonses, at fifty cents per service. One practiced summons dodger he nabbed had a store with a phone up front near the window. Hen called him up from a booth across the street, said, "Mr. Lewis? I've got some money for you. Hold the phone a minute," and then, while the man held the phone, ran across the street and served the summons.

When Hen finally got up enough nerve to ask the Irish girl at Kresge's her name, it turned out to be Sadie Cohen, so he showed her a dance program he was going to play in Manhattan, and invited her to come along. "I was afraid of him," Sadie said at Henny and Sadie's New York apartment the other day. "He was so tall. And he told me I shouldn't have any more boyfriends except him. I thought, If he isn't nice, I can go home. Dad"—Sadie calls Henny "Dad"—"told me to meet him at Broadway and Forty-second. I'd never been to Manhattan before. When I got there, he greeted me with a kiss. I said, 'How can you do this in front of all these people?' I'd only been out with a few schoolmates before Henny, and I haven't been out with many other men since. I came from a very orthodox house;

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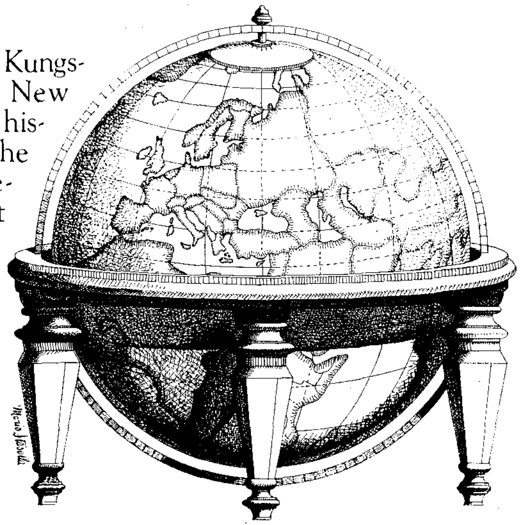

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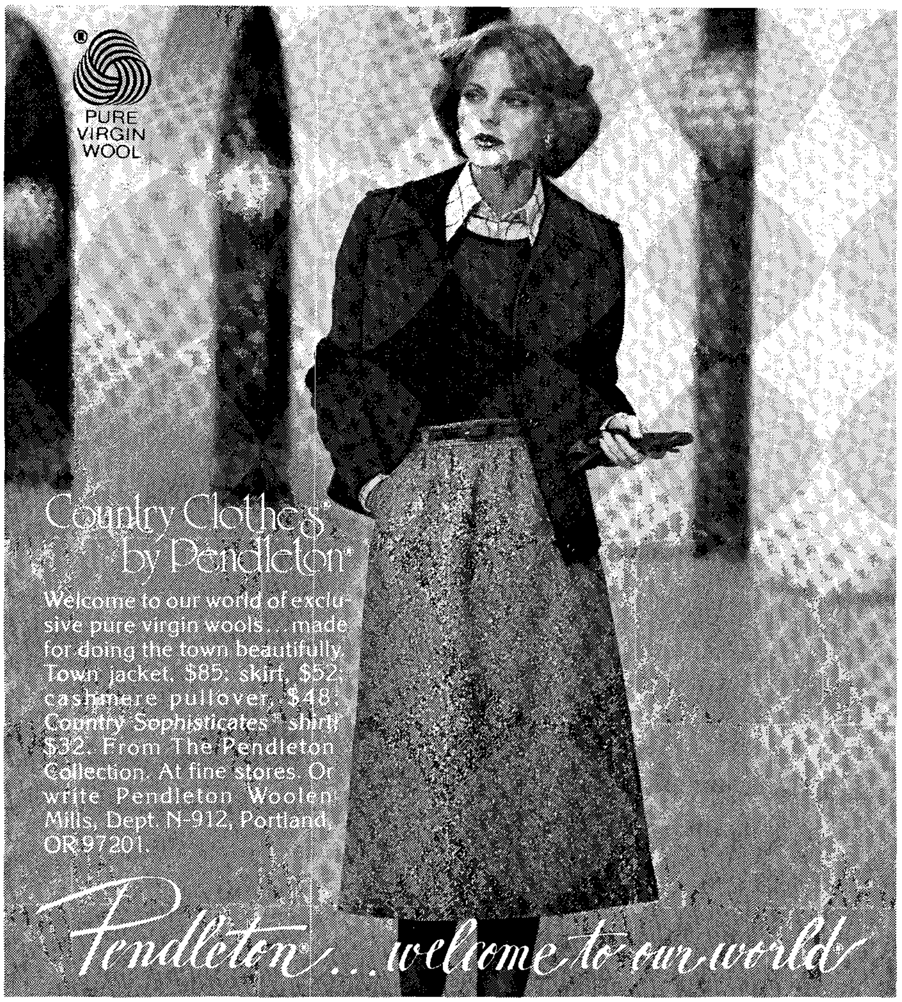
my father thought actors were bums. We lived on Chauncey Street, in Flatbush—the same street Jackie Gleason's family lived on. On our block, we were the only Jewish family—the Protestants lived on one side of the street, the Catholics on the other."

Henny, who calls Sadie "my million-dollar baby—before taxes," said, "She was goyish. To this day, her family don't know what I do."

Sadie was the baby girl of a family of four boys and three girls. Her father, who came to the United States from Austria, made men's trousers; he was the first man on his block to buy a crystal chandelier, and he also had an upright piano and an Edison phonograph. He died when Sadie was eleven. After graduating from high school, Sadie went to work for Kresge's, keeping books and writing up orders—the only Jew in the office. A year later, she was transferred to the sheet-music section and met Henny. And got married and raised a family and allowed Henny to tell jokes about her. Both of her children, Gary and Marilyn, are soft-spoken, like her; her grandson, Larry Kelly (Marilyn's husband was Jack Kelly, Frank Sinatra's pianist), is bubbly, like his grandpa. "My grandfather has only ever given me one piece of advice," Larry says. " '*Stay on phones*'—it's the only way to run a business."

Henny and Sadie's New York apartment is an unbelievable place—or, rather, it's an altogether believable place with two unbelievable areas. The living room, bedroom, and kitchen are attractive and normal—in the living room, there's a twenty-seven-inch color TV, a number of family pictures, a needlepoint copy of Chagall's famous fiddler on the roof, a pineapple chandelier, plenty of comfortable chairs, a white sofa, a raspberry-sherbet-red carpet, and half a dozen clown paintings, including one of Henny dressed as a clown; in the kitchen, there's a profile snapshot of Henny pasted to the refrigerator (Sadie's way of reminding Henny about his weight). Disbelief centers on Henny's desk, in the dining alcove off the living room, which supports a gorgeous mound of letters, notes, bills, memos, records, cards, phone books, Sunday papers, newspaper clippings, magazines, books, printed flyers at least twenty layers deep, and Henny's telephone, with three different trunk lines; and on Henny's unique tchotchke room. Tchotchkes are stuff—toys, playthings, according to "Mainly for 'Goyim,'" by Sam A. Shaw, a seventy-page Yiddish lexicon,



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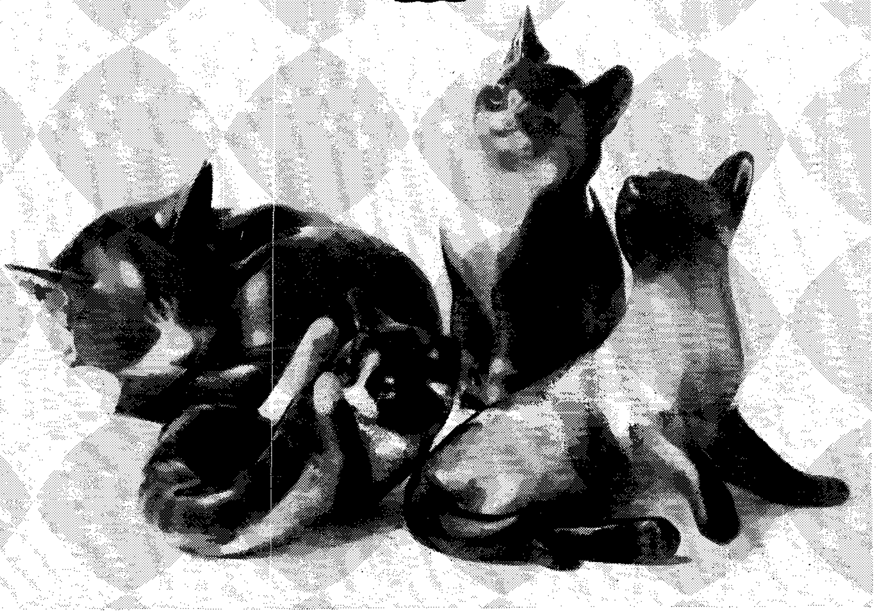

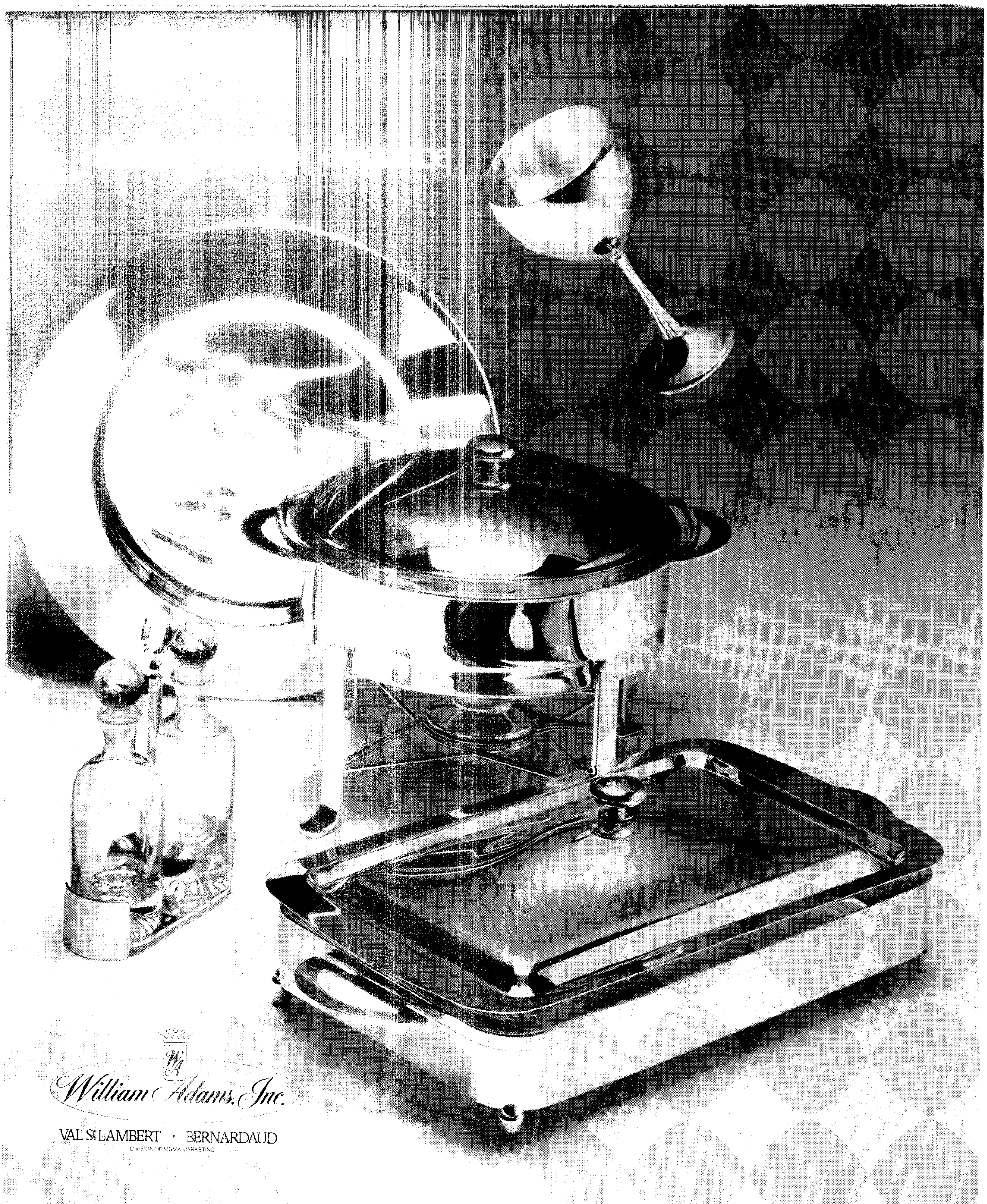

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which Henny gave me soon after we first met. Henny has, stuffed into one room, box upon box and shelf upon shelf full of attention-commanding knickknacks and gag items, most of them small enough to be whipped out of a pocket: ten-dollar bills one and three-quarters inches long ("Have you seen what the Arabs have done to our money?"); business cards that say "MY CARD" ("Have I ever given you my card?"); small cards made of hard-to-rip paper which say "This Magic Card can be torn ONLY by a VIRGIN;" paper wings that can be attached to dollar bills; checks one and a half inches by four and a half inches ("Can you cash a small check?"); pocket spotlights ("Take a little bow"); Dime-and-pins; red stickers for liquor bottles which say "WARNING! THE CONTENTS OF THIS DRINK MAY CAUSE INTERCOURSE;" black-bordered cards that say "*Very Sorry!* AT MY AGE I CAN'T TAKE *Yes* FOR AN ANSWER;" a book of one-liners (eleven pages with one line drawn on each); signs that say in tiny type "This sign is" and in huge type "FOR SALE;" business cards printed in discreet black type which say "The management would deem it a favor if you and your party will pay the bill and quietly leave the premises." Henny also keeps all his stationery and flyers in his tchotchke room, and eight-by-ten glossies of himself with fiddles, copies of some of the joke books he's published ("Henny Youngman's Greatest One-Liners"), and a few copies of a couple of hard-to-come-by record albums—"The Primitive Sounds of Henny Youngman" and "Sol Hurok Does Not Present Henny Youngman." He's particularly proud of the tiny ten-dollar bills: "I bought out a musician. I'm the only guy who's got 'em."

In the late twenties, not long before Henny and Sadie got married, Henny and his cousin Jimmy Kaplan, who wanted to be a comedian, took the Swanee Syncopaters up to the Swan Lake Inn, a hotel in the Catskills co-owned by several of Henny's old grade-school teachers. Lewis Kerner, a friend of Henny's, remembers working with him in the mountains. Kerner used to be Samuel Goldwyn's executive talent director and now owns The Colony, a modular mobile-home community near Palm Desert, California, which is often called the first trailer park for the affluent. Like Al Schwartz, Lew Kerner is one of the people Henny makes a point of always getting hold of when he's in the neighborhood. I met Kerner when Henny and I were in Los Angeles for Henny's movie and he decided to fly down to Palm Desert for a day to visit another friend, a man who'd had a stroke, and to talk to some local developers about a scheme of theirs to build on a lot that Henny owns in Palm Desert. Kerner was wearing white pants, white sweat socks, white tie-moccasins, and no shirt, and he was supervising half a dozen long-haired kids who were building a concrete-block foundation for one of his trailers. Kerner stuck his right hand out to Henny for a shake. Henny removed a ring from his right little finger and shook hands. "Henny, boy," said Kerner, who was leaving the next day for Hong Kong to discuss a film deal with Run Run Shaw, a famous Kung Fu movie director, "you've come home." Kerner invited us to have a drink in the bar of The Colony's clubhouse; the bar is lined with the wood-panelled lockers of members—people like Los Angeles Sheriff Peter Pitchess, Joe Pasternak, and Mrs. George Randolph Hearst, Sr. "Schmooze and booze make good Jews," Kerner said. "Mountain audiences were terribly demanding," he went on. "They'd seen everything. Tough. You learned early in life to entertain these people. You learned about business, about how to take care of yourself, about comedy, about values, about theatre. Jack Albertson, Red Buttons, Phil Silvers, Danny Kaye, Moss Hart—they all came from the mountains. And everyone fighting to top everyone else—as everyone says, it was the greatest training ground in the world for comedians. You had to have lines for all the guests at all times in all situations. The most common complaint, always true, was that the room was too small. So we'd tell 'em, 'My room's so small it has a three-cent stamp for a rug.' That's where all the hotel jokes started. The idea was to get a laugh and get out of the vicinity. And you had to have something going on all day long, even if it meant building a fire in the goddam lobby. They'd come for a week. Sunday night was check-in. Monday night—campfire, marshmallow roast, jokes. Tuesday was vaudeville night. Wednesday night, cabaret—we'd have to tell jokes. Thursday there'd be a masquerade, and Thursday was topsy-turvy night—we got the guests to do the waiting and cleaning up, and the management saved money. Friday night there was a dra-

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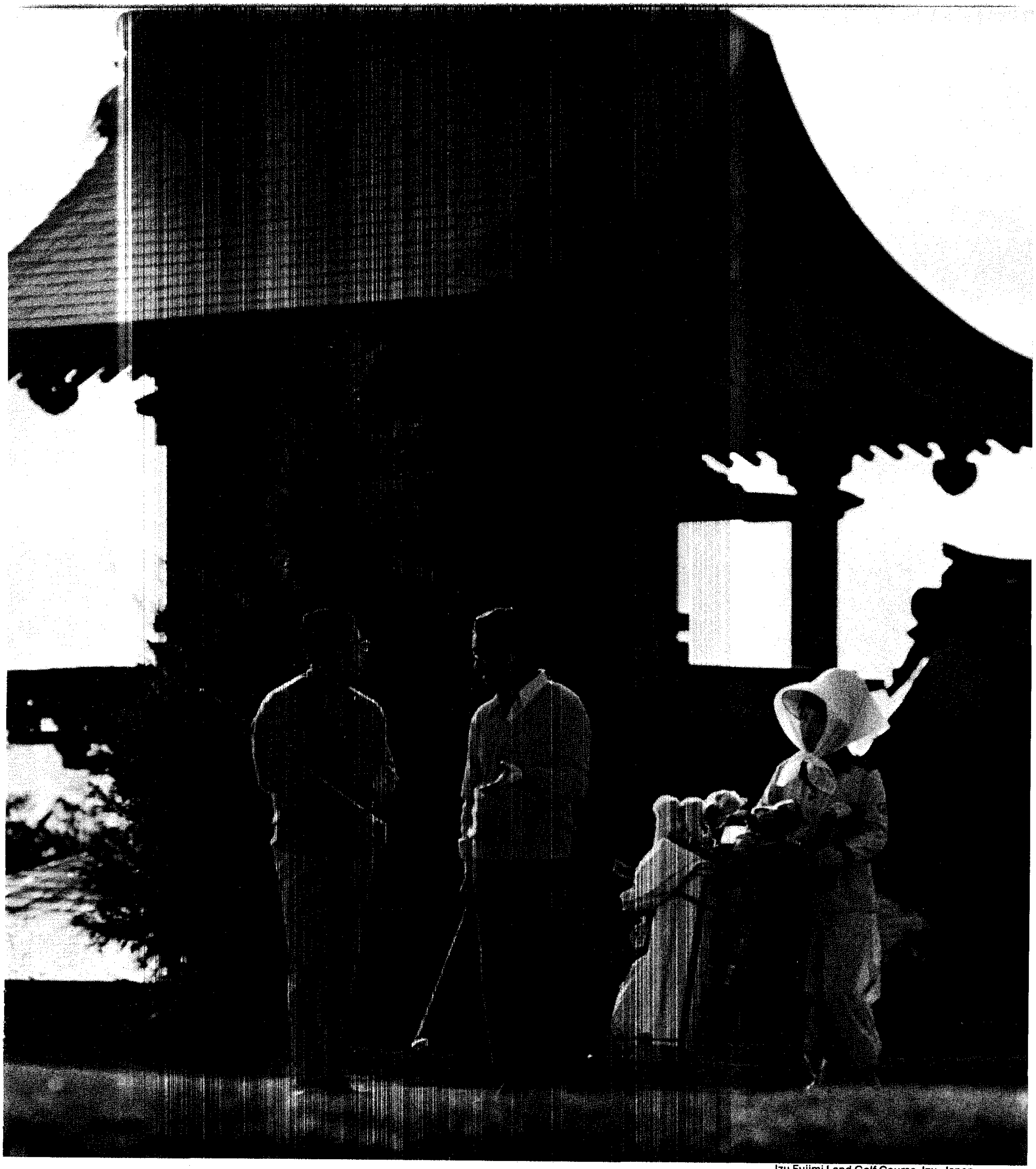

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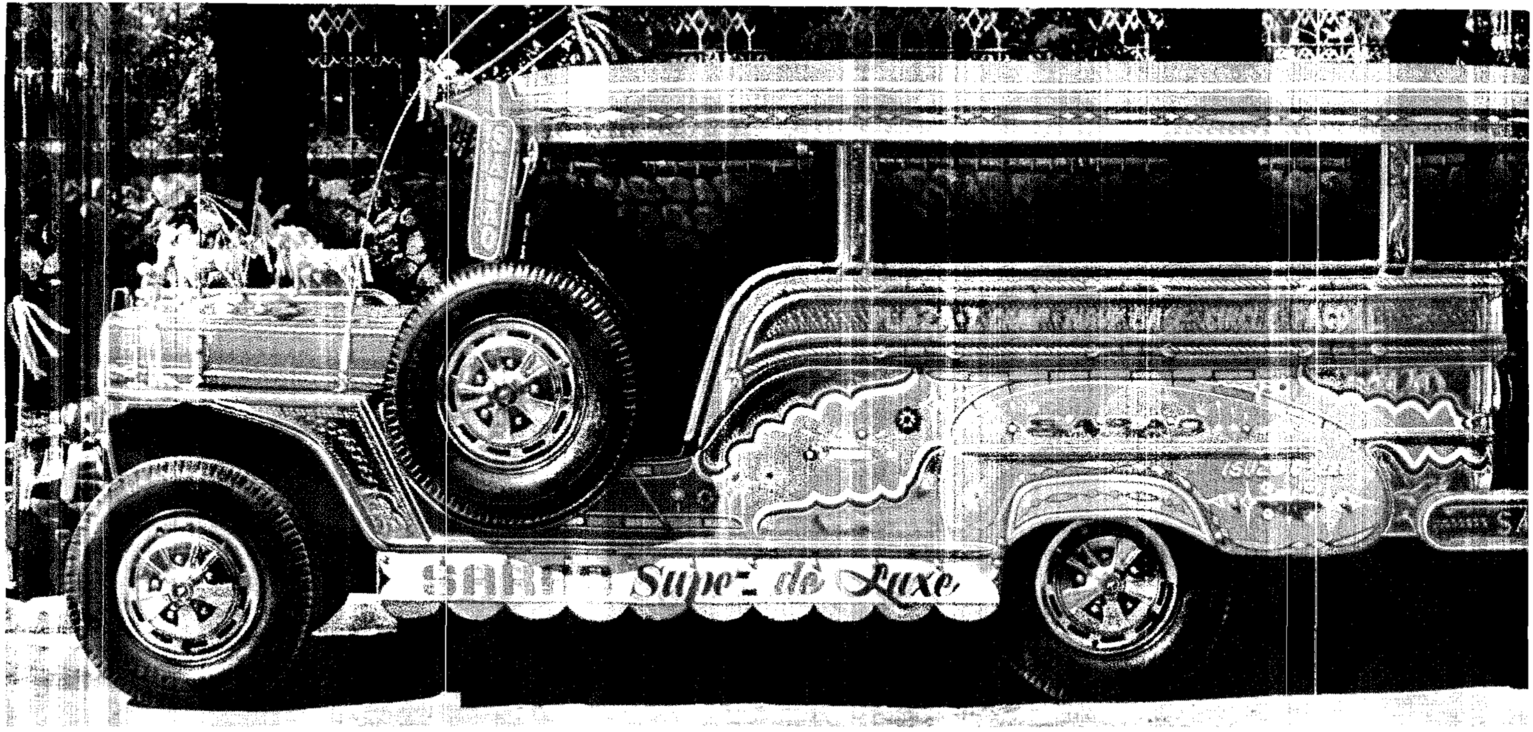

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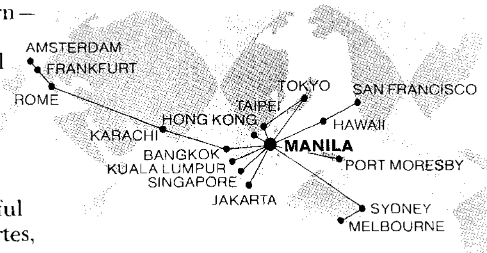
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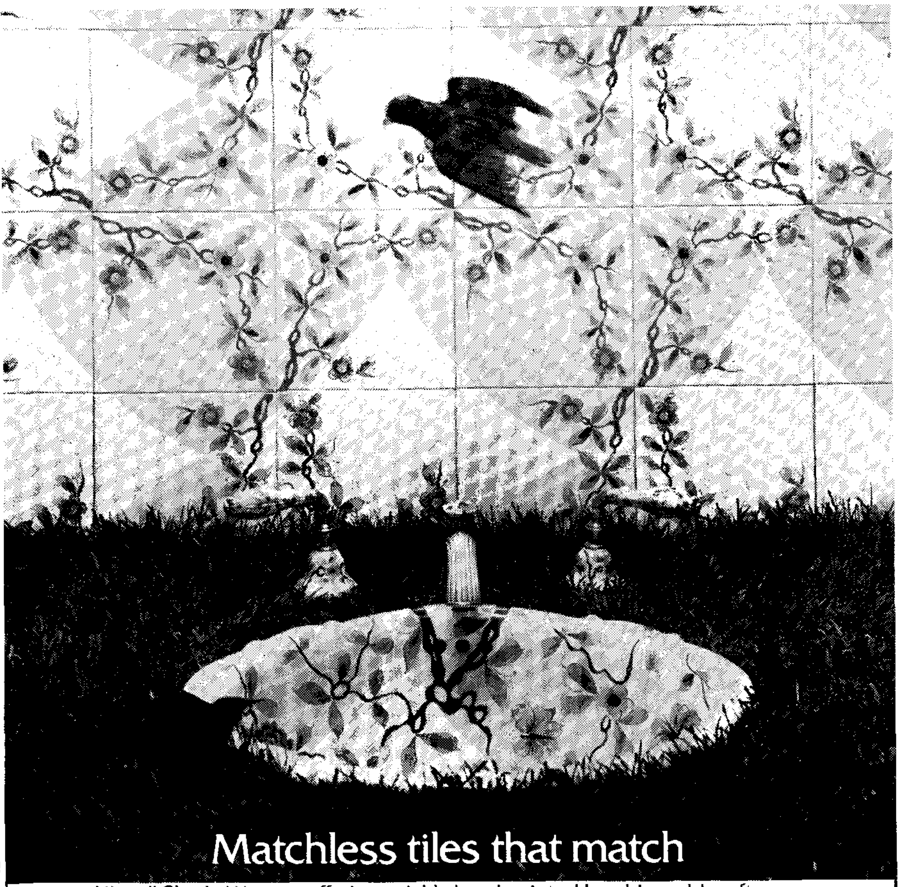
matic show, and Saturday a musical revue or burlesque—all bedroom scenes, sketches, and all using guests. If we saw a pretty girl, we'd tell her mother that we'd like to use her but that she needed two more weeks of rehearsal. Then maybe we'd get them to stay on, or the mother might let the daughter stay on."

Kerner later booked acts for the Catskills out of a phone booth in the lobby of the Strand Theatre Building, in Times Square, and he and Henny and people like Jackie Gleason and Jack Albertson hung out in Times Square cafeterias on cold days. The cafeterias were classified according to a caste system. If you had no money at all, you went to the Palace, on Forty-sixth Street. With a few bucks, you moved up to Kellogg's, on Forty-ninth Street. From there you moved up, by sawbucks, to Hanson's pharmacy, on Fifty-first and Seventh Avenue; the Stage Deli; and, ultimately, Lindy's and Walter Winchell and the Lindy's waiters. Henny swears he asked a Lindy's waiter one night what time it was and the waiter said, "It's not my table." If you made it to Lindy's, the deal was to walk in smoking a cigar. "I quit smoking cigars fifteen years ago," Henny says. "My sinuses were killing me. But in the old days it didn't matter if you walked into Lindy's without a nickel in your pocket—if you had a cigar in your face, you were a big man." The way to work the Palace, according to Lew Kerner, was to remember always to take two checks on the way in. You put all the food on one check; the other check, the one you paid, would be for ten or fifteen cents. "One time, I was the only one working," said Henny, interrupting, "and it was freezing out. They robbed my overcoat and wouldn't give it back unless I paid all the checks."

After working the mountains, Henny started adding comedy songs to his band's repertoire, and he cracked a few jokes between numbers. His dad, who was, he says, "anxious to have me settle down to some kind of work he understood," borrowed money and bought Henny a small Atkinson press, which Henny put down in the basement of his folks' house. Late at night, after a gig, Henny would take the subway from Bay Ridge to the downtown-Brooklyn theatre district and solicit business from the actors and musicians who hung out in whatever restaurants in the area stayed open until two. For a dollar, a musician could get two hundred cards with his name, address, telephone number, and instrument. When Henny had some orders, he would take



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the subway home and print the cards, then nip back to the eateries to make delivery. Then, to avoid the long ride back to Bay Ridge, he'd go sleep for a few hours on the living-room couch in Sadie's folks' house. The Cohens lived in downtown Brooklyn. They were not amused. "It wasn't that they didn't like *me*," Henny explained in his autobiography. "How could you like a guy who was running around all night till three or four in the morning and then woke you up to ask if he could spend the night?" The Cohens couldn't. Henny later moved his printing press to Manhattan—first to a booth in a penny arcade on Fourteenth Street near the Academy of Music, so he could try and persuade a faster-moving bunch of actors and musicians that they needed business cards. Henny had a sign over his booth that read "HENNY YOUNGMAN—PRINCE OF PRINTERS." He always offered half off to anyone who would let him print "HENNY YOUNGMAN—FUNNY VIOLINIST" on the reverse of a card. As business improved, he moved to a midtown booth in the middle of a penny arcade on Sixth Avenue between Forty-fifth and Forty-sixth, right near every major theatre in New York and less than ten blocks from where he lives today. The Sixth Avenue arcade was where Henny met Berle. Henny would throw gag lines at passersby, and one day Berle, who was already doing all right in a vaudeville show on Broadway, was the passerby. Berle stopped and said Youngman was using a Berle joke. The big change for Henny during this period was that he switched from bandleader to full-time stand-up comic; the turning point came at the Nut Club, in Mountainside, New Jersey, when the manager needed a last-minute fill-in for his stars, the comedy dance team of Grace and Paul Hartman, one night when they didn't show up. The manager implored his bandleader—Henny—to go on and tell some of the jokes he'd been cracking during rehearsal. The manager actually said, as Henny remembers it, "You've gotta save my life." Of course, a big crowd came in that night and loved Henny, and he was on his way to the Yacht Club, the Kate Smith show, Dial-A-Joke, and as much work as he can handle.

Berle started throwing whatever he didn't have time for to Henny—bar mitzvahs, a summer job as part-time social director and tummler at a hotel in Lake Hopatcong, New Jersey, a booking at a five-show-a-night club called Gallagher's—and, forty-odd years later, Berle still tends to think of Henny,

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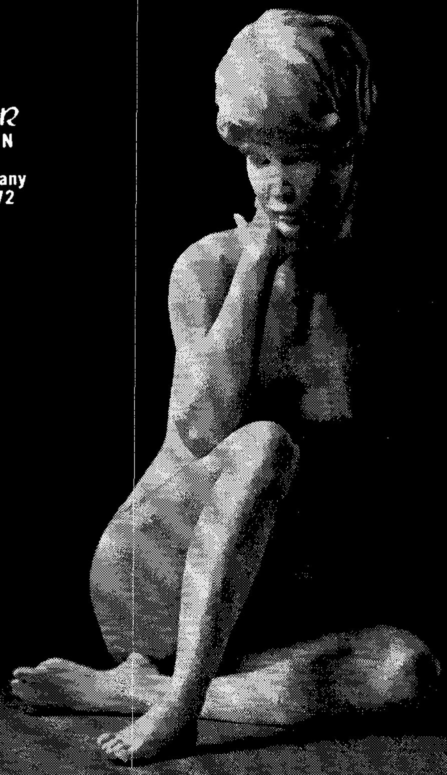

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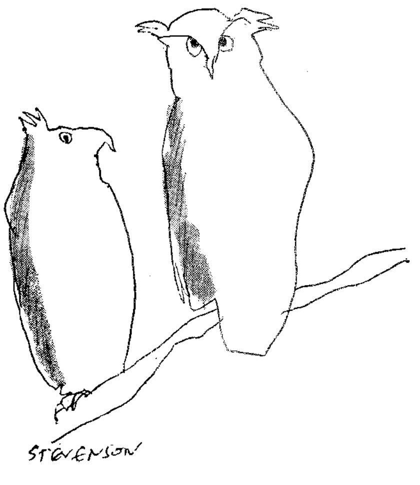
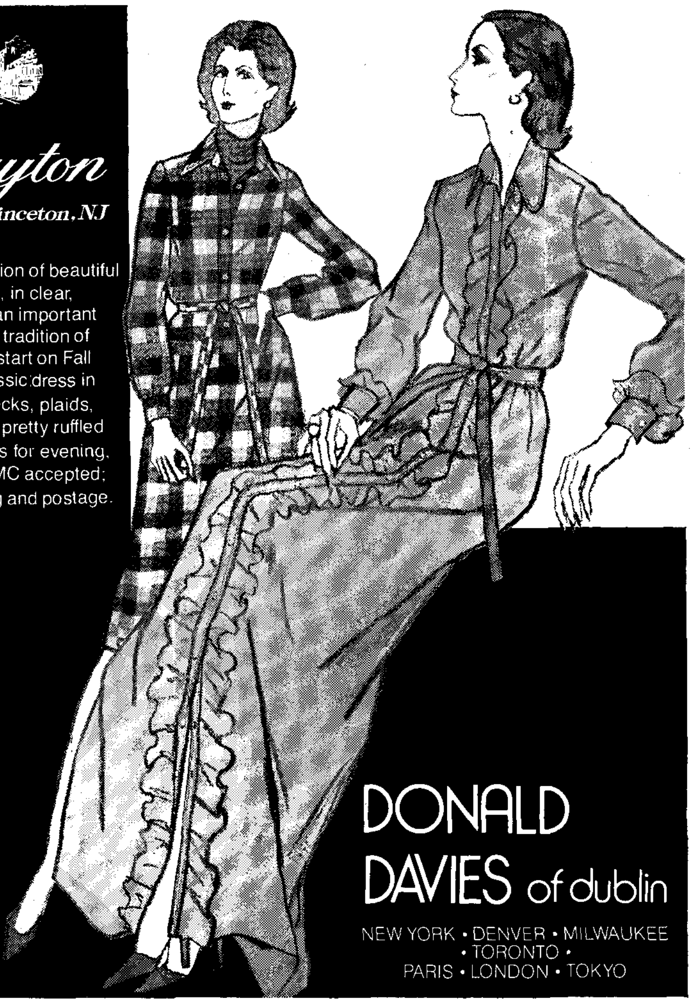
who is two years older than he is, as something of a kid brother. "I was his benefactor," Berle says "His Henny-factor. I still hear from Youngman every week on the phone, and he says, 'I want you to say hello to Sadie'—always."

When I first started hanging out with Henny, he told me I had to see Berle, and the next time Berle was in New York, I paid him a visit. Berle was staying at the Americana. When I arrived, he was just back from a dentist's appointment and was smoking a big cigar—he ignites his cigars with two matches held together—and drinking a glass of seltzer fetched by his travelling secretary. "This side of the face feels like Youngman," he said, poking with the cigar at his novocained right jaw. "The other side feels like Pinky Lee. What's going to happen to Youngman when he loses his looks? People ask him why he's such a loner. He's a very kind and genteel man; I think he only thinks of making people laugh. Which is a good trait. He'll do anything for a laugh—you know, funny lining in his coats, anything for a shtick."

The phone rang. Berle said into it, "Hello, Beautiful, what's doing? What's new? . . . Don't go to a quack, go to the best. . . . No regards to Ellis. . . . All right, Bubie."

Back to Youngman: "Youngman is a most unblended comedian—he's never had a set, routined monologue, where he knows what he's going to say—but he knows what he's doing. His mind has a funny bone. He has that speedy way of talking. I've often said—and he always contradicts me—that at times as a kid he watched Groucho work. It's very difficult for anyone to tell Youngman how to tell a joke—that it will be stronger to tell this joke before that joke—and I guess that's primarily because he's had success the way he is. People have laughed at him for forty-six years. He's headstrong,

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very stubborn, he's high-tempered, although he will listen to me.

"One time, Youngman was playing a club date at the Waldorf—good fee, sixty-five hundred people. He finishes, gets in the elevator, presses the button, and takes it down to the wrong floor by mistake. Gets out, sees a hotel billboard that says something like 'Mr. and Mrs. Charles Levy announce the Bar Mitzvah of their son—Room 205.' Youngman goes to 205. 'Is Mr. Levy here? Hello, Mr. Levy? I'm Henny Youngman. Want me to do about fifteen minutes?' So he picks up another hundred and fifty dollars and goes home."

HENNY stayed with "The Kate Smith Show" two years, and then he got the idea that if he could be released from his contract, Hollywood offers would pour in. In 1938, he found a couple of ex-burlesque comedians, Abbott and Costello, who had a wow routine at Loew's State called "Who's on First?," to take his place on the radio program—a year and a half later, when they, in their turn, left Kate Smith, they went out to Hollywood and got into pictures immediately—and got his release. But no offers came through for Henny, and instead of making a grand a week he was out of work and turning down offers that paid less than his radio salary. After ten weeks of this, he figured he'd lost ten thousand dollars. Then Chuck Green, a friend of his who sold diamond rings to actors, took him to Lindy's and told him that either he should up the ante and tell himself he'd lost a hundred thousand for being out of work ten weeks at ten thousand a week or he should figure that he had lost thirty-five hundred, since three hundred and fifty a week was what he could reasonably expect to be earning in a New York club. Henny hasn't set prices since. Two weeks later, he took a six-week job at Billy Rose's Casa Mañana at three hundred and fifty a week. Rose told him that the smartest thing he could do was become a specialist in one thing—stand-up comedy—and stick to that. After the Casa Mañana job, Henny started taking jobs all over the country. "I used to cry on the train, and kept asking myself, 'Where am I going?' Then all of a sudden I was making a grand a week again, and I started taking the whole family along—Mom, Lester, Sadie, Marilyn, and Gary. All the money went for transportation. I was afraid to go alone, I guess."

But Henny kept moving, and he's been peripatetic ever since—travelling

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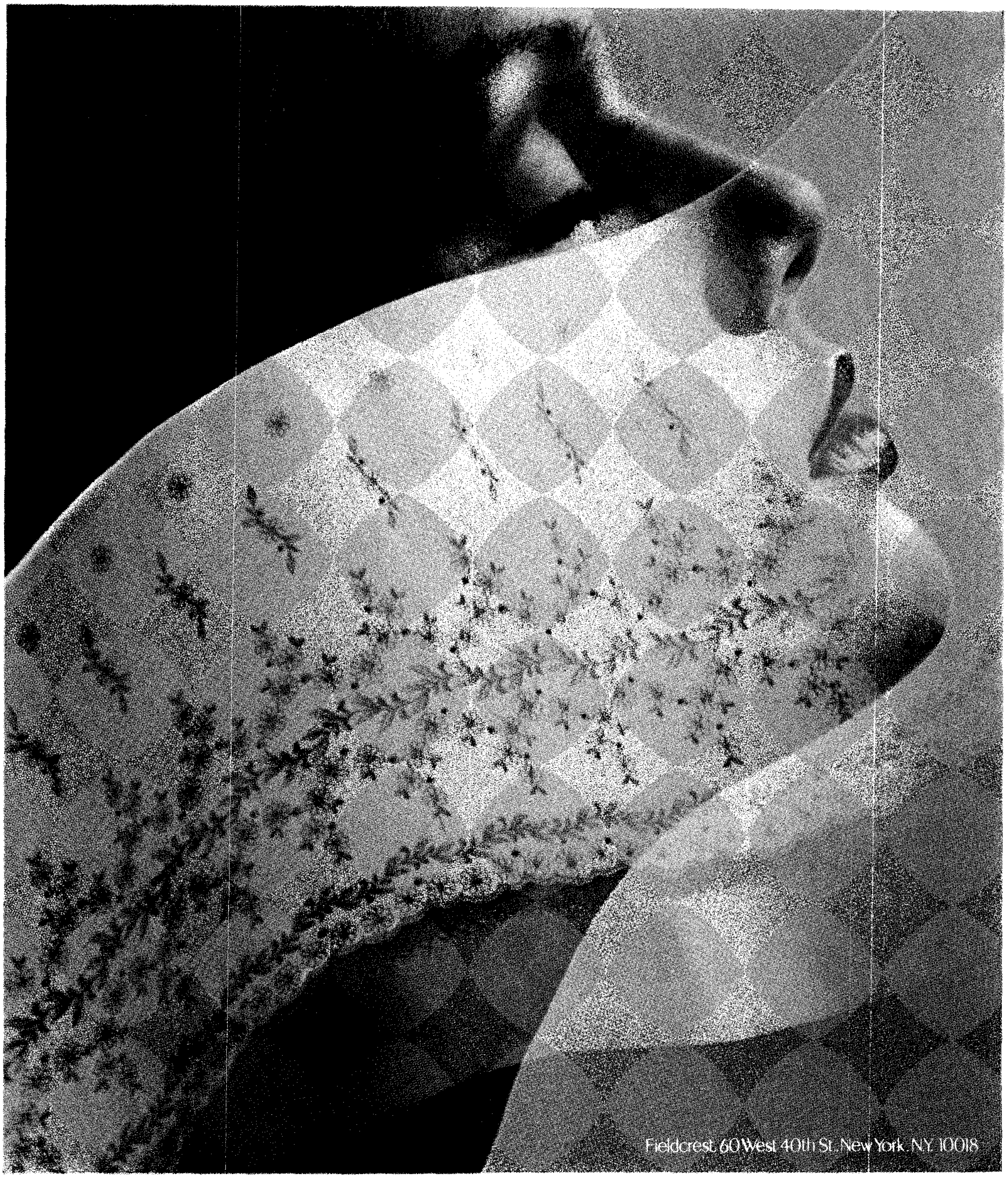
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with the Tommy Dorsey band at one point (and trying to play the mediator between Dorsey and his singer, Frank Sinatra), ranging as far afield as the London Palladium, playing Las Vegas every year ("the only town in the world where you can have a good time without enjoying yourself"). He lost two Las Vegas jobs at once when he was working a club and the management asked him, as a favor, to take over Mario Lanza's shows at another place at the same time. (Lanza had developed a case of flop sweat, as it's called in the business.) The second club offered Henny an extra thousand a week to break his contract and come work for them, and he refused. Henny, who thought he ought to get paid double for working two shows at the same time, told the first club he deserved more money. The first club dared him to quit; Henny got mad and did just that. "Don't do business when you're angry," he says now. Henny thinks failure of nerve used to cost him other opportunities. He was kept off Ed Sullivan's old TV show for five years after Sullivan insisted on cutting a few gags from Henny's routine in dress rehearsal; since Henny didn't dare tell Sullivan to go to hell, he omitted the gags, but he was so mad that when he went on the air his timing was off and he bombed. It was at about this time that some other comedians began to crack, "Everyone's trying to get on TV, and Youngman's still trying to get on the radio." But in the last ten years, starting with Rowan and Martin's "Laugh-In," which was a solid hour of one-liners (a concept that Henny says he had tried unsuccessfully to peddle to the networks ten years previously), Henny has really come into his own. Three years ago, he was the first comedian on Dial-A-Joke, and got three million calls, including transoceanic calls from Australia, the month he was working. (No other comedian has topped this record.) As a result, Henny is now in great demand; he's even getting movie parts—in addition to the part in "Won Ton Ton," he has a bit in Mel Brooks's "Silent Movie." Two years ago, he taped a show for Home Box Office's hot cable-TV showcasing of comedians. Sid Garfield, a top publicity man at CBS and a longtime observer of show business, says that Henny is only just now becoming a superstar. "He's arrived at the point of tremendous credibility," Garfield says. "I think Henny's long overdue."

Superstar or not, Henny will still do anything for a gag.

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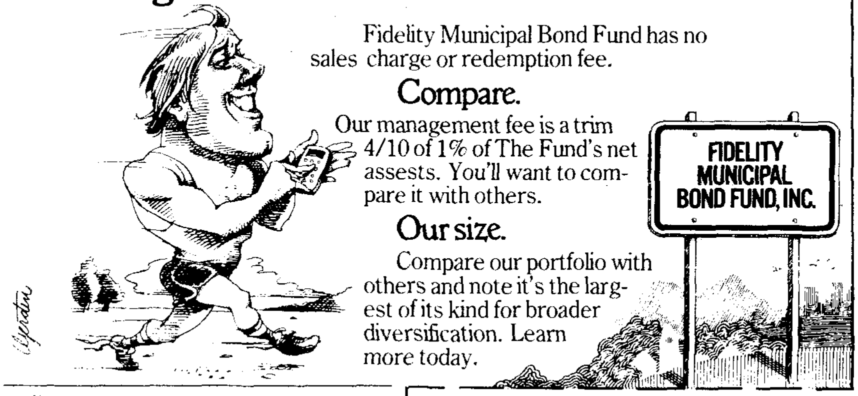
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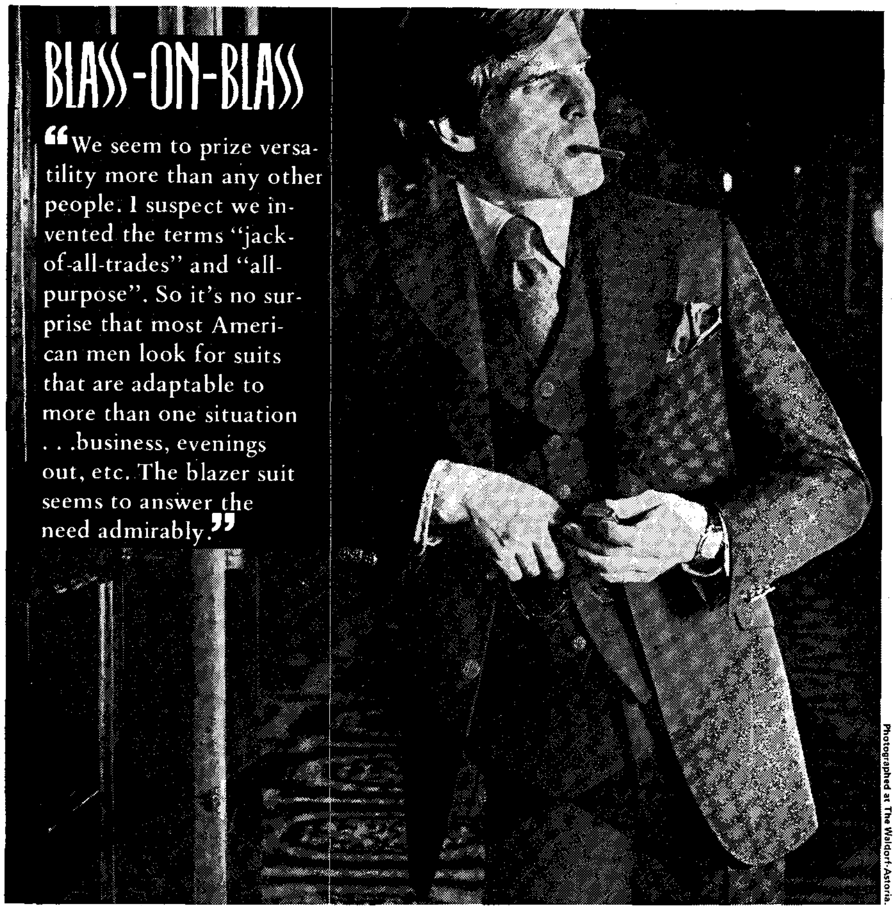

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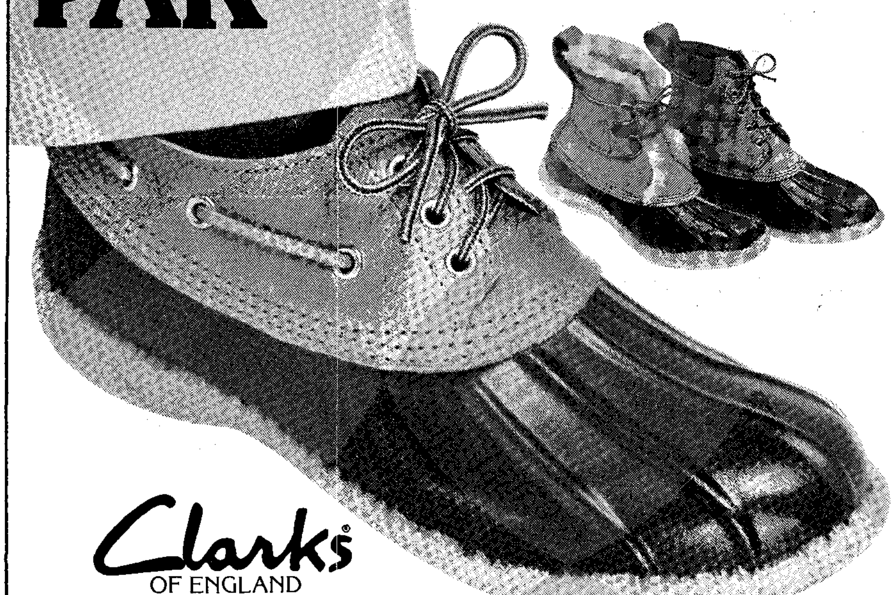

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ABC one night, onto Sixth Avenue, in pouring rain. No cabs in sight. A Sixth Avenue bus driver recognized him and stopped: "Hey, Henny, what are you doing here?"

"Same as you. Listen, pal, will you do me a favor and take me over to the Carnegie Deli, on Seventh?"

The driver said sure, swung off his bus route, and deposited Henny at the door.

Henny's topper? He got off the bus and said, "Pick me up in twenty minutes."

HENNY called up the other evening—Sadie was down in Florida—and invited me over. We sat around drinking 7-Up and watching "The Merv Griffin Show." Henny was on the phone when I got there, talking to a friend who'd just had a stroke. "It's all right," Henny told him. "You're still alive. I have a good time when I'm alive. I'll be over tomorrow. Get some broads. Goodbye."

Linda Hopkins belted out a number on Merv Griffin's show. "What's she screaming for?" Henny asked. "She got the job."

Henny fished an ice cube out of his glass and put it on the back of the fingers of his left hand. "Look," he said. "Liz Taylor!"

We watched the show for a while. Henny said, "I've been forty-six years in the business so far. All by luck. It's a miracle career, because really I never planned it. I worry about my family and about paying bills, but I've got no problems at all, come to think of it. Come on, let's go get a plate of ice cream."

Henny rang his answering service while I put on my jacket. "I'll call in every twenty minutes," he said.

—TONY HISS

•

Then she realized that as usual she was being unfair to him, that neither he nor any of the children was the least bit concerned over his white sweater and well-tailored gray flannel pants, that they simply liked him because he didn't press them but waited for them to come to him and then gave them his full attention when they did.—*"Looking for Mr. Goodbar," by Judith Rossner.*

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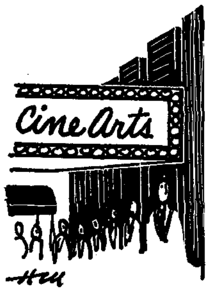
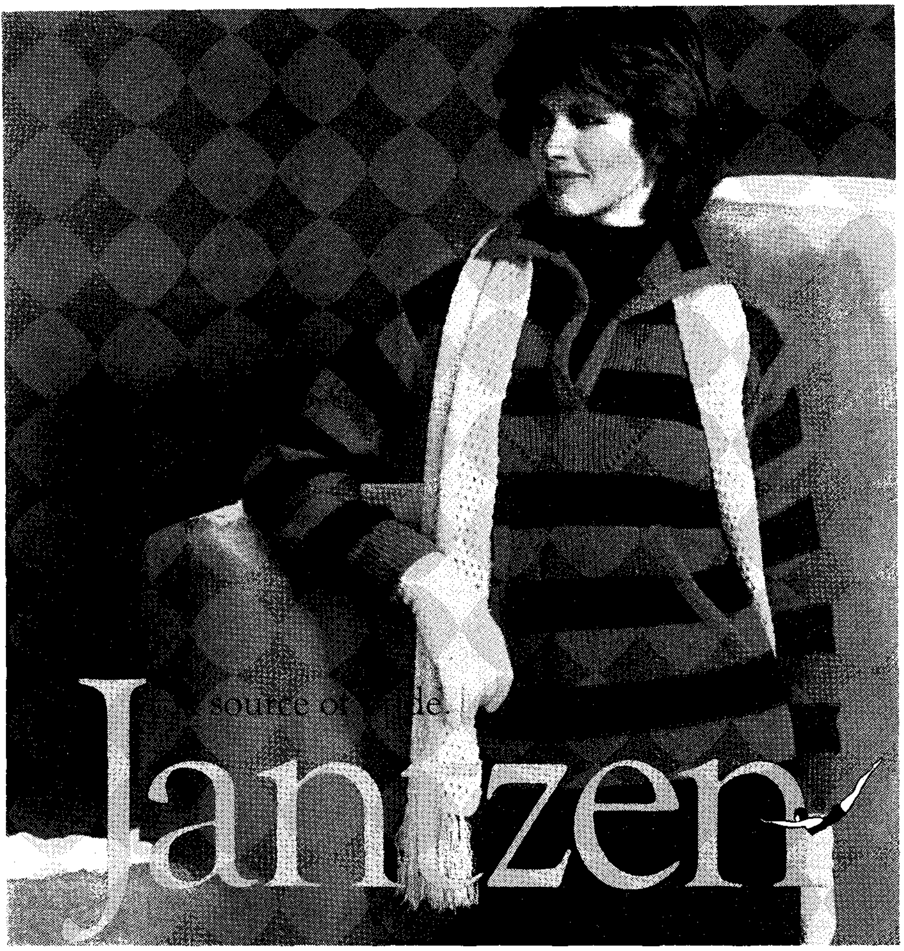


THE most impressive thing about Richard Benner's "Outrageous!" is the queue of patient people waiting around the movie house in the heat to get a place. The least impressive thing about it is the movie. The picture was produced by the Film Consortium of Canada, Inc., in coöperation with the Canadian Film Development Corporation: credits that make it sound as if it were a documentary film about mining. It isn't.

"Outrageous!" starts off with a shot of a man in drag rehearsing on a nightclub stage, miming a song to a record of a woman's voice. A fastidiously dismissive-looking young man watching him, called Robin (Craig Russell), mutters, "I'm not that desperate for attention; not yet." But he is. We see him making up in his bathroom mirror and putting on a woman's wig. Then a frantic girl in hospital nightclothes, called Liza (Hollis McLaren), is running along a snowy street and turning in at the entrance of his apartment building. He swears at the interruption. She looks even more frenzied and makes breathless sounds. He opens the door. She has skidded out of a mental institution, where she has been treated for schizophrenia for years. Still cross, he lets her in. She approaches him, a former schoolmate, as her only friend. We feel wary.

The movie is a sumptuously crass one drawing an analogy between an ill girl and a male homosexual. It is cruel and inaccurate about both of their situations. The two characters simply do not have matching troubles. The film cons us into thinking that we are seeing two equivalent loyal companions, both out of step, and behaving with the same sort of courage; but the truth is that the girl is naïve and distressed to a degree, and the man is supercilious and exhibitionist. Their enacted alliance amounts to nothing but a view for outsiders of other people's private and quite unlike difficulties.

Fun is made of a kindly nurse from the hospital who, out of professionalism, visits this girl who has now refused medical care and who behaves so heedlessly that she allows herself to get



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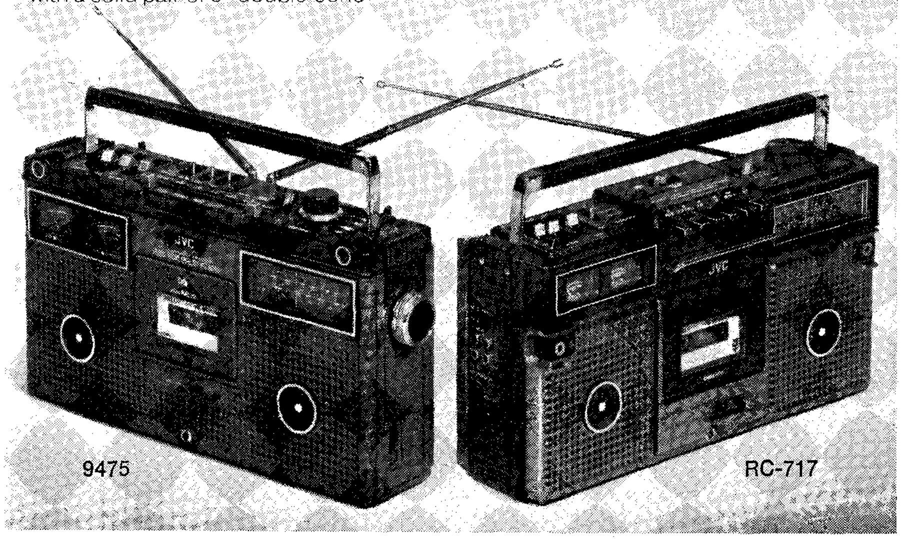

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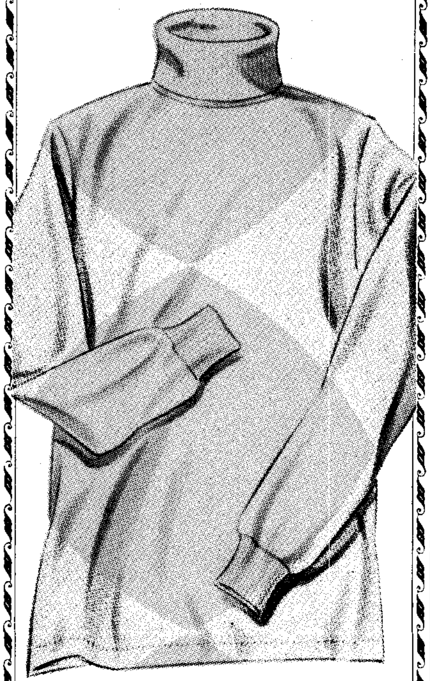

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pregnant by forgetting to take her birth-control pills, despite all the orders of her doctor (who happens to be inadequately acted, but that is probably because the part is numbly written). Fun is also made—a more knowing sort of fun—of the crowds of people in drag: of a near-straight man's smudged eyeliner, of homosexual jealousies, of bad misogynist jokes at the hairdresser's where the Craig Russell character works. The fact that his name—Robin—can be a girl's name is deliberate, obviously. Everything in the movie tells us that the two characters' circumstances are to be seen as interchangeable, and that Robin and Liza are linked in being oddballs. Each of these implicit assertions is an ugly aesthetic lie and a living monstrosity.

As one might expect, the weak sensibility of the film leads it to make Liza have a baby that is stillborn, in scenes intercut with sequences of Robin doing his drag act to hysterical male laughter from the night-club audience. He imitates—foreseeably—Bette Davis, Joan Crawford (in a wheelchair), Barbra Streisand, Mae West, Judy Garland. The schizophrenic Liza has been undergoing shock treatment. Robin causes shock of another sort: a shock-the-bourgeois display that, to the cinema audience's shame, arouses in it uncontrollable giggles and sympathetic sobs. His predicament is seen by the film as a mere chance for laughter and easy weeping. A lightly observed character has been created where one of substance might have been developed. The assumed mirror image of altogether unkindred difficulties in society is an affront. We can do better than this: perceive much more about psyches in disorder and distress, interpret much better the immense differences between people in their slippery purchase on the cliff face of what is called normality. I don't think I have ever seen homosexuality treated in film, book, or play with such condescending folly, or mental illness with such frivolity. Still, if the film succeeds in making only a few hundred of us outraged, "Outrageous!" will have its whit of worth.

—Penelope Gilliatt

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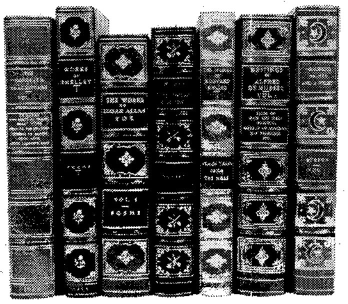

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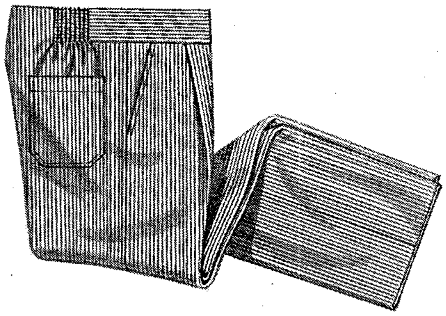

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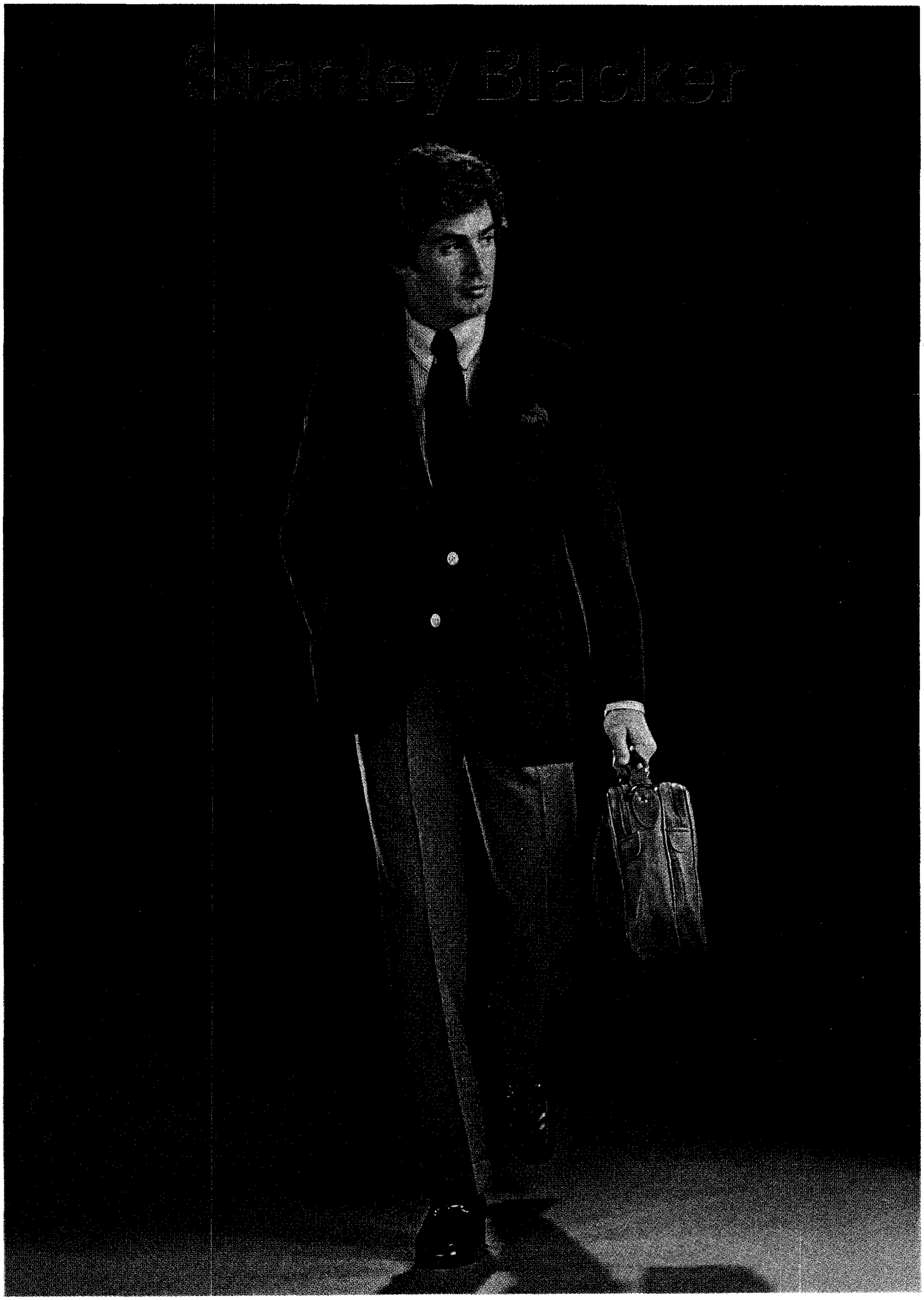
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# ANNALS OF MEDICINE

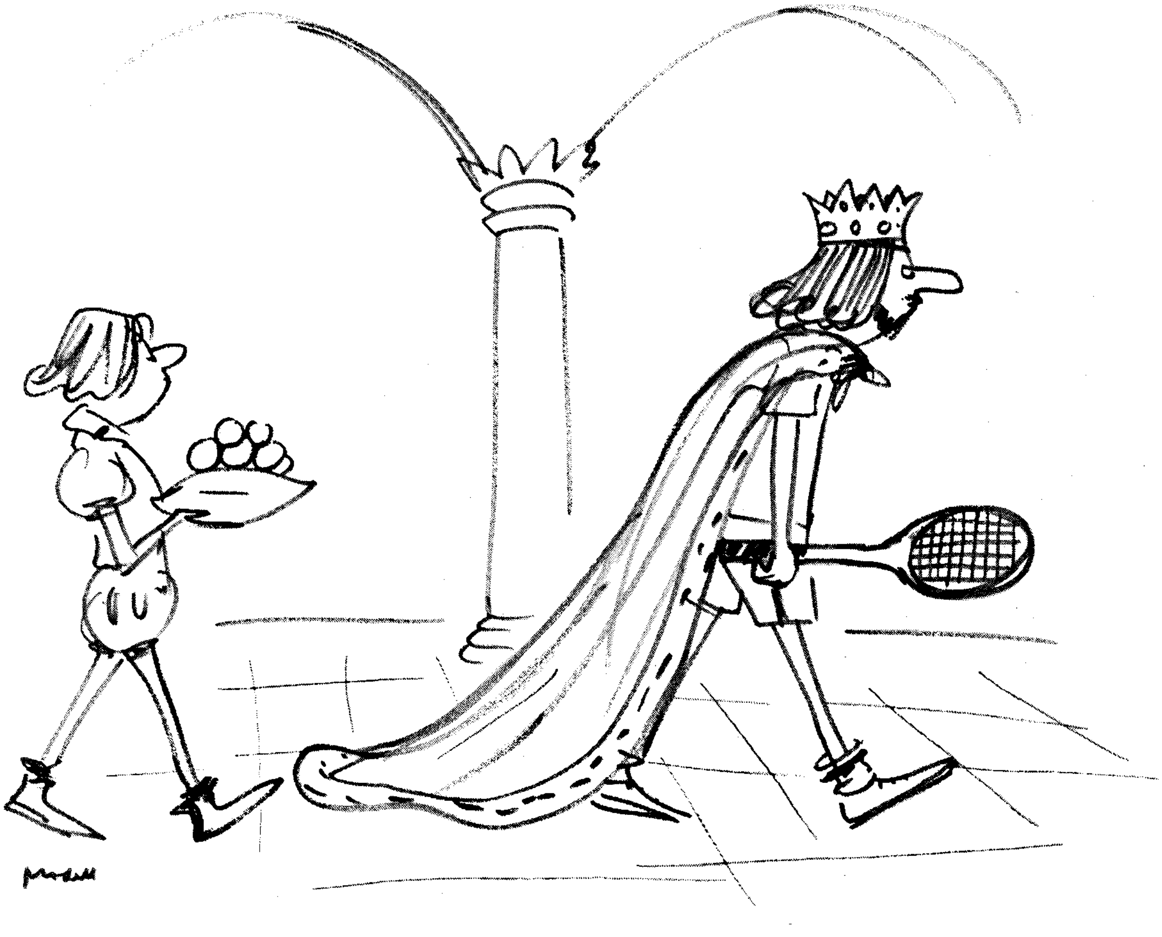
## ALL I COULD DO WAS STAND IN THE WOODS

ADOLPH (RUDY) CONIGLIO says his trouble began on the night of July 27, 1969, a Sunday. He was then fifty-three years old and the proprietor of a restaurant called Rudy's Pizza, in Closter, New Jersey. He remembers:

"Two of my people, the cleaners, they didn't show up that night to clean. So I stayed after closing and did the cleaning myself. I did the kitchen, the counter, the dining room, where I got twenty tables—I did it all. So I perspire even in that air-conditioned place, and I got so hot that I didn't sleep good all night. So I got up the next morning with this heavy cold and fever. I don't feel good. So my wife goes down to run the place, and I went over to this doctor—this local, family doctor—and he prescribed some yellow antibiotic pills. I took those pills and stayed three days at home. On Thursday, I went back to the restaurant. I got there early, and I felt all right. Not bad. So I start to work in the window up front and make some pizza dough. Pizza is my speciality, I make it all myself. O.K. Well, now the dough is rising good, so I get out some tomatoes and the other stuff for a *pizza alla napoletana*. All of a sudden, I start to smell something funny. Something bad. I'm peeling a tomato, and I smell it. It smells rotten. It smells like garbage. Then I taste it. It has the taste of garbage. I call the wholesaler, and I'm mad. What's the matter, you send me rotten tomatoes? He says I'm crazy—he don't handle rotten tomatoes. Now *he's* mad. I hang up and go out to the kitchen to find some good tomatoes. But—oh, my God! Did you ever when you're a kid burn a plastic comb? Everything in the kitchen smelled like that. I had to get out. I went back to the front, and it was just as bad. That smell—that garbage stink. Some of my people were coming in, and I told them, but they don't smell nothing. So it must be me. It must be that heavy cold.

"I figure I'm still sick. So I got my car and went home. The street was almost as bad as the place—the exhaust fumes. It was the same stink. It was better at home. Some. But not much. My wife went down to the restaurant again. I went outdoors, out in the back yard. It was better there than in the house, but it had a smell. The grass had a smell. It smelled like regular grass—only twenty times stronger than normal. It smelled so strong it smelled bad. I got some woods behind my house, so I tried there. That was better. It was O.K. I tell you, it felt good to get away from that garbage stink. I sat down on a log, and it was nice sitting there, so after a while I lit a cigarette. Oh, my God! The smell was like everything else—and the taste! It burned on my tongue like a hot pepper. So I don't have anything to do but just sit in the woods. I stayed there all day. When it was time for dinner, I couldn't eat. Everything had that stink. I thought I might as well go to bed. I got ready and laid down, but I had to sit up. The pillow—it smelled like dirt. So my wife went out to the store and bought a new pillow. It had a smell, but it wasn't too much. But I had to sleep on my back. I couldn't have my face in the pillow. So the next day I went back to the doctor.

"The doctor was surprised. But he thought like me—it was still that cold, that flu I had. He gave me a new prescription, for some pink antibiotic pills, and said to come back in a couple days. But the pills didn't help. I went back to the doctor. He told me to wait awhile. Be patient. So I had to hire somebody to run my place. All I could do was stand in the woods all day. Of course, I had to eat—I didn't want to die. But the regular food—it was all like garbage. I could drink a little cold milk. I could eat a little cold boiled potato. I could eat a white grape. I could eat a little vanilla ice cream. That stuff, it didn't taste good, but it didn't taste bad. It didn't have any taste at all. So I lived on that. No coffee—God forbid. Even a banana—I couldn't go near it. I went back to the doctor again, and he sent me to another doctor—an ear-nose-and-throat man. A specialist. He looked at my nose and he took some X-rays, but he couldn't find anything wrong. He called the family doctor and said, This



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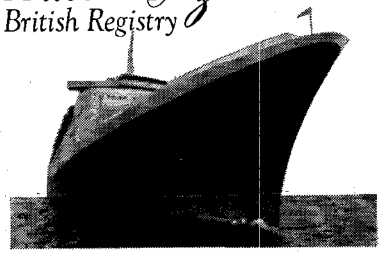

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Rudy, what he needs is psychiatry, his trouble is psychosomatic. He sent me to a psychiatrist. So the psychiatrist started talking about my life history—did I like my work? My God, I love my work. I listened and I went out and I didn't go back. Well, now it was almost September. I wasn't any better, I was losing weight, and the only time I was comfortable was out in the woods. So I decided to go to Italy. My mother is there, and I thought maybe the Italian doctors could help me. I went to Naples and saw a doctor there, and I went to a doctor in Rome. But they were the same as at home. It was all in my mind. Did I like my work? They gave me some tranquillizer pills. Five a day. Ten a day. I stayed a month and came back home in October.

"By this time, I don't know what to think. Am I crazy? Maybe those doctors they're right. They keep saying it's my mind. Or maybe they're making me crazy. I try another doctor. Not in Closter—in another Jersey town. This doctor looks at my nose with a needle, and a little blood comes out. Ah, he says, I know what you got. You need an operation. So he gives me a date. But I don't take his word. I go to another doctor next day. He says he first wants X-rays. But I just had X-rays yesterday. He wants to know who, and I tell him, and he calls that doctor and they talk. Then he looks at my nose again, and he finds where that needle touched me. Ah, he says—that's it. You got a tumor. Very serious. Operate at once. But I went home. I thought I was going to drop dead. Then I thought I better kill myself. I've lost forty pounds of weight and I've spent a hell of a lot of money, and now I've got a tumor in my nose. But, thank God, I've got a neighbor friend. His job is hospital administrator at a big hospital in New York, in Manhattan. I talk with him sometimes, and so one day—this is maybe December—he says, Maybe you better try my hospital. He says they've got good men, and so he arranges everything and I get a date. So I walk in the hospital and they're waiting for me—three doctors. Everything is organized right. But first another X-ray. O.K. And then—my God, good news. The head doctor says no tumor. They don't find anything. But the head doctor is interested. He says he wants to see me in his office. He's got a private office up around Fifty-seventh Street, and I went there the next day. We visited and talked for an hour. He couldn't find what was wrong. He ordered me again some pills, and a spray for my nose. He says

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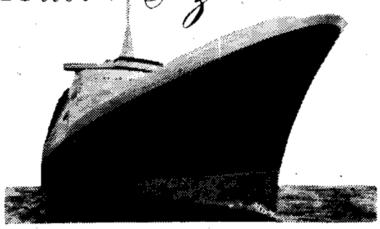

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to come back in a couple days so he can see the reaction. But he don't find any reaction. No better. No change. So then I tell him what I'm worried about. I say, Listen, Doctor—they send me to all these psychiatrists, and they talk about psychosomatic. I say, I'm willing to go to the crazy house. I don't care anymore. I had enough. But I want to ask one thing. Do crazy people have their food taste like garbage? And the doctor says no. He says they eat like everybody else. He says, I don't know the trouble with you, but I know one thing. You're not crazy.

"That made me feel better, so I was ready to go. But he said wait a minute. He said he couldn't help me but he thought he knew a man that could. He said there was a doctor down in Washington, a specialist at the National Institutes of Health, that was coming up to New York pretty soon. He wanted me to see him. So I went home and waited. At least I wasn't crazy. But I still can't eat or smoke or work or do anything but go out and stand in the woods. It's Christmastime, and I'm living like a dog. Well, I wait a couple weeks, then I get the call. There's a Dr. Gould, with an office on Seventy-seventh Street, and this man from Washington is waiting for me there. So I go over and meet him—Dr. Henkin, of the National Institutes of Health. He takes me into a little room. I talk and he listens. Then he says, Open your mouth. So I open. Stick your tongue out. So I do, and he puts a drop of something on my tongue. He says, How does it taste? I tell him, No taste at all. Good, he says—now I know what you got. But I can't treat you here. You got to come down to the Institutes of Health. My God, I didn't know it then, but there was a god. That's all I can say about Dr. Henkin. He's a god."

DR. HENKIN is Dr. Robert I. Henkin. He was at that time chief of the Section of Neuroendocrinology, Experimental Therapeutics Branch, of the National Heart and Lung Institute of the National Institutes of Health, in Bethesda, Maryland, an appointment he had held since July of 1969. Since 1975, he has been director of the Center for Molecular Nutrition and Sensory Disorders at the Georgetown University Medical Center, in Washington. He says:

"Well, I *thought* I knew what Rudy's trouble was. I thought he had what we call idiopathic hypogeusia. It's a condition that involves a loss of taste acuity—the ability to distinguish tastes—and it is often accompanied by a dis-

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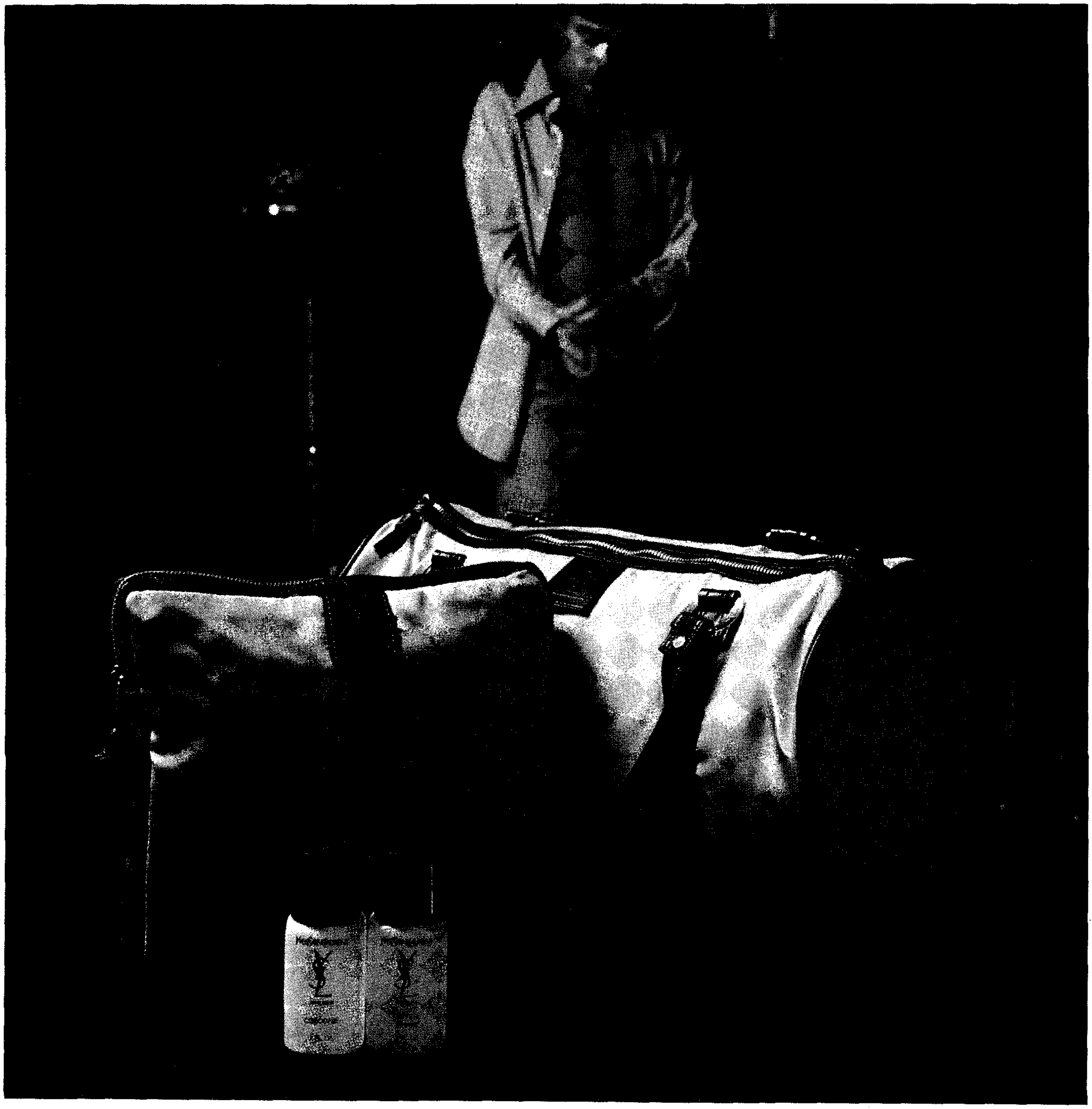

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# A few words for those people who think the height of culture in Omaha is a good steak.

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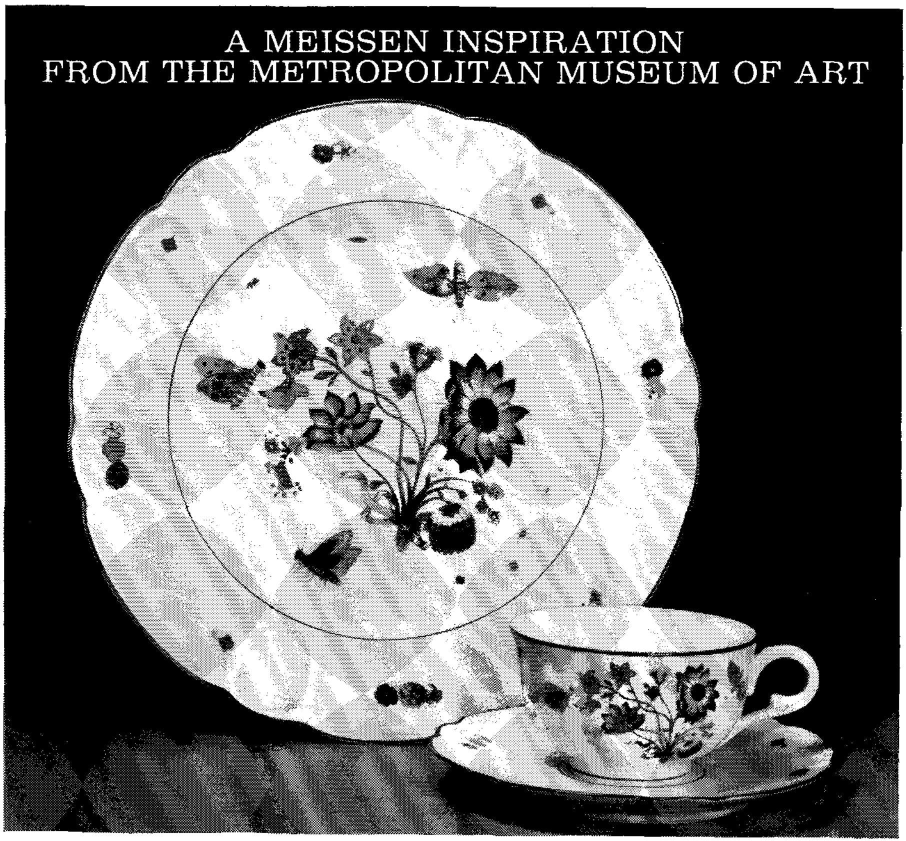
tortion of taste and smell. The cause is unknown, or idiopathic. The reason I suspected it in Rudy was simply that I had it on my mind. I had seen the same condition twice before—and only a few weeks earlier. Aberrations of taste and smell are not, of course, at all unusual. They are common symptoms of the common cold. And hepatitis. And pregnancy. But my introduction to idiopathic hypogeusia was entirely accidental. I had occasion to mention the loss of taste acuity, with a related distortion of taste and smell, in a refresher training course in the basic sciences that I was teaching at the Armed Forces Institute of Pathology in the fall of 1969. It was sometime in early September. Well, about a month later I got a call from one of the officers who had taken the course—an Air Force colonel down in Texas. He had a patient at his base he thought I might want to see. Sergeant Mack, I'll call him. Mack's complaint was pretty much what I had been talking about. Everything he ate or drank smelled and tasted foul. But he didn't have a cold, he didn't have hepatitis—he seemed in every other respect to be in normal good health. I said I was very much interested. I said to send him right up.

"Mack came into the N.I.H. clinical center on October 18th. He was forty-six years old, and a big, powerful man. He said he had lost some weight in recent months, but he still weighed a good two hundred pounds. We gave him the usual workup, including neurological and ear-nose-and-throat evaluations, and the results were, as we say, uneventful. He was a little hard of hearing from working around airplanes, but that was all. He was, in general, in excellent health. I sat down with him and we had a long talk. His trouble had come on gradually. Back in June, he said, he began to notice that onions had a peculiar taste. In July, he began to notice that meats of all kind also tasted peculiar—tasted as if they had been cooked in rancid grease. Then other foods began to taste bad. Vegetables had an 'iron and tinny' taste. Cigarettes smelled like Vicks Vapo-Rub. For the past three or four months, he had been living on lettuce, cottage cheese, milk, and ice cream. It was weird—fantastic. I wondered if he might be crazy. I'd never heard of such a thing except as a manifestation of some other and demonstrable disease. I took him down to the hospital kitchen. I got out a cold roast of beef and cut off a beautiful slice and asked him just to taste it. I've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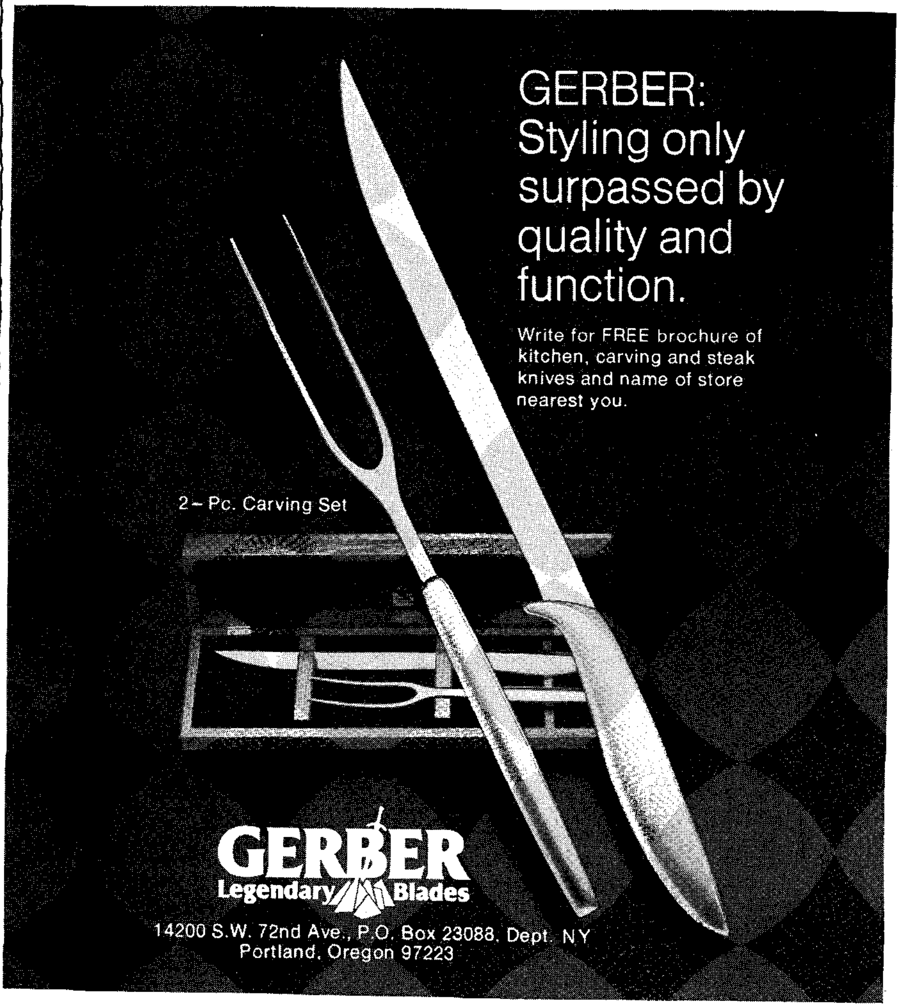
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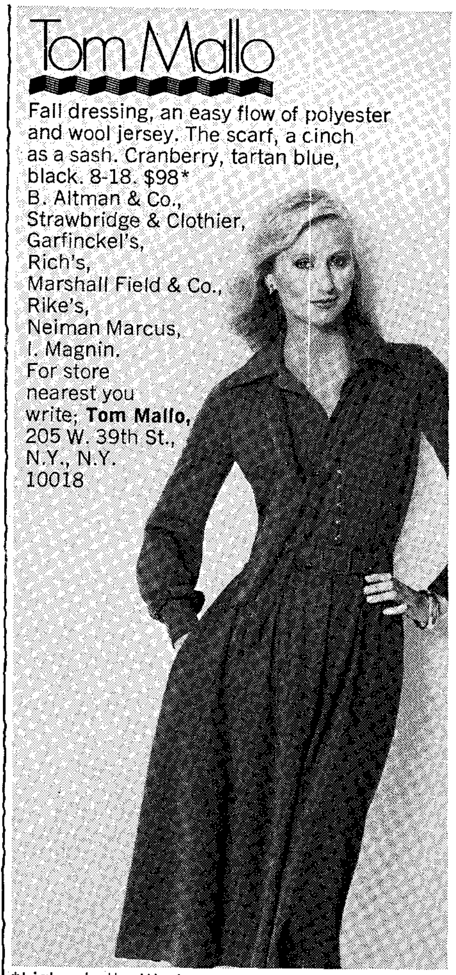
never seen such a look of revulsion. He said he wouldn't, he couldn't—he would vomit. Just the smell of it made him feel sick. I took him back to his room. I had to believe him—but I certainly had something to think about. And I thought about it. I knew from a study I'd been involved in a couple of years before that a substance called D-penicillamine can diminish taste acuity, and even distort taste. This has happened a number of times to patients being treated with that drug for various diseases—rheumatoid arthritis, idiopathic pulmonary fibrosis, scleroderma. When D-penicillamine was discontinued, normal taste returned. Our study also showed that the administration of D-penicillamine was usually followed by a drop in the concentration of copper in the blood. We treated those patients with supplemental copper, in the form of copper sulphate, and normal taste returned. That certainly suggested that copper might play a role in the physiology of taste. We then began to wonder about the possibility of a similar role for other metals that are minutely present in the body—zinc, for example. We tried the same experiment again, only this time using zinc sulphate instead of copper. We got the same result. Normal taste returned. Well, with that in mind, I arranged to measure the levels of copper and zinc in Mack's blood serum. Which was done. And the results were normal. There was no decrease at all.

"That was rather a shock. I had been all set to start him on one of those metals—probably zinc. It has a very low toxicity. So now what? But I still wanted to *do* something. And I thought, What's the harm—why not try it anyway? So I wrote out an order for oral zinc sulphate—four hundred milligrams a day. And what happened? It was really quite dramatic. Two days later, he said things didn't seem to smell as bad as they had. The next day, there was more improvement, and the day after that I dragged him down to the kitchen again and offered him another slice of roast beef. He ate a couple of bites, and said it didn't taste too bad. A few more days, and his taste was back to normal. He was well. It was a gratifying recovery, and it raised an interesting point. Mack's serum-zinc level was never less than normal, and yet he had—or seemed to have—a certain zinc deficiency. I wondered if something could happen to deplete the supply of zinc in a specific area—as in the taste buds on the tongue. In any event, the zinc had seemed to work. Mack was



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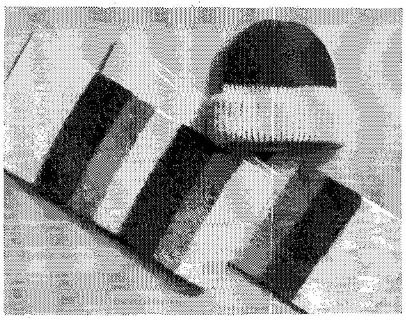

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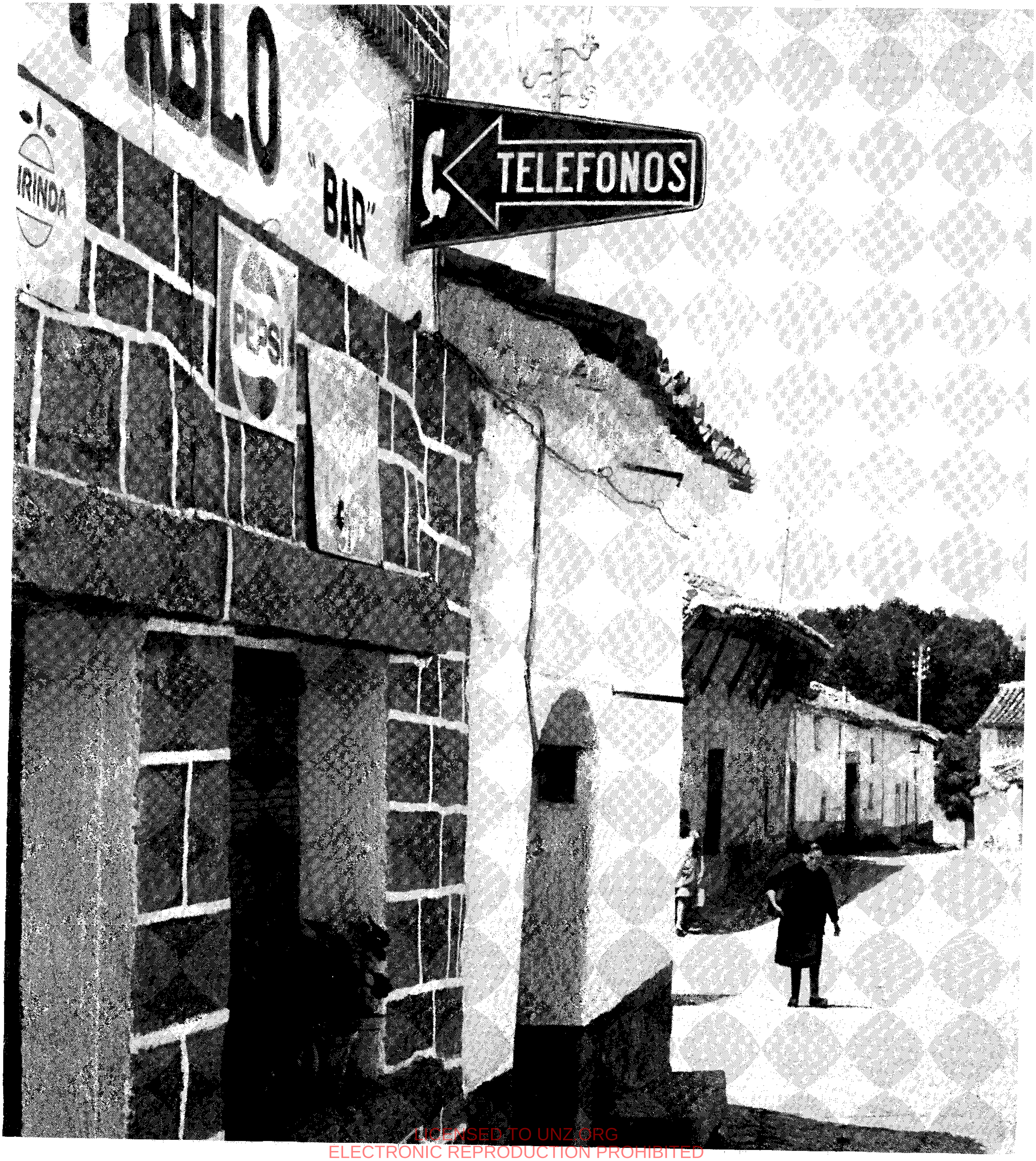

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discharged on November 4th, with a good supply of pills, and that was the end of him as far as I was concerned. I never heard of him again.

"I didn't forget him, though. That wouldn't have been possible. And for several reasons. One was this. I have an old friend, an English colleague, and about a week after Mack went back to Texas my friend—I'll call him Wilson—turned up in Washington on his way out West somewhere. I hadn't seen him for a couple of years, and I picked him up at his hotel and drove him home to dinner. On the way, I happened to mention that my wife was cooking a leg of lamb. I thought Wilson acted a little strange. He cleared his throat and looked embarrassed. Finally, he said something about not eating much these days. He wondered if he might have something very light—a little cottage cheese, perhaps, and some lettuce. The truth was, he said, he couldn't eat meat anymore. He couldn't stand the smell of it. As a matter of fact, there were very few foods that didn't have a most unpleasant smell. It was like talking to Sergeant Mack. I asked him how long this had been going on. A couple of years, he said. It was a nuisance, but he had learned to live with it. I felt—it's hard to say how I felt. But I said I thought I might be able to help him. He gave me a hopeless look. I asked him if he would let me try. Would he come into the hospital for a week or two? He shrugged. He didn't see much point in it, but—all right. I made the arrangements, and he came in, and we worked him up very thoroughly to exclude any other possibilities—liver disease, a tumor, all the rest. We found nothing. He was normal in every way but one. His serum-zinc level was down. I put him on placebos for three days. If he improved on placebos, which are nothing but sugar pills, that would strongly suggest that his problem was functional—was rooted in some emotional disturbance. There was, however, no change. Then I started him on oral zinc. It wasn't like Sergeant Mack—it wasn't in the least dramatic. But after four or five days his serum zinc began to rise. His sense of smell improved. He could eat a little something—an egg, a slice of meat. But then he had to leave. He couldn't postpone his engagements any longer. I discharged him on November 17th. I gave him a supply of zinc-sulphate pills. Zinc sulphate is not a prescription drug, you know. We were using it in an entirely experimental setting. The

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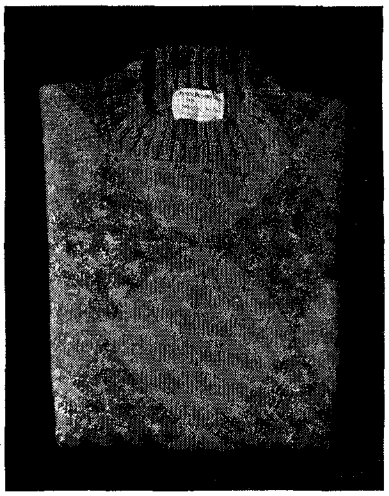

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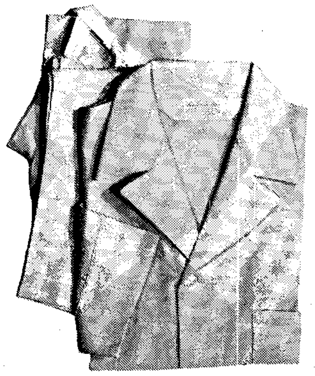

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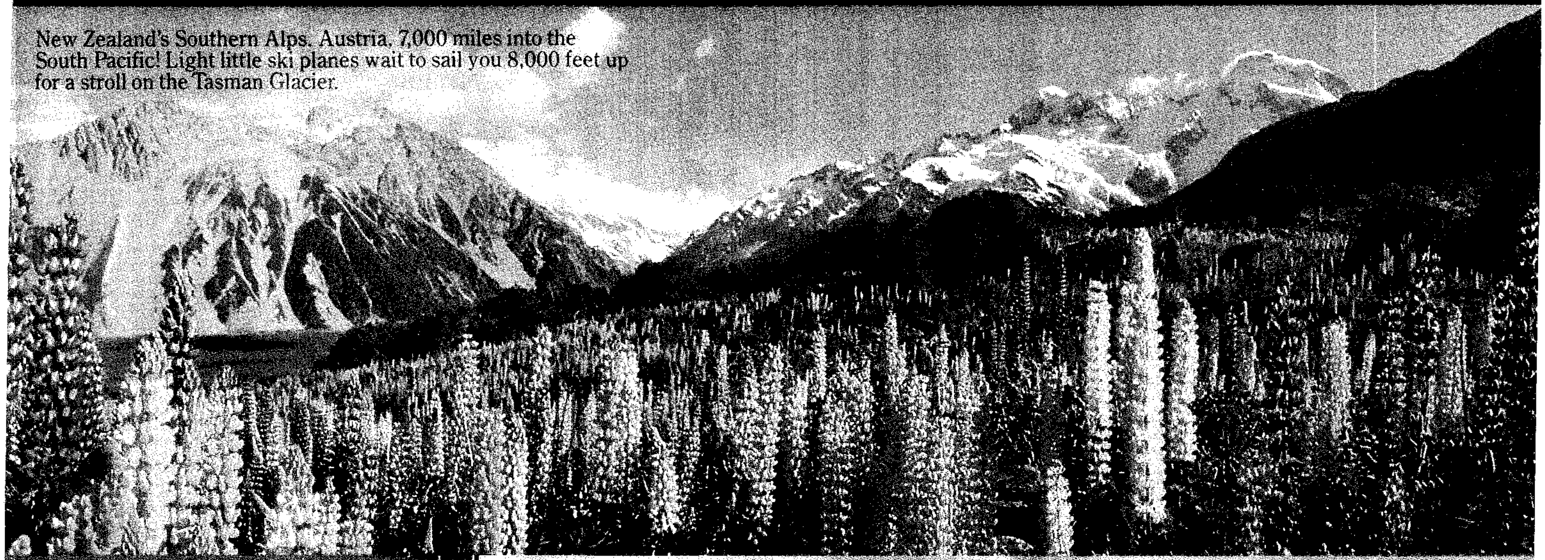

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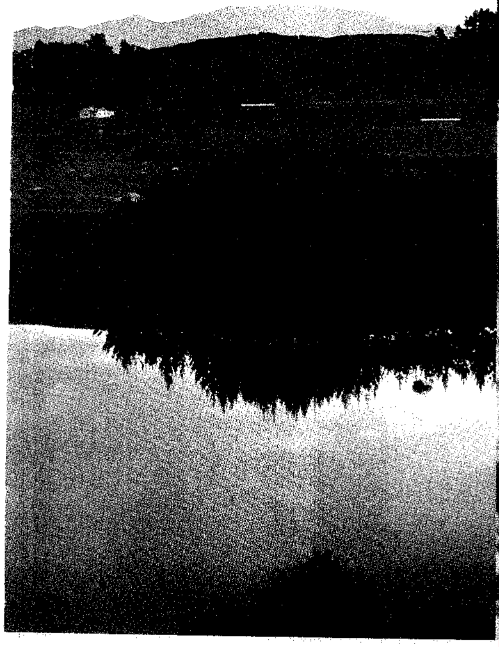

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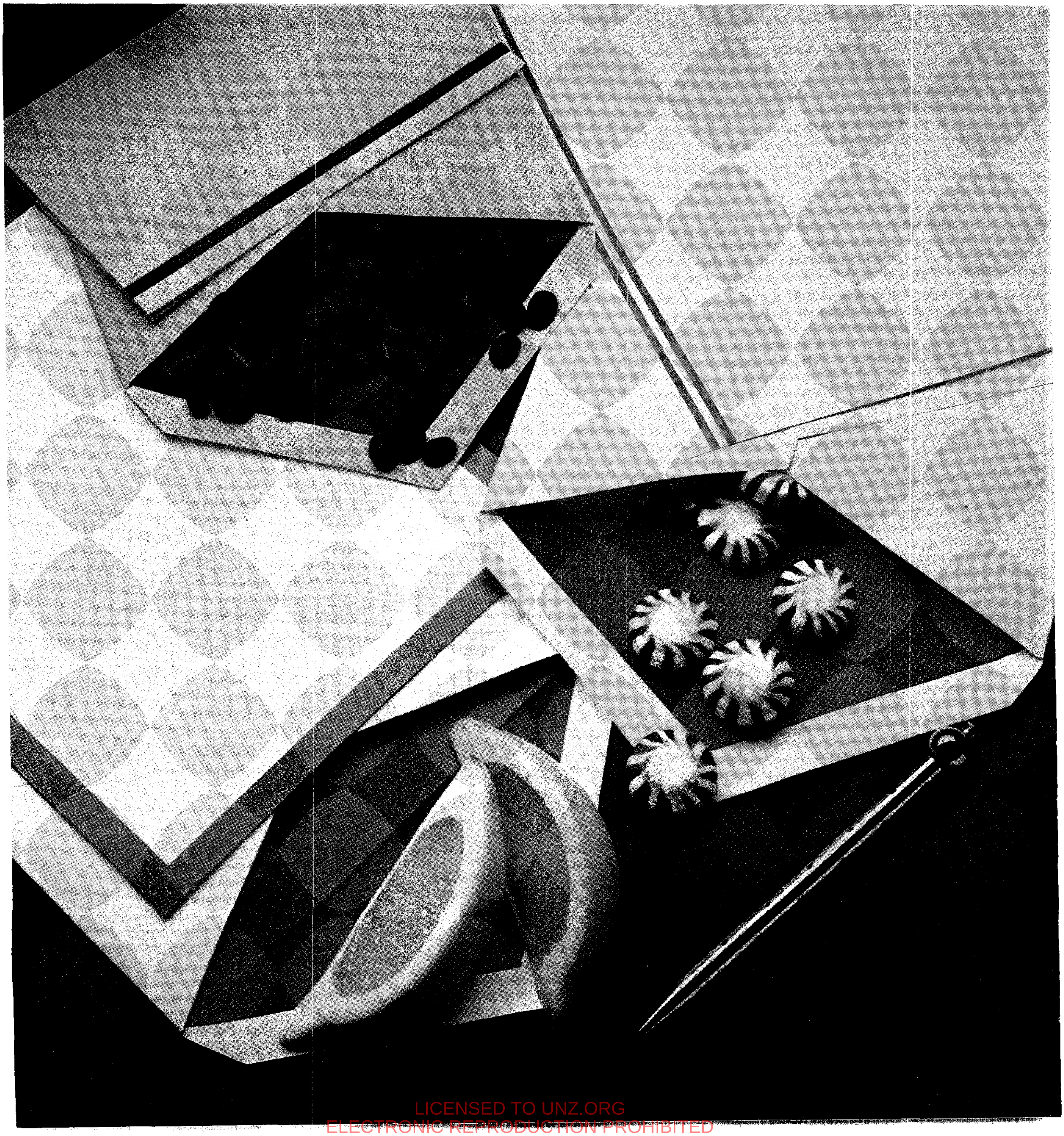

official view is spelled out in the standard text 'The Pharmacological Basis of Therapeutics,' which says, 'The systemic actions of zinc have no therapeutic application. . . . All drugs must by law have a specific use. Zinc is not recognized as having any usefulness internally except as an emetic.' Well, Wilson went on his way, but he called me a few weeks later, just before flying back to England. He had continued to improve. He wasn't all the way back to normal, but he felt enormously better.

"And that was when I heard about Rudy Coniglio. A friend and colleague named Wilbur James Gould made the arrangements, and I went up to New York and saw him. It sounded like the same sort of thing. I gave him a drop of relatively concentrated hydrochloric acid. This is a compound that normal people find extremely sour. But Rudy didn't bat an eye. He couldn't even taste it. That didn't immediately rank him with Sergeant Mack and Dr. Wilson, but it was more than a little suggestive. I certainly wanted to know a bit more. Those first two cases had merely whetted my curiosity. I was really interested now. So I got Rudy into the Bethesda clinical center as soon as I could—on January 11th. We started with a very comprehensive workup—all the routine tests, plus a skull series, EEG, brain scan, sinus series, a neurological examination, an ophthalmological study, copper and zinc evaluations, and a tongue biopsy. An examination of tongue tissue could tell me if there had been any anatomical changes in the area of the taste buds. The test results were essentially normal—all but the trace-metal evaluations and the tongue biopsy. Zinc and copper—serum and urinary both—were low. On the fifth hospital day, I started Rudy on oral zinc sulphate: four hundred milligrams a day. There was some improvement by the end of the first week, and it was marked by the end of the second week. That was when I saw the results of the tongue biopsy. They were quite impressive—startling, even. The normal structure of the taste buds was almost totally absent. I was looking at the pictures—the photographic enlargements of the electron-microscope examination—and you couldn't miss it. The taste buds looked frayed, worn down, moth-eaten. But now it was two weeks later. So I made another tongue biopsy. And waited with some impatience for the results. They were very interesting indeed. They looked like a normal tongue. Very close to it, anyway. Rudy had left by then. I had discharged him on

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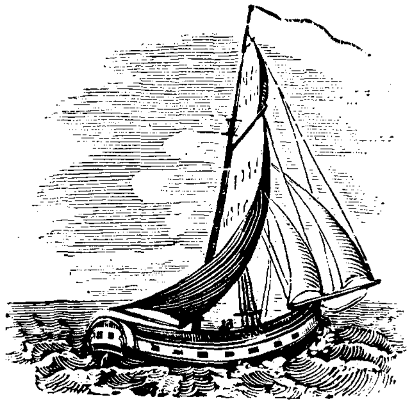

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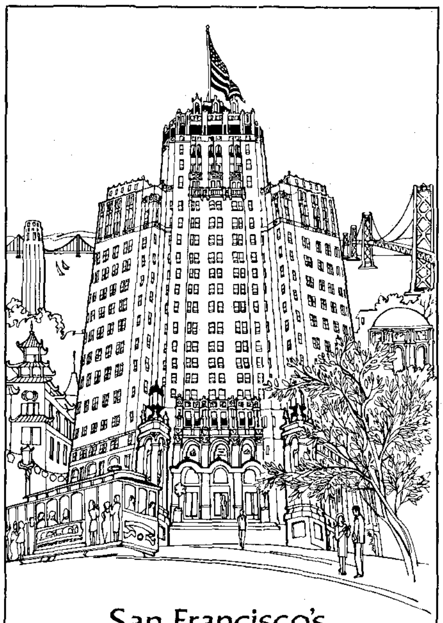
January 31st, with the usual supply of pills. I asked him to call me in a couple of months to keep me posted on his progress, and I also arranged for him to come back to the center in July for another checkup. He called me in March. He was taking his four hundred milligrams of zinc sulphate every day, and he was fine—he was all the way back to normal. On July 12th, he came into the clinical center again, and he stayed a little over a week, until July 21st. His trouble seemed to be completely under control. But I wanted to follow him—I had lost track of Mack, and Wilson was back in England. I wanted to be sure, so I made arrangements to see him again in another three months or so."

Mr. Coniglio says: "I wonder how many people went into the crazy house with this thing I had. I mean, years back—before Dr. Henkin. I bet plenty. I was almost there myself. But Dr. Henkin fixed me up. I came back home that second time from the hospital, and I never felt better in my life. It was even better than the first. I felt better in my mind. For almost a year now, I could eat and drink and smoke and work at my place. I had a normal life. But I think it was around the beginning of October that I noticed something different. It starts very gradual, very slow. At first, I don't believe it. But things are beginning to smell again. They stink. I'm taking the pills, but I'm losing. They don't do any good. Oh, my God—I'm scared. It wasn't as bad as before, thank God, but I know that smell and that garbage taste. I know I'm going backward. I can still work, but my nerves are bad, and I think maybe I better sell out—get rid of the place before I get worse. So I did. I sold Rudy's. I did all right—I got a good price. But the way I'm feeling, I don't really care too much. Because it is getting close to time for me to go back to the hospital. I got to go back, and I don't know what I'm going to say to Dr. Henkin. He thinks I'm cured. He thinks he made me well, and I'm not. I almost don't want to see him. You know, I'm embarrassed. But the time came, and I got the appointment letter and I went down to Bethesda and Dr. Henkin came in and I told him. And he laughed."

Dr. Henkin says: "Laughed? I don't know—maybe I did. But it wasn't because I was amused. If I laughed, it could only have been from relief. I was pleased. Rudy had confirmed an important hypothesis. Maybe



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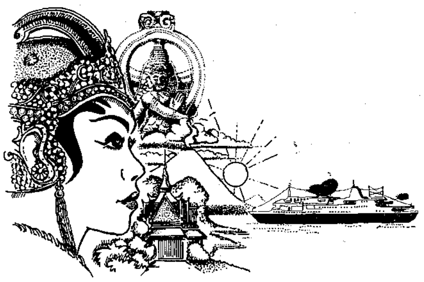

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I was a little embarrassed, too. Rudy's suffering those past few weeks was all my fault. He should, of course, have called me when the first symptoms returned. That's what I told him to do. I realize now why he didn't—he didn't want to disappoint me. Which tells you a lot about Rudy. It was terrible that he didn't call. I could have helped him right away. Because the pills I sent him off with in July were not zinc-sulphate pills. They were placebos. That was something I had to do. This is a research hospital. My work is clinical research. Sergeant Mack had dropped out of sight, and Dr. Wilson was way to hell and gone in England. But I still had Rudy. He gave me an opportunity I had to take. I had to see if the recoveries I had seen were truly in response to medication—if it wasn't a matter of spontaneous remission or a psychosomatic response to a sympathetic hospital and medical situation. And now I was sure—reasonably sure. It was only necessary to put Rudy back on the old regime. Which I did. And then I *was* sure. In Rudy's case, at any rate, oral zinc sulphate, at four hundred milligrams a day, was genuinely therapeutic."

ADOLPH (RUDY) CONIGLIO has the distinction of being the first victim of idiopathic hypogeusia whose experience has been recorded in definitive detail. He thus is classically commemorated in the infant annals of the disease. He is, however, no longer alone in affliction. Others—many others—have since followed in his enigmatic footsteps. More than ten thousand cases of taste and smell dysfunctions are now known to Dr. Henkin from correspondence with colleagues throughout the United States, and some fifteen hundred more have been diagnosed, attended, and treated by him and his associates in Bethesda and Georgetown.

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reasonable figure, though. Hypogeusia isn't a new disease, of course. It's been around for a long, long time. It's merely a newly discovered disease. I think loss of taste is probably just as historical an affliction as loss of sight or hearing. But we don't know much about it, because it's only just been recognized. Remember all those doctors who thought Rudy Coniglio's trouble was psychosomatic?

"So we're beginning to get somewhere. I think zinc sulphate is therapeutic. It works—not always, less often than we would like, but often enough to prove its worth. We're beginning to understand that problem. We understand, at any rate, that it is an immensely complicated one. But treatment isn't all. We've also been learning something about the nature of the disease. One thing we know is this: As a group, the victims of hypogeusia are measurably deficient in zinc. There are a number of conditions that can bring about hypogeusia. We know it can happen in pregnancy—perhaps because a portion of the mother's zinc is transferred to the baby. We know it can be brought about by head injury, by a fall or a blow. We know it occurs in cancer—I've seen it in my own experience. About ten per cent of the patients we've studied who were found to have hypogeusia have later been found to have cancer. Which raises an interesting question. Is hypogeusia a disease? Or a symptom? Hypogeusia and its related disorders occur in a variety of infectious diseases. Hepatitis is one. Flu is another. About half the people in whom we have confirmed a loss and distortion of taste and smell developed the disorder following an attack of flu. Like Rudy—Rudy is our model case. Another group of our patients developed aberrations of taste and smell after some surgical procedure. I don't know why. Maybe stress is a factor. That casts some possible light on a rather familiar phenomenon. Postoperative patients are always complaining about the quality of hospital food. Can *all* hospital kitchens be that bad? Or could it be the patients' sense of taste? I wonder. And then we have a third group. These are the patients whose hypogeusia is truly idiopathic. We can't find any precipitating insult. I think we will in time, possibly in the area of nutrition.

"A team of pediatricians at the University of Colorado Medical Center, in Denver, has reported some interesting findings. They examined a group of a hundred and thirty-two boys and girls with ages ranging from four to sixteen. Zinc concentrations were normal for

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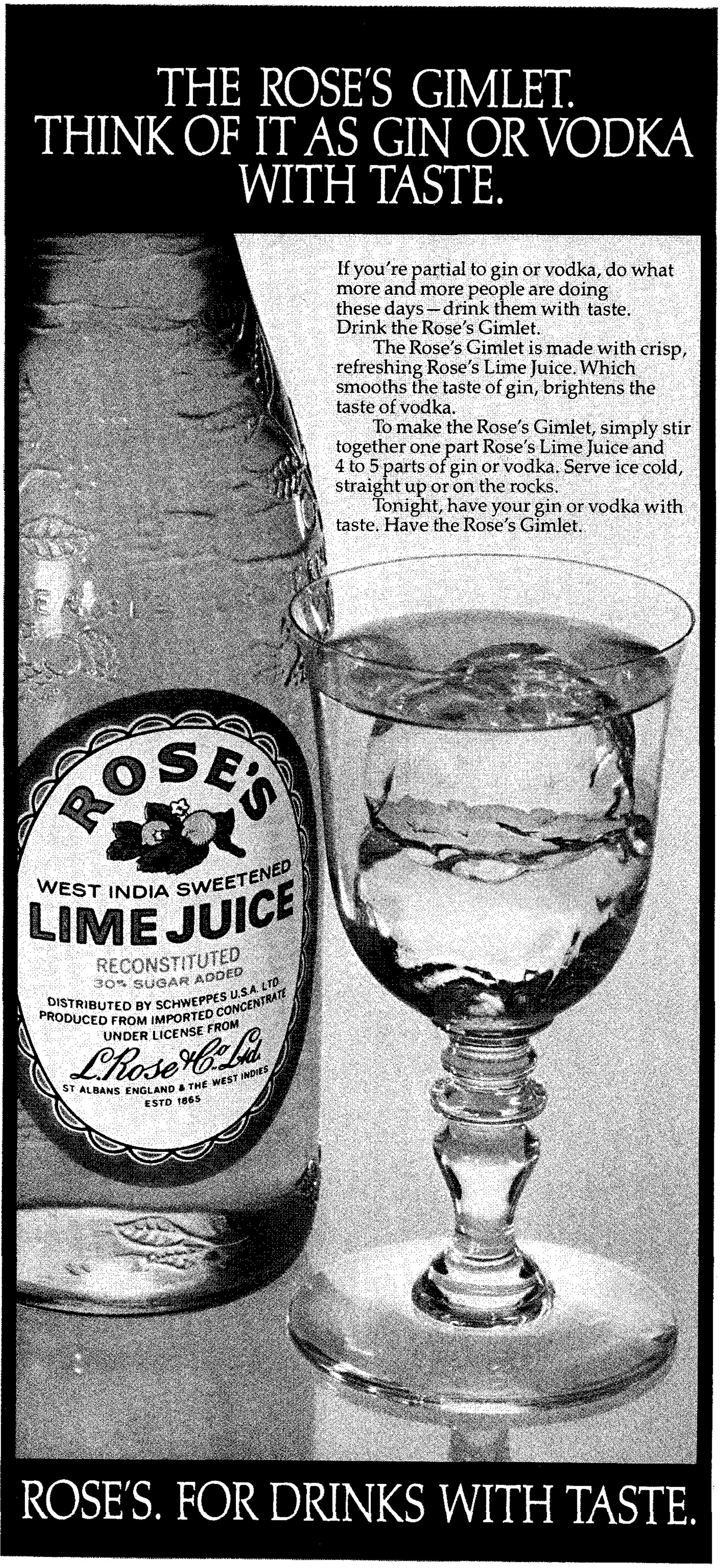
all but nine of the group. Seven of the nine were found to be below normal in both height and weight, and they also reported poor appetite. They were then tested for taste acuity. All were found to be suffering from hypogeusia. They then were treated with oral zinc sulphate. Normal taste acuity returned. Other studies, here and elsewhere, have confirmed our conviction that zinc can be a crucial factor. One of our studies involved a group of normal people—volunteers. We biochemically depleted their body zinc. We used an essential amino acid called L-histidine, which has the power to strip zinc from its binding proteins and excrete it through the urine. The immediate effect of depletion was appetite loss. That was followed by a loss of taste and smell. Then distortions of taste and smell appeared. Oral zinc therapy reversed the condition, even in the face of continued administration of L-histidine. So once more zinc emerged as a major marker for normal taste acuity.

"Much of what we feel we have learned has come from a double-blind test that we staged in 1973 at the N.I.H. The true effectiveness of a drug can best be established in a double-blind test. The test we did on Rudy was a single-blind: the patient didn't know the nature of the drug he was given, but the doctor did. In a double-blind test, the true drug and the placebo are delivered to the clinician in containers labelled in a code known only to the investigator who prepared the medication. The doctor is as blind as the patient—he can't anticipate results. Our double-blind test involved a group of one hundred and six patients. Half of them were given placebos, and the other half got zinc sulphate. The results were a shock. Some of the people on placebos got better. Some didn't. Some people on zinc got better. And some didn't. Statistically, we could not distinguish between the group that got placebos and the group that got the zinc. We couldn't believe our eyes. What was going on here? We thought we had been put back to zero. Then we calmed down and took a closer look at the data and we got a clue. In a single-blind test, we give the patient the placebo first, and if there is no response we then try zinc. If, however, he responds to the placebo, we drop him from the study. A placebo response suggests that other factors are involved—maybe a functional debility, maybe a psychosomatic problem. In any event, when we dropped the placebo responders from the double-blind study we ended up with results much like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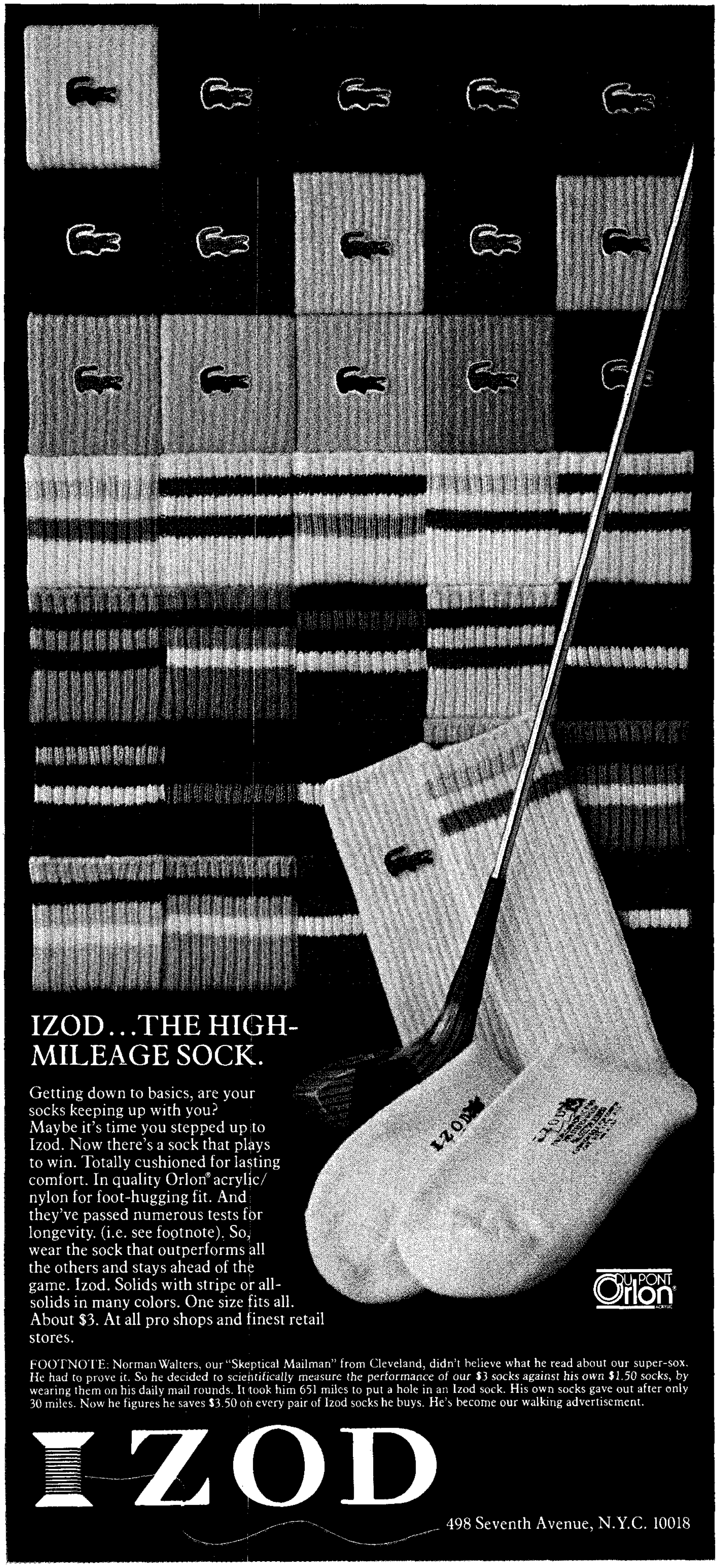
ROSE'S. FOR DRINKS WITH TASTE.

those of our single-blind tests. So we had another confirmation. But the study actually gave us something more than that. It encouraged us to reconsider, to *re-think*. We realized that there is a great diversity of taste and smell disorders, with a great variety of causes, and we were forced to conclude that zinc is no magic bullet. That is to say, it is a drug like other drugs. Magic bullets are rarer than people like to think. There are, for example, insulin-resistant diabetics. And the famous antibiotics are far from being comprehensively effective.

"We were also encouraged by the study to reconsider some of our criteria. We had been using serum-zinc levels—the concentration of zinc in the blood—to measure both zinc deficiency and the response to zinc therapy. We decided that there might be a more definitive approach. We had plenty of room to maneuver in. The phenomenon of taste has never been of very great interest to medicine. The reason probably is that its pathology had never seemed to have much diagnostic value. Not like vision, for example, or hearing. Consequently, very little is known about the mechanics of taste. The conventional explanation supposes it to be entirely a neural process. Our studies have suggested a different explanation. We now think the perception of taste is *initiated chemically*. We don't know just how this chemical information is then translated into electric signals to the brain, or how those signals are coded to define the basic qualities of salt, sweet, sour, and bitter. But we do know that taste is initiated at the taste buds, of which there are more than a thousand in the oral cavity. We thought that zinc must be present in the bud. But then the question arose: How does the zinc get there? Well, the first possibility that came to mind was the obvious one—the saliva. Saliva serves the oral cavity as blood serves the rest of the body. We decided that our next move would be a study of the saliva.

"That took a little time. We had to develop a technique for measuring zinc in the saliva. What we did finally was adapt an atomic-absorption-spectrophotometric technique to measure the tiny amounts of zinc involved. We isolated the zinc-containing protein in saliva, and named it gustin. Gustin is responsible for the growth and maintenance of the taste buds, and in hypogeusia victims it is diminished in concentration. The result of our work was to establish that zinc is one essential of the taste process. And realizing that enabled us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to revise our clinical thinking. We had made the mistake of using the serum-zinc concentration as a diagnostic measure. But now we know better. We now measure salivary zinc—and with notably accurate results. We find in an impressive number of cases that victims of hypogeusia have a low level of salivary zinc. And we find that an impressive number of such cases respond to zinc therapy. The salivary-zinc level goes up. And taste acuity returns. We're beginning to know who we can help—and who we can't. We've still got a long way to go. But I think we're over the hump.

"I mentioned that well over a million Americans are suffering from some form of taste or smell dysfunction. That's a lot of people, and problems of taste are very disagreeable problems. Eating is a basic pleasure. I would say that eating and sex are the two basic pleasures in life. We're being told now that the pleasures of sex may well be enjoyed into very ripe old age, and I hope it is true. But it is certain that eating is with us *all* the years of our life. A life without pleasure in eating—a life in which nothing tastes good and much tastes awful—would be hard to endure. We hope that we're on the way to bringing help to those unhappy people who are forced to endure it. Oh, there's so much ahead of us. I'm an activist and an enthusiast, and the potential in our work could hardly be more exciting. We're on the threshold of a new technology. I'm thinking beyond the treatment of hypogeusia—important as that is. I'm thinking, for example, of the day when we can order the chemistry of saliva in such a way as to prevent dental caries and gum disease. I'm also thinking of what a fuller knowledge of the physiology of taste could mean to the food industry. We know now that the taste receptors can be manipulated. Sour or bitter can be made to taste sweet. Think what the refinement and application of that phenomenon would mean to the diabetic, the obese, the hypertensive, the heart sufferer. Sweetness without sugar, sweetness without sweeteners. No more worries about saccharin or the cyclamates. Think—just think—how happy the U.S. Food and Drug Administration would be!"
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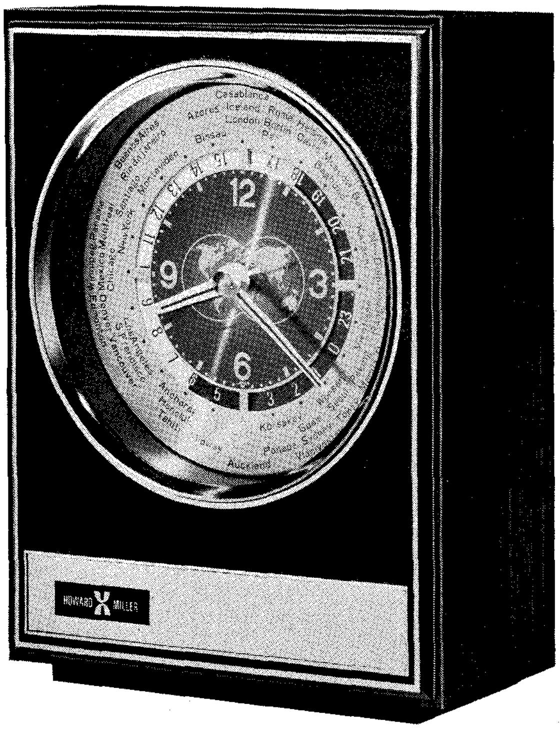

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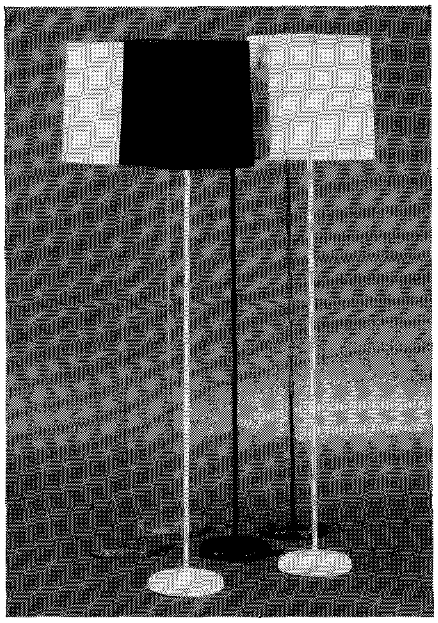

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# JAZZ

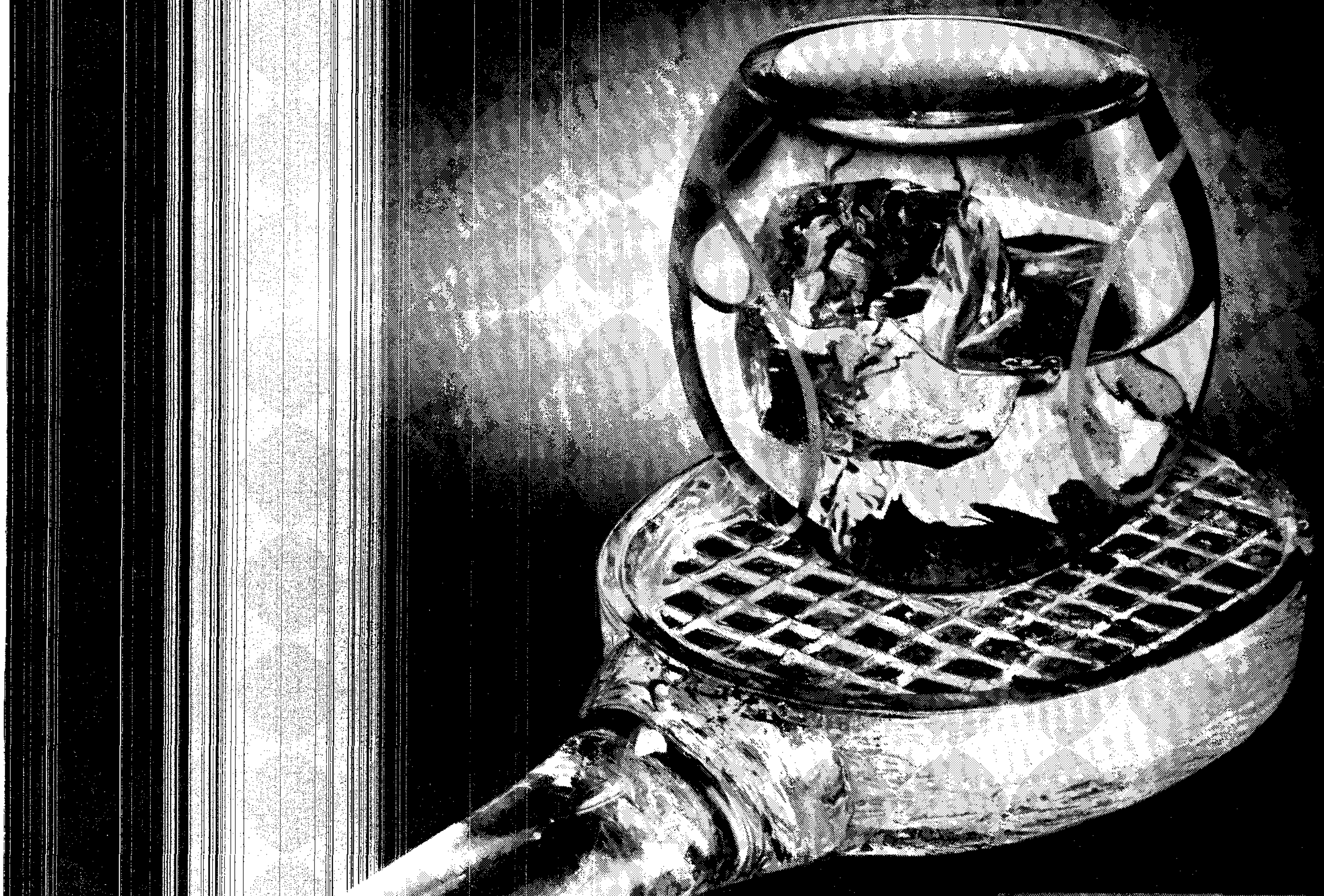
## *Reissues*

THOUGH it is a deliquescent music, jazz has long behaved as if it were immortal, flinging its improvised beauties to the unattending air and prematurely consuming some of its most gifted adherents. Only the recording machine prevented it from remaining a provincial Southern music that in due course would probably have returned to its native silence. But recordings have never been perfect. The early, acoustic ones made jazz piping and toylike—music for a Teddy bear's party. And current recordings are of such microscopic intensity that the mechanics of music-making—the clank of valves, the scrape of bows, the intake of breath—often overshadow the music. Other shortcomings are the Arctic properties of recording studios; the habit that recording companies have of rarely keeping their goods in print long enough for people to find out they exist; the unbelievably decrepit record-distribution system (frontier women had an easier time ordering Paris gowns); and the Reissue Problem, which is aggravated by greed, whim, and a lack of foresight and taste.

Jazz began to be widely recorded in the twenties, and the first reissues appeared in the late thirties and early forties. They were doubly welcome, for they restored Bessie Smiths and Louis Armstrongs that had become rare and expensive, and they were generally reprinted with full discographical information, correcting the heedless taciturnity of the original labels, which offered only the names of the featured performer and the composer of the song. (Bessie Smith's original Columbia recording of "The St. Louis Blues" lists the composer, W. C. Handy, and "Organ and Cornet Accomp."—the cornet accomp. being by Louis Armstrong.) Reissues came out on single 78 r.p.m.s or in stout pasteboard albums that held from four to six ten-inch records and eventually included photographs and scratchy pioneer liner notes. In the early fifties, reissues were transferred to ten-inch and then twelve-inch L.P.s, and now transfers are being effected to tape. But it is only in recent years that recording companies have begun to reissue valuable jazz material properly: chronologically; in complete recording sessions; and with one or more alternate takes, which allow the listener to follow the musicians' thinking and inspiration (or lack of it). Columbia paved the way five years ago, with its superb five-volume Bessie Smith reissue, and more recently we have been graced by Pablo with all the piano solos and small-band dates that Art Tatum recorded for Verve and Clef in the mid-fifties. Xanadu has rescued dozens of sides made for office-in-the-hat labels in the forties, and is making available Jerry Newman's priceless 1941 Harlem field recordings. And the Smithsonian Collection has brought out good multi-label groupings of King Oliver; Louis Armstrong and Earl Hines; Fletcher Henderson (1923-37); 1938 Ellington (with many selections never issued on L.P. in this country before); and Dizzy Gillespie, in which the trumpeter's progress is charted from his Roy Eldridge days to his flashing maturity. Arista has purchased the old Savoy catalogue, and is bringing out all its Charlie Parker as well as complete rundowns of Lester Young, Erroll Garner, Gene Ammons, Red Norvo, and Don Byas. RCA, which used to start and abandon new reissue programs every other year (the Camden label, label "X," the Collectors Issue series, the Vintage Series), has reactivated its Bluebird label and is bringing out, complete, its Benny Goodman, Glenn Miller, Tommy Dorsey, Fletcher Henderson, and Fats Waller. And it has reissued for the first time all the small-band sides that Lionel Hampton made for Victor between 1937 and 1941, thus erasing more than twenty years of mistreatment it had subjected Hampton collectors to. This privation began in 1954, when the company put out a twelve-inch L.P. called "Hot Mallets." Nothing was right about it. It had twelve three-minute numbers instead of the sixteen that L.P.s could hold, the selections were erratic, and no more than two numbers from any one session were used (generally four were made). Two

*"It happens to all of us at one time or another. We forget to brush our teeth."*

# You [illegible] [illegible] [illegible] lot about an individual by what he pours into his glass.



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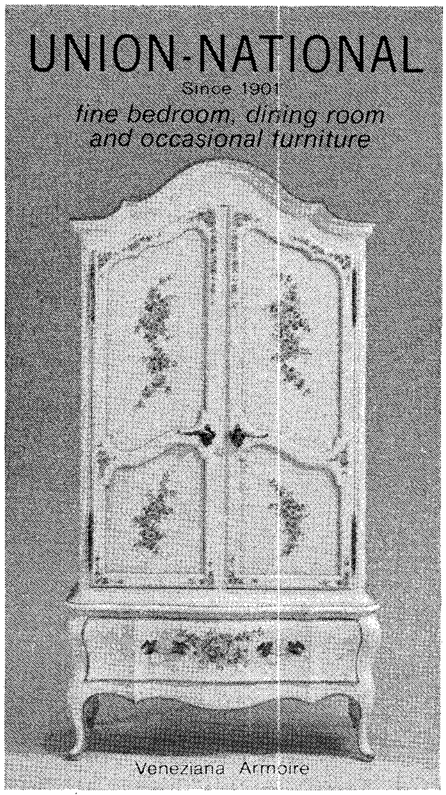
years later, Jazztone, a mail-order record club, leased twelve equally scattershot titles from RCA and sent them out as “Lionel Hampton’s All-Star Groups.” The following year, Camden reissued twelve Hamptons on “Jivin’ the Vibes.” One had been previously reissued, and there were no complete sessions. In 1959, another Camden, “Open House,” appeared with twelve numbers, five of them repeats, and in 1961 Hampton was restored to the RCA Victor label with twelve titles on an album called “Swing Classics.” Six of these titles were repeats, but the celebrated “Sunny Side of the Street” with Johnny Hodges and the classic “Haven’t Named It Yet” with Red Allen, J. C. Higginbotham, Charlie Christian, and Sid Catlett were reissued for the first time. A decade passed. The silence was finally broken by the Vintage Series’ “Lionel Hampton, Volume I,” which had the first four Hampton sessions complete and in order. But Volume II never materialized, and silence fell again until the release of Hampton’s collected works. (Between 1954 and 1971, six Hampton albums were issued, but they included only fifty-four of the ninety-one Hampton sides.)

Herewith some of the Arista and RCA reissues, with the mighty Hampton set first:

### “The Complete Lionel Hampton” (Bluebird AXM 6-5536)

Hampton was both an irresistible curiosity and a strong musical force in the late thirties. He was born in Louisville, in 1913, and raised in Chicago, where, as a neophyte drummer, he (along with Sidney Catlett) fell under the influence of the Chicago band instructor Major N. Clark Smith and of such drummers as Zutty Singleton, Jimmy Bertrand, and Jimmy McHendricks. In 1927, he went to California and worked with Les Hite, Louis Armstrong, Buck Clayton, and Herschel Evans. He stumbled onto the vibraphone in 1930 and recorded on it with Hite and Armstrong, although he was still a drummer. (He had also picked up enough piano to be a good Earl Hines emulator.) In 1936, he took a band into the Paradise Club in Los Angeles. One night, Benny Goodman sat in, and he invited Hampton to record with the Goodman trio on vibraphone, and soon after to join the band, where he stayed until 1940. Hampton captured the public fancy immediately. He was the second black that Goodman had hired, and he was ambidextrous and a hustling showman. He hummed and grunted, he threw his



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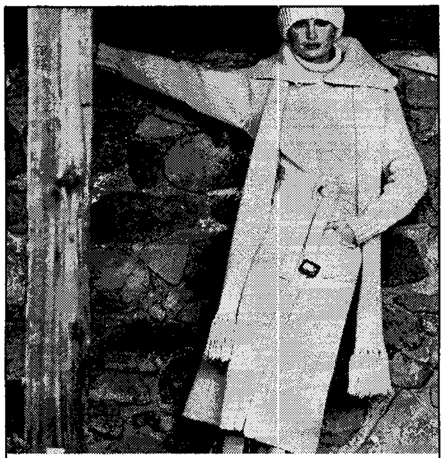

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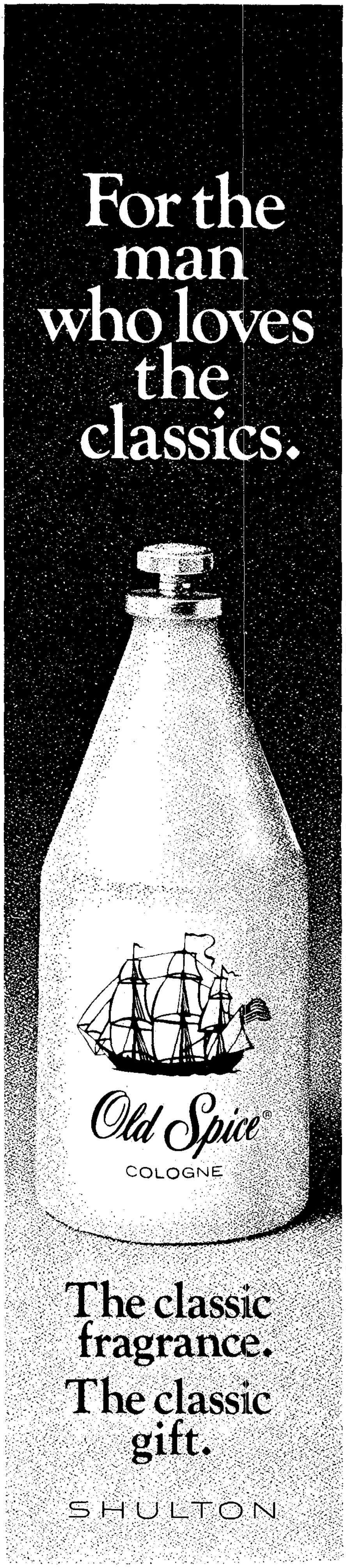
drumsticks in the air and danced on his drums, and he played lightning two-finger piano. (The regular pianist took care of the left-hand part.) Hampton's vibraphone style was loose and easy and swinging, and had come in part from Hines and Armstrong and Coleman Hawkins. Hampton used a lot of loud pedal, he played on or near the beat, and he made his solos and those around him *go*. His drumming, in the fashion of the times, was frantic. He soloed mainly on fast tempos and crowded his beats tightly together. His speed was deceptive, for it made him sound like a virtuoso (the critic Hugues Panassié considered his performance on "Jack the Bellboy" one of the great displays of jazz drumming) and hid his gifted, hard-pressing amateurism. His piano playing, though, has never received due consideration. He borrowed his two-finger attack from the vibraphone, and used it with passion and clarity. He carried off tremolos and staccato passages that no ordinary pianist could manage, and it is entirely possible that Charlie Parker and Dizzy Gillespie studied Hampton's pouring figures. Hampton played with immense joy: he knocked himself out and he mesmerized his musicians and his audiences.

Hampton was enough of a sensation to be asked by Victor in 1937 to lead a series of small-band recordings designed to compete with the Teddy Wilson-Billie Holiday series under way at Brunswick and to be an extension of Benny Goodman's Victor trio and quartet recordings. He took his first group (nine Goodman sidemen) into a New York studio in February of 1937, and his last one (eight sidemen from his fledgling big band) into a Chicago studio in April of 1941. He drew his personnel mainly from available big bands (he recorded in New York, Chicago, and Hollywood), and he often mixed styles and schools, with ingenious results. He blended an Ellington horn section (Cootie Williams, Lawrence Brown, Johnny Hodges) with a rhythm section (Allan Reuss, John Kirby, Cozy Cole) drawn from Goodman, the Mills Blue Rhythm Band, and Stuff Smith's group. He combined musicians from Goodman, Basie, and the John Kirby band, and musicians from Louis Armstrong, Goodman, and Roy Eldridge. On one date, he assembled the whole spectrum of 1939 jazz, with Benny Carter, Edmond Hall, Coleman Hawkins, Joe Sullivan, Freddie Green, Artie Bernstein, and Zutty Singleton. On another, he played all-star, by inviting Carter,



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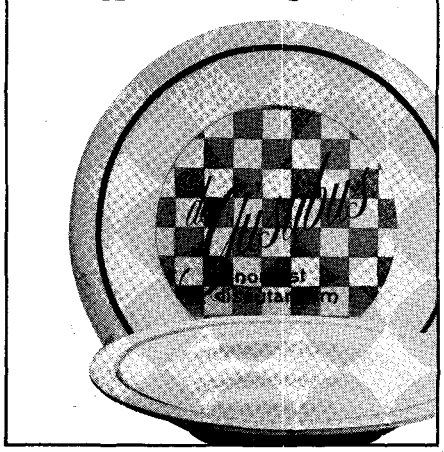

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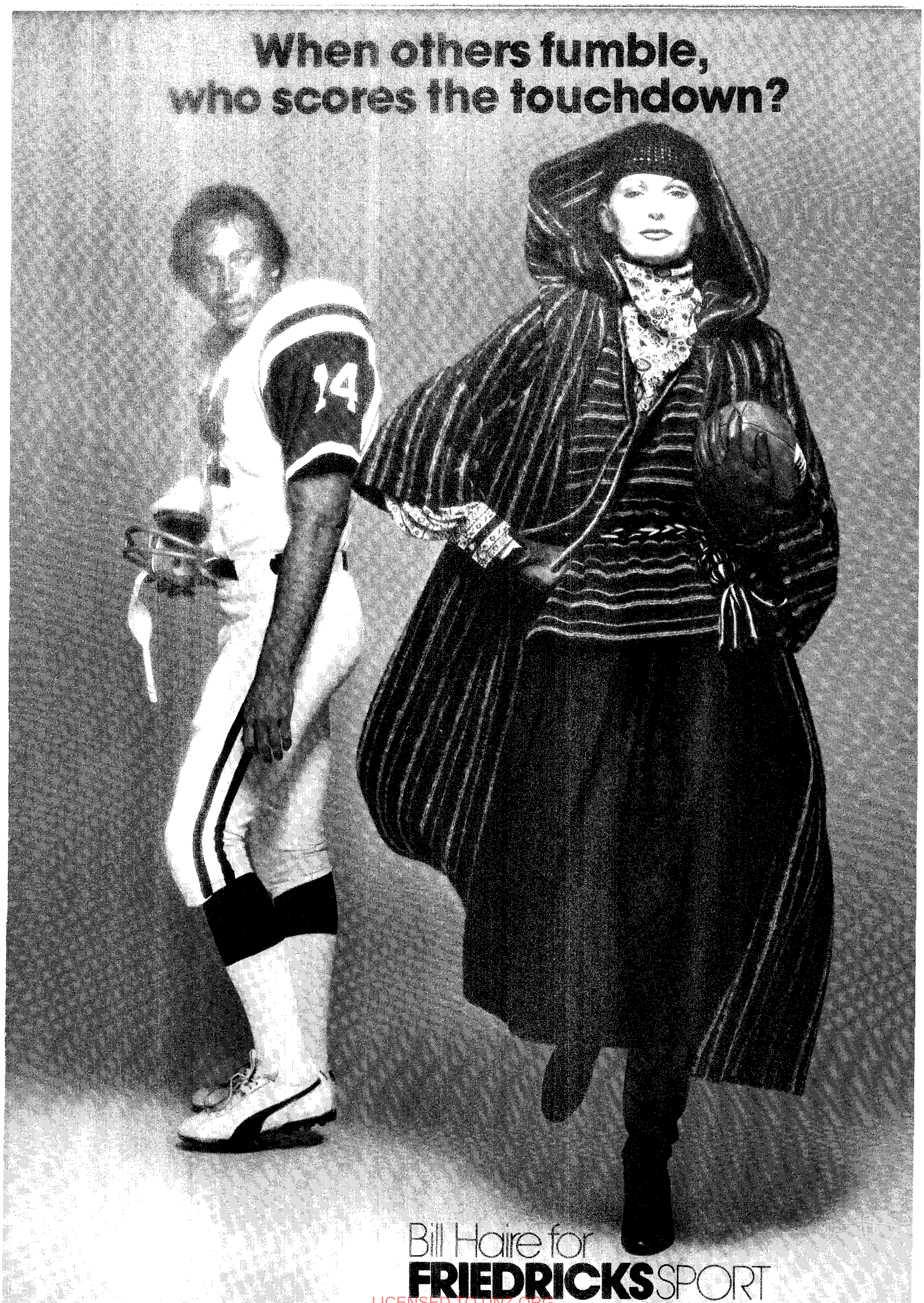
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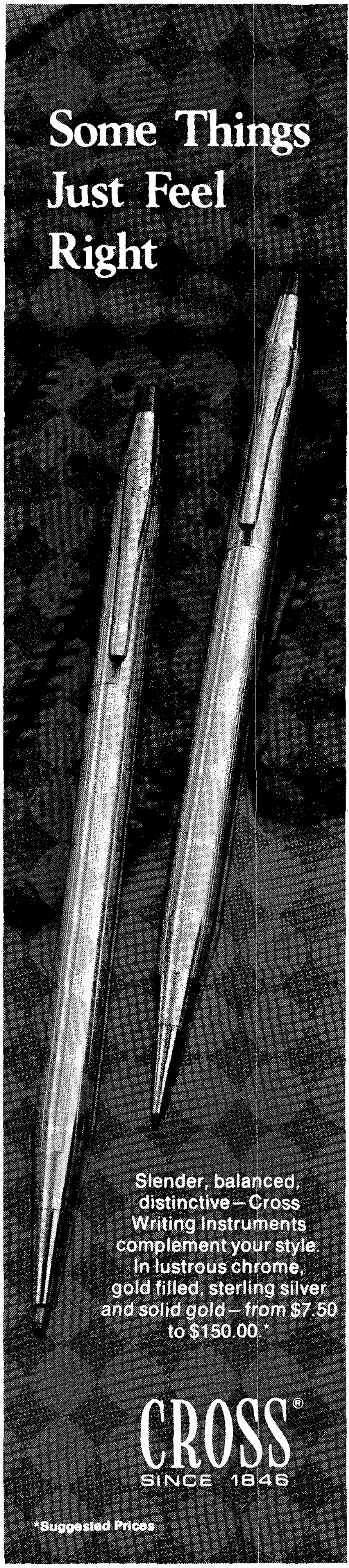
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Ben Webster, Hawkins, and Chu Berry, who were accompanied by a Benny Goodman-Cab Calloway rhythm section. One of his most successful sessions was drawn entirely from the Earl Hines band of 1938. The records were not haphazard. Most have head arrangements, some have almost sumptuous scores (Benny Carter as arranger), and even those that are largely jammed have their own order and logic. Not surprisingly, the records are built around Hampton as vibraphonist, pianist, drummer, and vocalist (a baggy, often out-of-tune voice), but ample solo space is reserved for his guests. As a result, many of the Hampton records are among the longest of their time—several in the album run close to three and a half minutes. The delights in the album are undiminished: all the accompanying and all the solo work of Jess Stacy and Clyde Hart, who were Hampton's principal pianists during his first two years of recording (the records are uncommonly well made, and Hart's accompaniment to Hampton's vocal on "I'm Confessin' " is brilliantly clear); the ease and irresistible swing of the Hart/Charlie Christian/Artie Bernstein/Catlett rhythm section on "Haven't Named It Yet" and "I'm on My Way from You," which has one of Red Allen's most lyrical trumpet solos; Coleman Hawkins' pressing solo on "Singin' the Blues;" Cootie Williams' tearing crescendo growl solo and Sonny Greer's fine snicketing four-bar drum break on "Ring Dem Bells;" the lifting, legato duet by Lawrence Brown and Harry Carney on "Memories of You;" "Rock Hill Special," with its oblivious, plunging Hampton piano; the stampeding "Gin for Christmas," a reworking of "Bugle Call Rag" in which Hampton's drumming and Ziggy Elman's bar-mitzvah trumpet produce go-man-go shouts during the last chorus; and Nat Cole's lovely piano solo on "Blue (Because of You)."

The best of the recordings were done between 1937 and 1939. After that, Hampton was busy getting his own big band going, and the novelty had worn off. The best are also surprisingly and resolutely old-fashioned. If Teddy Wilson and Billie Holiday (abetted by Lester Young and Jo Jones and Buck Clayton) were pointing in new directions on their Brunswick dates, Hampton was working strictly within the New Orleans-dominated tradition of Zutty Singleton and Louis Armstrong. There is a hot, heavy atmosphere on a lot of the recordings, and the rhythm sections are almost al-

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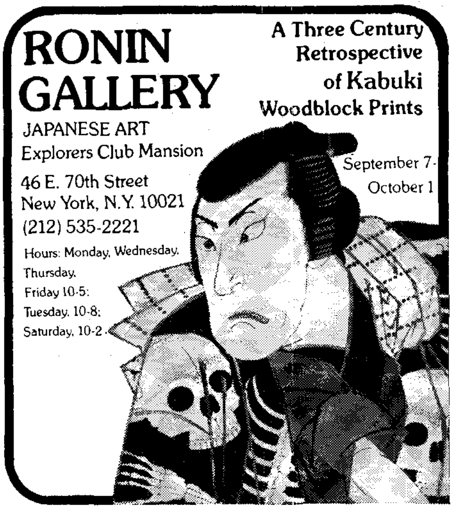
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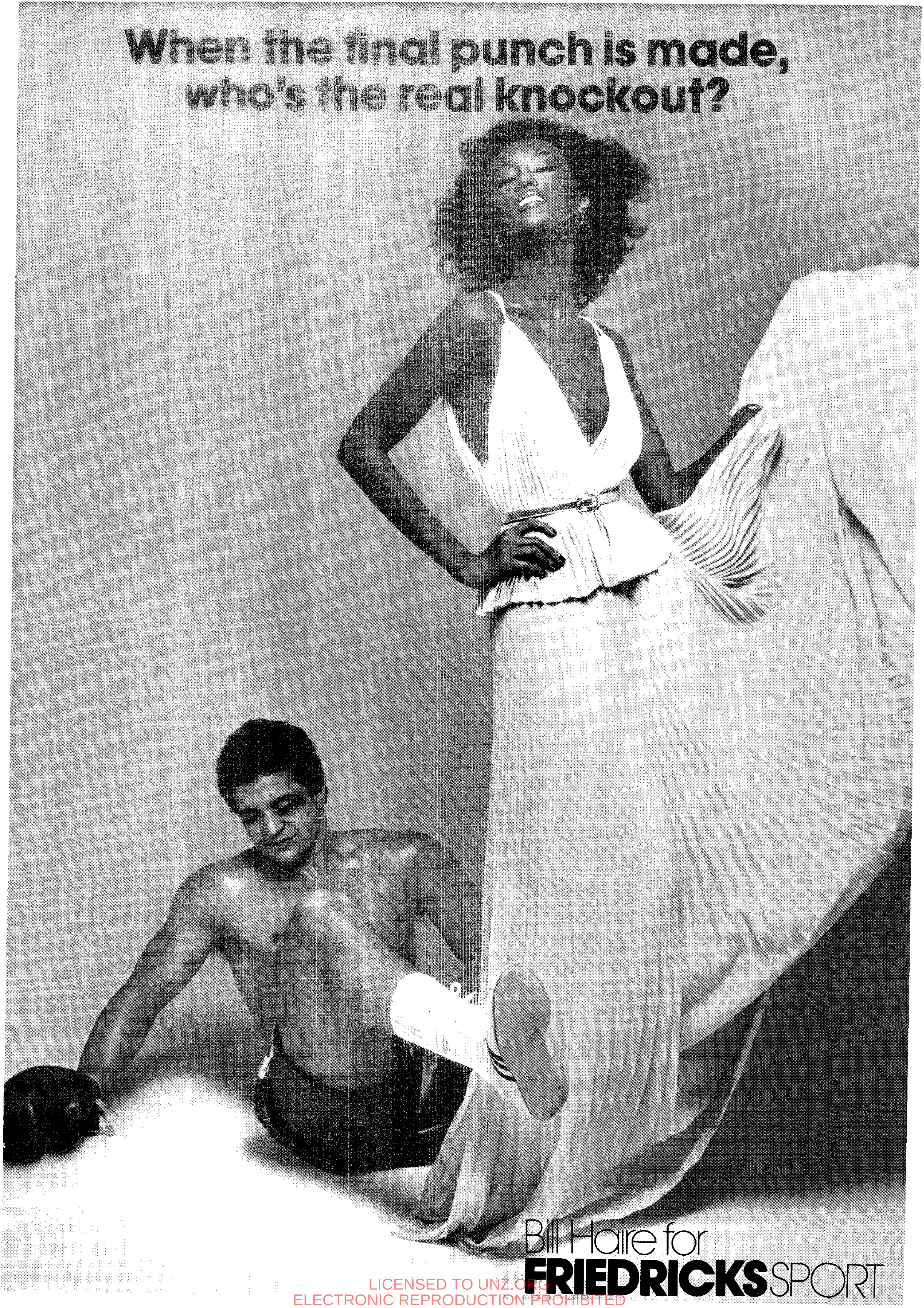
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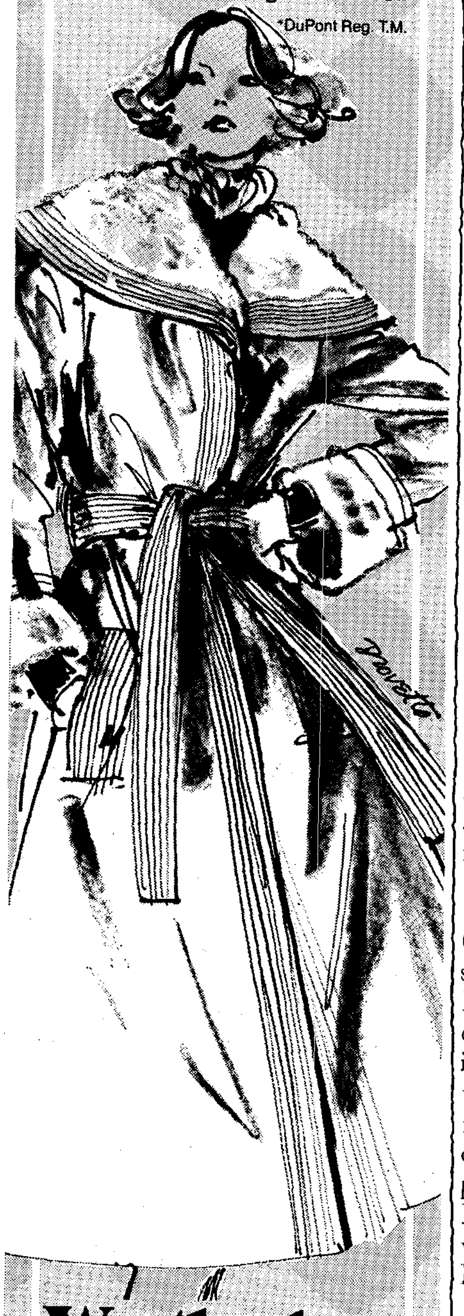

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ways foursquare and relentless. (Compare any of the 1938 Hamptons with the Young/Clayton/Walter Page/Jo Jones Kansas City Six sides from the same year: the Hamptons barge through, and the Kansas City Sixes fly.) But Hampton's Victor recordings provided a brilliant climax for a form of jazz that would soon be set aside by Young and Charlie Parker. There are six L.P.s, the liner notes are by Stanley Dance, and the whole estimable project has been flawlessly produced by Frank Driggs.

"THE RED NORVO TRIO WITH TAL FARLOW AND CHARLES MINGUS" (Savoy SJL 2212)

A POINTILLISTIC distinction: It was apparently Red Norvo, and not Lionel Hampton, as the histories have long claimed, who first played the vibraphone in jazz. Norvo played it in 1928, soon after the Deagan company invented its Vibra-Harp, but he did not switch to it full time until the forties, preferring the small, neat, belling sound of the xylophone. Even if Norvo had chosen to stay with the vibraphone, it is doubtful whether he would have eclipsed Hampton's charging omnipresence. Norvo was too subtle and too light on his feet to be a founding father. Instead, he was an ingenious musical designer who invented a succession of streamlined groups, each far enough ahead of its time to be copied and then obscured by its imitators. In the mid-thirties, he put together the first working non-Dixieland small band. It was a soft, swinging octet that used the honeyed arrangements of Eddie Sauter. It was also the first working group to have a full-time jazz singer: Mildred Bailey. Norvo led various quicksilver groups in the forties, and was in one of Benny Goodman's best small bands. He also starred with Woody Herman's First Herd in 1946, from which he extracted a chamber group for some recordings that were harmonically advanced versions of his group of ten years before. Then, in 1949, he organized a daring trio that certainly must have passed within the hearing of John Lewis and Milt Jackson when they were toying with the notion of the Modern Jazz Quartet.

Its best edition had Tal Farlow on guitar and Charles Mingus on bass. Like all innovators, Norvo preferred malleable unknowns to stars. He found Farlow in a small New York club, and Mingus in Los Angeles, through the pianist Jimmy Rowles, who remembered Mingus's work on a Billie Holiday gig. Farlow was the finest of the Charlie

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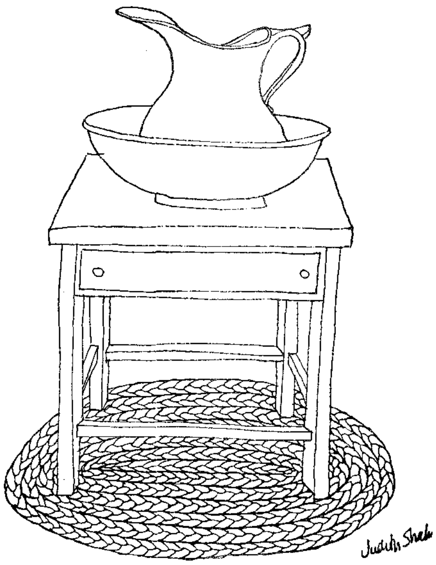
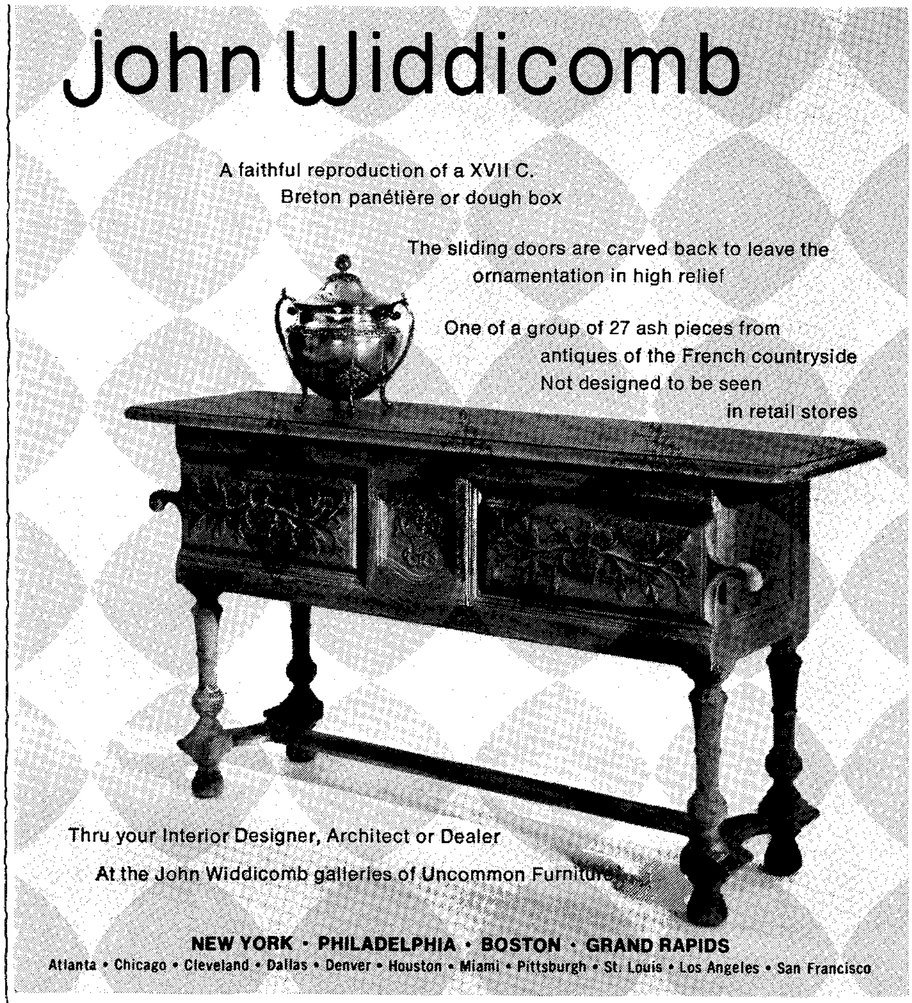
Parker guitarists—a fleet, adventurous player, who nonetheless resisted the torrents of eighth notes his compeers used. Mingus was straight out of Jimmy Blanton and Oscar Pettiford, but he was already an extraordinary soloist, who used silence, sidestepping arpeggios, and generous swatches of melody. (Some of what he was doing can be heard today in the work of Michael Moore.) He was also a formidable accompanist, capable of keeping iron time at both rocket and middle tempos, which are the hardest to maintain in jazz. Norvo stepped off into space with the trio. What, he wondered, should a vibraphonist do behind a guitar solo, and what should a guitarist do behind a vibraphone solo, and how should either or both accompany bass solos—what, in short, should be done to keep the trio from simply unravelling? Keep soft and busy, he discovered. When Farlow soloed, Norvo supplied little islands of chords or suggestive runs, and when Norvo soloed, Farlow either kept time or played floating, often behind-the-beat accents. Norvo and Farlow took turns shimmering behind Mingus's solos, and Mingus provided constant mushrooming support. The ensembles were generally set variations on the melody played in counterpoint or unison and were boppish in nature. Unlike most of the bebop groups, the Norvo trio did not dress other people's chords up with its own titles but used undisguised standards ("Night and Day," "Cheek to Cheek," "This Can't Be Love") and such fashionable creations of the time as "Swedish Pastry" and "Godchild." The Savoy reissue is taken from material recorded in 1950 and 1951, and it makes several things clear. The Norvo trio preferred lightning tempos, and it moved at them with consummate





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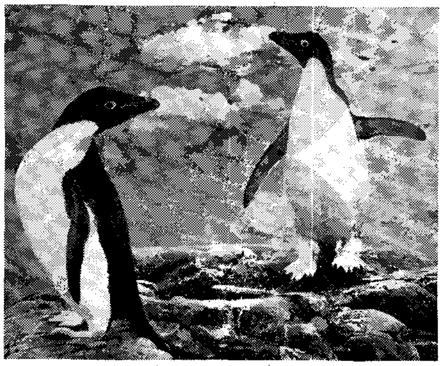
ease. It was self-charging: Farlow seems to activate Norvo, who plays some stunning virtuoso solos ("Night and Day" and the three takes of "Godchild"), and Mingus stirs both and, in turn, produces some of his most exhilarating recorded solos. The trio had a hot delicacy, and it seemed to spin its music out of the air around it. It's a treat to have it at hand again.

### "THE COMPLETE FLETCHER HENDERSON, 1927-1936" (Bluebird AXM 2-5507)

ALL thirty-four of the numbers, good and bad, that Fletcher Henderson recorded for Victor—and, as such, an altruistic reissue. The bad ones, presumably made to mollify nervous A. & R. men during the early part of the Depression, have titles like "My Sweet Tooth Says I Wanna (But My Wisdom Tooth Says No)," "Malinda's Wedding Day," and "I Wanna Count Sheep (Till the Cows Come Home)" and whiny vocals by Ikey Robinson, George Bias, Dick Robertson, John Dickens, and Harlan Lattimore. The good ones, done between 1934 and 1936 by the last creditable Henderson band, are a crowd of solos by Roy Eldridge, Coleman Hawkins, Red Allen, and Chu Berry, many of them exceptional and all of them cushioned by Henderson's easygoing arrangements. Hawkins, not yet a chordal locomotive, was continually experimenting with time, delaying the beat, playing wild double-time passages, and in general searching for the limits of four-four time. He was also trying on different-sized tones. He displayed a hard tone, a sumptuous tone, a rolling tone. He was the most closely attended musician in jazz then, and each innovation seemed to spawn a new style. Here, on "Hocus Pocus," are the origins of Herschel Evans; on "Strangers" one hears the mold for Chu Berry. Henderson's bands, so unsuccessful commercially, were equipment-supply houses for the rest of jazz. Eldridge's work sent Dizzy Gillespie on his way, and Berry's (having tipped its hat to Hawkins) helped form Don Byas. Sidney Catlett's drumming on the 1936 "Riffin' " must have been the model for Alvin Burroughs in the 1938 "Down Home Jump" and "Rock Hill Special" on the Hampton album. And, of course, Henderson's arrangements had a good deal to do with Benny Goodman's ascension in 1935. Playing with Henderson was the sine qua non of the big-band world. The scattering of photographs in the album reflects this: everyone looks easy, elegant, refined. Hender-



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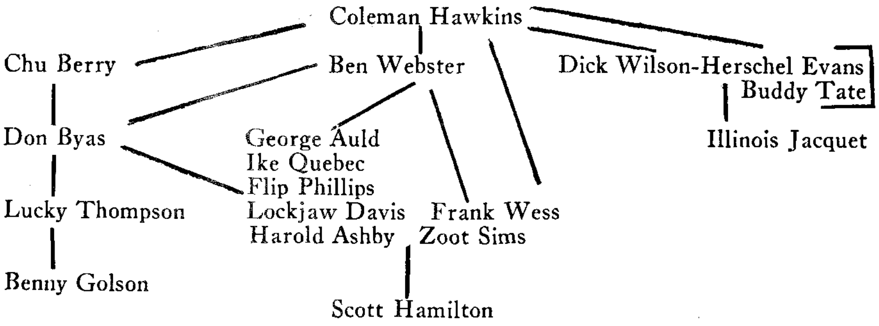
son sits at the wheel of a beautiful roadster, a snappy fedora pulled down over his right eye, his expression bemused. Another picture shows his 1927 brass team in tuxedos and patent-leather shoes, and still another has John Kirby and Walter Johnson in linen suits. There are a lot of white shoes, and the poses are cool. It has been said repeatedly that the Henderson band was never properly caught on records, and this must be true. Its recordings tend to imply more than they state. But Eldridge, at least, is still at large, and his power and snapping excitement are what the band was about.

"DON BYAS: SAVOY JAM PARTY" (Savoy SJL 2213)

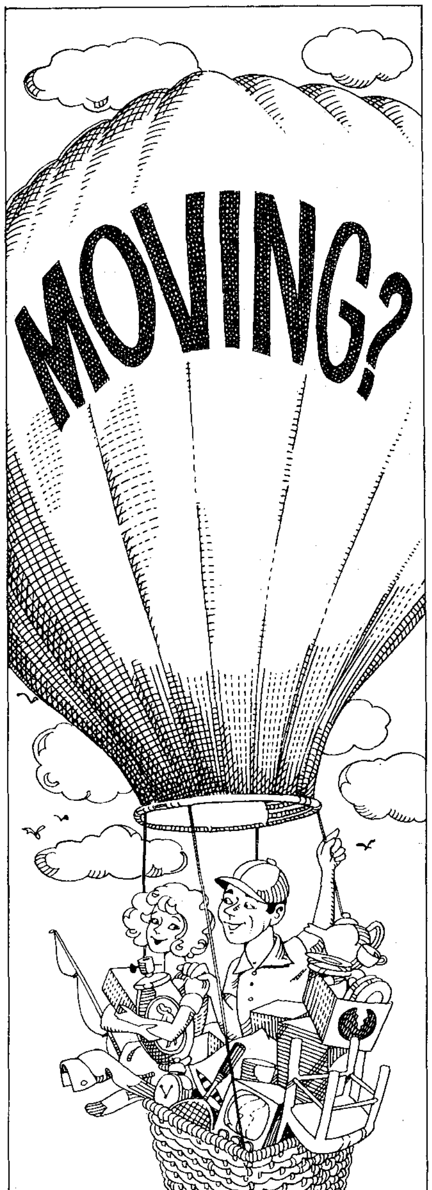
COLEMAN HAWKINS' influence didn't cease in the thirties. His offshoots had offshoots, so that his genealogy, reaching down to the present, looks roughly like this:



One of the most powerful of Hawkins' admirers was Don Byas, who died in 1972 in Holland. Byas was born in 1912 in Muskogee, Oklahoma, and in the thirties he became part of the same California scene as Lionel Hampton and Buck Clayton. He arrived in New York in the late thirties, and landed a job with Count Basie in 1941. He stayed with Basie three years and then gigged around Fifty-second Street until 1946, when he moved to Europe for good. Byas set down some remarkable solos during his New York years. He announced his presence by taking two choruses on Basie's record of "Harvard Blues" which remain among the great blues statements. His tone outswells Hawkins', and the solo has an insinuating legato quality that is unique. The following year, he just about matched himself on Basie's small-band recordings of "Sugar Blues" and "St. Louis Blues." Then, in 1945, he recorded a furioso work of art. He and the bassist Slam Stewart played an impromptu breakneck "I Got Rhythm" to open a Town Hall concert, and Byas took nine choruses that—volcanic, vortical, almost vicious—held the place of honor in Baroque Hall until the arrival of Sonny Rollins, fifteen years later. (Byas's feat can be heard in the "Smithsonian Collection of Classic Jazz.")

Byas's style was voluptuous. He put bones in Chu Berry's attack, and he taught himself to think faster than any jazz improviser had before. His tone was big enough to house all the notes he played, and he was a master of dynamics. He had a broad vibrato and liked big intervals and high, almost split notes that resembled adolescent voice breaks. His New York flowering coincided with the emergence of bebop, and he fitted in very well. In 1944, he was a member, with Dizzy Gillespie, George Wallington, Oscar Pettiford, and Max Roach, of the first bebop band on Fifty-second Street. He was a master of the jet tempos the boppers liked, he understood their harmonic stratagems sometimes better than they did, and he liked to completely alter the materials he improvised on. But Byas never mastered the irregular, suspended rhythms of bebop. He was locked in Coleman Hawkins' four-four box, and perhaps, being a man of ego, that helped send him off to Europe, where Hawkins' style was revered. Byas recorded around a hundred titles in New York, and thirty-two are on the Savoy reissue. The best of his colleagues are Charlie Shavers, another encyclopedist; Clyde Hart, Byas's buddy, whose death in 1945 may have been another reason for his departure; Slam Stewart; and Emmett Berry. "Riffin' and Jivin'," "Don's Idea" (two takes), "Bass C Jam" (two takes), "How High the Moon," and "Cherokee" are superior up-tempo Byas. About half the numbers are ballads of various speeds: here is Byas the voluptuary, the heart-render, the worshipper of softness. Byas came back to this country just once—in 1970, when he appeared at the Newport Jazz Festival. He played well, but the response was lukewarm. Byas's beautiful, unabashed romanticism had gone out of fashion.

—WHITNEY BALLIETT



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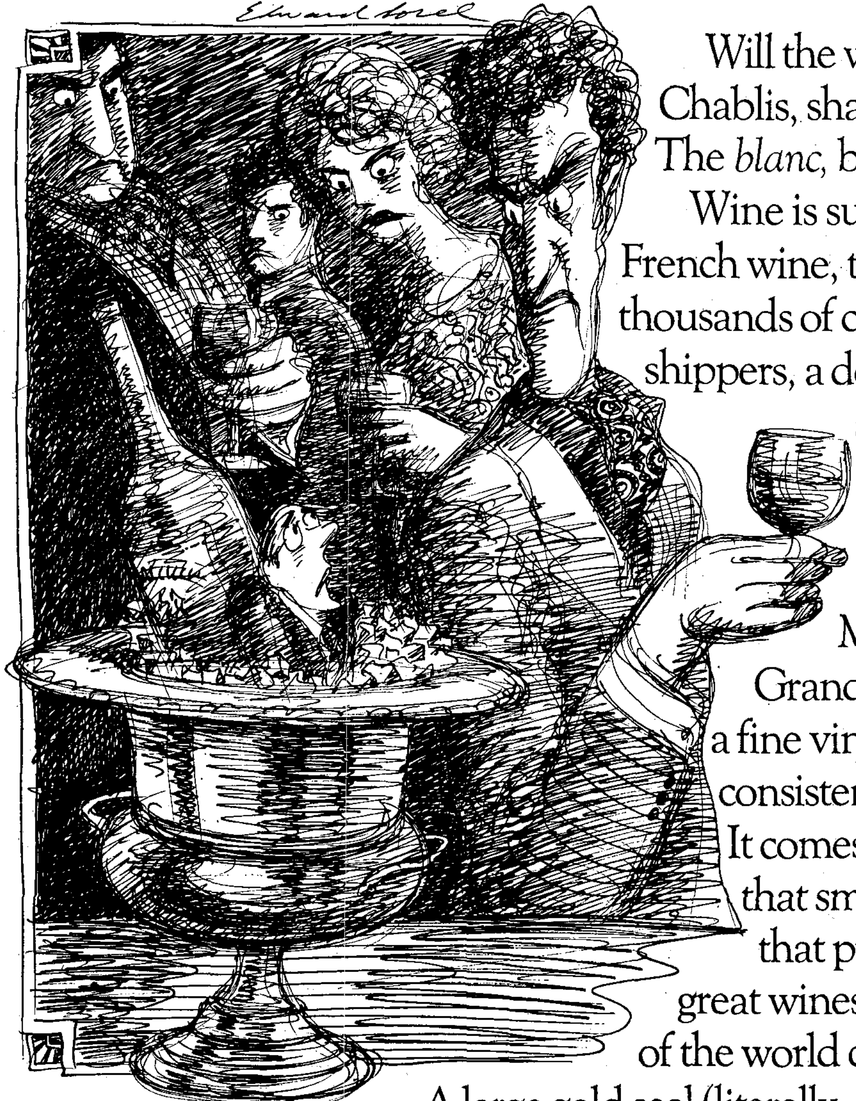

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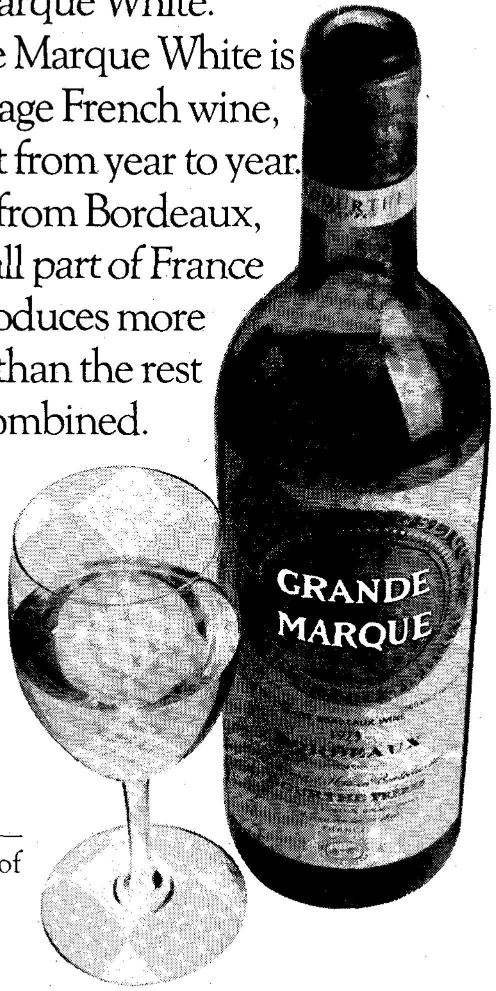

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# LETTER FROM WASHINGTON

AUGUST 31

IT seems possible that there is a connection between much of what President Carter says and does and his reported enthusiasm for those techniques that—according to claims made by the Evelyn Wood Reading Dynamics Institute—can enable people who have been reading at the rate of three hundred or so words a minute to accelerate to several thousand and whip through "Hamlet" in the time normally devoted to a brisk morning shower. For conscientious public servants, speed-reading has some obvious attractions. Most of what piles up on their desks is the numbing product of triple-digit verbal inflation—a dram or two of solid matter embedded in pounds of waste. John Kennedy had several of his associates take courses in speed-reading and maintained that they paid off in time saved and sanity preserved. But there are hazards involved. The idea that words are to be digested as rapidly and painlessly as possible leads to disrespect and devaluation—or perhaps it is the other way around: a disrespect for words leads to the view that the faster the eye passes over them the better. In any case, it must have been something of the sort that caused Jimmy Carter last week to say that he had seen no evidence that his friend Bert Lance, as a banker and politician in Georgia, had done anything "illegal, or even unethical"—as if in our President's mind a breach of ethics were a minor offense compared with an infraction of law. There is clearly danger in overlooking or failing to comprehend passages that are deserving of slow—or close and careful—reading. The President had, he told his press conference, studied the report by the Comptroller of the Currency on Lance's tangled finances and considered it an exoneration of the Director of the Office of Management and Budget. No doubt this was what he hoped to find, but he does not seem a man so far gone in wishful thinking as to find vindication where there was none. Unlike many government documents, the Comptroller's report was spare and judicious in its use of language. It was addressed to the legality of Lance's operations, and it went no further than to say that the investigation of Lance and his associates had uncovered no evidence to warrant prosecution. And, as a matter of fact, some rather pointed questions were raised about Lance's prudence and judgment—qualities that are, after all, the ones most wanted in a man who is said to be the President's most trusted adviser and who is at least the nominal manager of an agency with large responsibility in financial and economic affairs. The report contained not a word that justified Carter's saying that "my faith in the character and competence of Bert Lance has been reconfirmed."

It is being said that the Lance affair reveals large flaws in the Senate's confirmation procedures, and surely this is so. He was the first of the Carter appointments to be considered by the Senate Governmental Affairs Committee, which includes the Permanent Subcommittee on Investigations, and which, thanks to Senator Joe McCarthy's efforts in the nineteen-fifties, has a large staff of professional investigators. On this appointment, as on most, the committee did almost no investigating on its own. If the committee had then had the knowledge it now has, it would almost certainly have asked Carter to withdraw the nomination, and he would probably have done so. But Senate vigilance seldom comes to much in cases of this sort. (The case of Theodore Sorensen, Carter's first choice to head the Central Intelligence Agency, was quite different: his name had to be withdrawn not because of the findings of any investigation but because a good many members of the Senate, men with long memories, had found him an arrogant and abrasive special pleader when he was working for Kennedy and, later, for Lyndon Johnson.) Carter was a new President and a Democrat, and a Democratic Senate was bound to look with sympathy on his request that it confirm a crony, a man with whom he had enjoyed a long and intimate friendship. It was not to be expected that the Senate, in January, would order the kind of inquiry later conducted by the press, appropriate Senate committees, the Comptroller, and the Internal Revenue Service. Lance's background had almost no relevance to his official duties at O.M.B. or to his unofficial and more important ones as a Presidential confidant. Carter did not take him on as an expert in economic matters—bank management and economics are loosely

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related but quite separate disciplines—or to supervise a large staff of budgetary experts; he wanted him close at hand because he liked and trusted him and, it has been said, because he wanted a kind of conservative counterweight to the liberals in Treasury and on the Council of Economic Advisers. It did not matter much what job or title he had, as long as his position was one that kept him close to the President. If Carter had not said during the campaign that in his White House there would be no chief of staff, that position, which does *not* require Senate confirmation, might have gone to Lance, and there would have been no more interest in his business in Georgia than there was in H. R. Haldeman's California advertising career when he served Richard Nixon as chief of staff.

In some ways, the Lance affair is strikingly similar to that of Sherman Adams, who was Dwight Eisenhower's chief of staff—he was given a high-sounding title, Assistant to the President—and who was forced to resign when it was learned that he had accepted certain gratuities (a vicuña overcoat, an Oriental rug, and the settlement of a few hotel bills) from a manufacturer who had sought and received Adams' assistance in a case before the Federal Trade Commission. No one has accused Lance of any such indiscretions or improprieties during his months in Washington, but the possibility of conflict of interest has been raised, and this has been enough to lead to demands for his resignation or dismissal; and Carter has stood by him as Eisenhower stood by Adams, and for essentially the same reasons. Eisenhower was as new to national politics in 1953 as Carter was early this year, and both men, under pressure from competing factions in their respective parties, surrounded themselves with strangers. Adams was not an old friend, as Lance is; he and Eisenhower had met for the first time shortly before the New Hampshire primary, when Adams was governor of the state and was backing Eisenhower because, he said, the General was "the fastest horse in the stable." But Adams soon became a close and trusted friend, for Eisenhower found in him a man who had no factional ties and could thus be counted upon to be loyal to the President alone. Also, like Carter, Eisenhower had plans for reorganizing the government and cleaning up what he called "the mess in Washington." Adams, like Lance, was supposed to have special gifts as an organizer: in Concord, he had cut the number of

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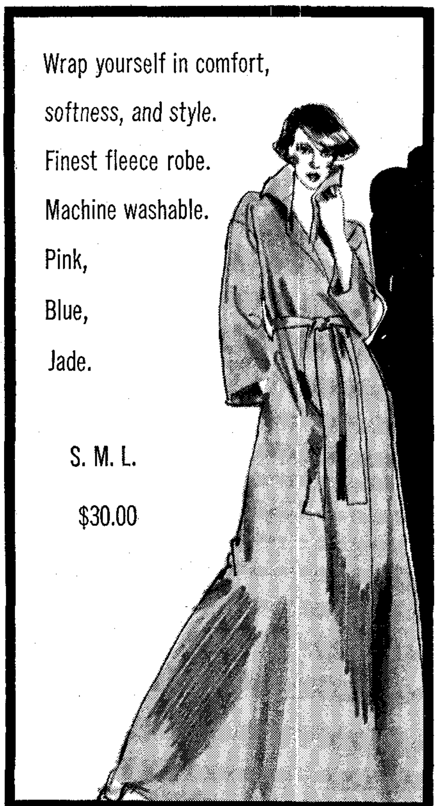

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state agencies in half (though the number of employees remained about the same), and Eisenhower thought that these talents could be put to good use in Washington. But it was Adams' loyalty that Eisenhower valued most. "I need him," he kept saying. In the end, Adams simply had to go, not because Eisenhower's need had diminished but because it was impossible for the chief of staff to function under the spotlights trained on him by the press and Congress. "He's going to be a watched pot from now on," it was said at the time, "and he'll never come to a boil." This is what many people now feel about Lance.

The Lance case reveals, as did the Adams case, some of the differences between political mores in state government and those in national government. Many things have changed in the last twenty years, but it is still true that in most states the idea of conflict of interest can hardly be said to exist. In 1958, when the story of Adams' vicuña coat came to light, it was revealed that all forty-eight governors had received and gratefully accepted bolts of the same fabric from the same benefactor. When Adams, in 1952, first came to national notice, he had no hesitation in telling inquiring reporters that he had gone into politics at the urging of his superiors in the Parker-Young lumber company; they felt, he said, that the firm should be represented in the legislature, and thought that he, as an experienced lumber executive, would be an able defender of the corporate interests, and evidently he was. In many states, particularly those that have not got what they regard as their fair share of capital investment, a politician who speaks for an important industry is considered very much pro bono publico—every bit as much as one who speaks for the long-suffering taxpayers or the deserving poor. It is unlikely that today anyone would be quite as candid as Adams was a quarter century ago, but there has been no recognition by Lance or Carter of the dubious propriety of having Lance's banks help finance Lance's unsuccessful 1974 gubernatorial campaign; and Carter, whose demands on others have been so stern, accepted, for political trips, the loan of a plane owned by the National Bank of Georgia, apparently without any thought of appearing to be compromised and without making any arrangements to pay for the transportation. As President, he ordered his policymaking appointees to disclose all their holdings and to divest themselves of, or put into

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blind trusts, any that might involve conflict of interest—it was this that led to Lance's trouble in the first place—but as governor of Georgia he himself had felt no need to do anything of the sort. He had held on to his warehousing business, and Lance, serving him in the Department of Highways, had held on to his bank stock.

Lance may stay on for weeks or months or years, but the kind of relationship he has had with Carter cannot much longer survive the kind of scrutiny it has been under and will continue to be under. Carter's confidence in him may be unshaken, but because of Lance the President is on the defensive at a time when his energies should be spent not on efforts to persuade the country that one of his colleagues is really a decent sort, a victim of misrepresentation, but on seeking approval for a number of programs he considers vital to the national interest. Carter's faith in his friend's character may be confirmed and reconfirmed, but Lance is bound to have a hard time with his peers, his subordinates, and a public that never heard of interest-free bank loans. The voters who were attracted to Carter by the populist tone of some of his pronouncements are suspicious of bankers as a class, and uneasy about their presence in a government committed to tax reform and a species of economic democracy. Lance was an effective lobbyist for the White House—an articulate and good-natured man of a sort much admired in the House and Senate—but he cannot plead effectively on the President's behalf before a body in which several of the most prominent members have called for his removal.

ARRANGEMENTS are now being made to stage live on television the signing of the two treaties on the Panama Canal, as a pageant of hemispheric solidarity and a show of national unity. The ceremonies are to take place at the headquarters of the Organization of American States, a piece of extraterritorial and anti-imperial real estate, in the presence of as many heads of Latin-American governments—Fidel Castro excluded—as can be induced to come here by promises of tête-à-têtes with the President. It was earlier felt that it would be only fitting to have the signing in Panama, but the fear developed that this would be taken by Ronald Reagan and other opponents of the agreements as one more concession to the unworthy Panamanians. And, as important as it was felt to be to have the Latin-American dignitaries attend, it seemed even more important to have a good number of United States politicians, particularly Republicans and Southern Democrats, on hand. The oratory will be directed at the American people, seventy-odd per cent of whom, according to the polls, oppose what they understand to be a "giveaway" of property that is as rightfully theirs as the Pentagon or the White House itself.

That opposition to the treaties should be so widespread is a fact difficult to understand and even more difficult to explain. The treaties have been in one stage or another of negotiation for thirteen years, under four Presidents, and for eleven of those years the bargaining went almost unnoticed and unprotested. When there were outbreaks of nationalist violence in the Canal Zone in 1964, few, if any, voices were raised to dispute President Johnson's view that the time had come to make an equitable settlement with the Panamanians. Barry Goldwater mounted a jingoistic campaign that year, yet he did not make the Canal an issue of any importance, and Johnson had no need to defend his position, as Gerald Ford did last year. Nor until last year did Reagan have much to say about it. By his own account, Reagan stumbled on the issue in last year's Florida primary campaign; he made some casual remarks about the need to defend American "sovereignty," and found that they drew a better response than anything he had had to say about states' rights, government spending, or welfare cheats. If he had never brought the matter up, the treaties might have gone through the Senate with little more opposition than there was to the appointment of Bert Lance. Until last year's primary campaigns, our dealings with Panama City had been far less controversial than those initiated by Nixon and Henry Kissinger with Moscow and Peking. Thirty years ago,

when imperialism had a better name than it has today, we granted independence to the Philippines, ours by conquest and the payment of twenty million dollars to Spain, and it was not called a giveaway—even though the Philippines were deemed vital to our security in a way that the Panama Canal has not been for many years. Reagan was a left-wing Democrat in those days, but Congress was full of men who thought as he now does, and who might then have raised—with considerable validity, as it has turned out—the argument he now raises about Panama: that its government might in time be taken over by people hostile to American interests. But few objections of this sort were made.

It is tempting to put responsibility for opposition to the treaties on Reagan and the right-wing spokesmen who have gathered around him, notably Senators Strom Thurmond, of South Carolina, and Jesse Helms, of North Carolina—to believe that if they had kept quiet, Carter, with help from Ford, Kissinger, and George Meany, would not be having the problems he now has. It is probably true that Reagan was the catalytic agent. But only a few of the people who have been echoing him in the opinion polls are Reagan followers. He was an unsuccessful candidate to lead the party that lost last year's election. His personal following is well organized but by no means large; if he had won the nomination, he would have got far fewer votes than Ford. But he has built, or found, a huge following on the Panama Canal issue. Senator William Proxmire, of Wisconsin, a liberal from a generally liberal state, said a few days ago that on a recent visit home the only thing his constituents seemed to want to talk about was the Canal. It has been speculated that the emotion this issue raises is part of the backlash of our defeat in Vietnam. If so, it seems disproportionate. In 1975, when at last we were finished with Vietnam, there appeared to be more relief than discontent over the way the war ended. There was little talk of humiliation; no scapegoats were being sought, as generally happens when a nation has met with defeat in battle.

Many supporters of the treaties feel that they are fortunate in their enemies. Reagan is a smart politician who almost always outsmarts himself, as he did when he chose to run for President with Richard Schweiker, a liberal Eastern Republican, as his nominee for Vice-President. Except on the Canal, none of the positions he has taken on

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large issues has won much acceptance by the public, and he has a way of overstating his case to such a degree that he loses people who were prepared to go along with him. In any contest in the Senate, it is a clear advantage to have Thurmond and Helms in the opposition; their colleagues regard them as fanatics and addicts of hopeless causes. Thurmond was an anti-civil-rights crusader who bolted the Democratic Party in 1948 to run for President on the Dixiecrat ticket, and got only a few thousand more votes than Henry Wallace, who, when asked in that early phase of the Cold War what he felt about the Communists' supporting him, replied, "I would say that the Communists are the closest thing to the early Christian martyrs." Thurmond returned to the Democrats and was elected to the Senate in 1954, but a decade later he defected to the Republicans. He was considered a great prize by Goldwater and Nixon, but he has been a constant embarrassment to his colleagues in the Senate, where an announcement of the way he intends to vote is generally a clear indication that his side will be the losing one. Helms is invariably Thurmond's partner in defeat. His most notable success was in his campaign to include in the Republican platform a section on foreign policy that was plainly a rebuff to the Republican Secretary of State. In the circumstances, it was an impressive accomplishment—nothing of the sort had ever been done before—but it was also a contribution to Republican disunity. The treaties now seem to be in serious trouble, but there is a possibility that they will be saved by the leaders of the opposition.

—RICHARD ROVERE

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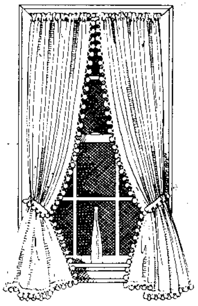

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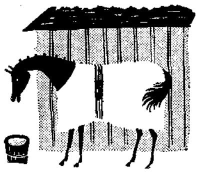
# THE RACE TRACK

### *Belmont Opening*



IT was like Old Home Week at Belmont Park on opening day; people were shaking hands as if they hadn't seen each other in months, though they had probably watched a race together at Saratoga two days before. There was a crowd of more than twenty-one thousand in the stand for the Fall Highweight Handicap, at six furlongs. Mrs. Bert Firestone's four-year-old filly What a Summer raced Broadway Forli, the favorite, to whom she gave eleven pounds, into submission down the stretch, and won by two lengths. Piamem, a 27–1 shot, was third. What a Summer is the filly, by What Luck out of Summer Classic, that the Firestones bought for $275,000 at the sale of the late Milton Polinger's horses last January. Since then, she has earned $135,637. She will run in the Maskette Handicap on September 13th. On Tuesday, attendance at Belmont dropped to 16,287, but on Wednesday—a free-admission-to-the-grandstand day—it jumped to 28,211.

The autumn meeting will continue through October 15th. It will offer the Jockey Club Gold Cup; the Marlboro Cup; the Woodward; the Man o' War; the Maskette, the Beldame, and the Ruffian, for fillies and mares; and the Futurity, the Cowdin, and the Champagne, for two-year-olds. These, of course, will bring out the best horses in training in the country and, no doubt, some of the not-so-good ones, for the prize money runs into a high dollar. Gallant old Forego, who has always been at his best at Belmont, will make what may be his last try to head the money-winning list. Crystal Water, the best of the older horses in California, is expected to run, as is J. O. Tobin, who ended Seattle Slew's winning streak. Right now, Jatski and Silver Series are among the three-year-olds getting ready for the Jerome Handicap on Labor Day—a race that was first run, in mile heats, at Jerome Park in 1866.

The New York Racing Association has begun a promotional campaign to make more devotees of racing. There will be entertainers on Saturdays and holidays. (On opening day, Jimmy the Greek Snyder had a pitch near the bandstands, where he explained the finer points of handicapping; he made no selections for the day's races, how-

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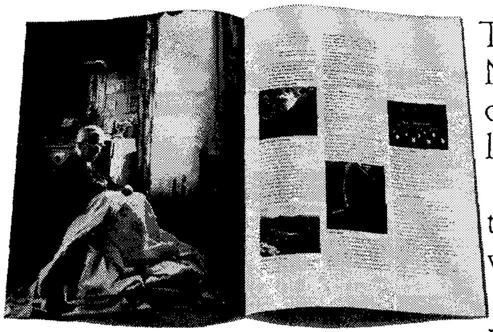

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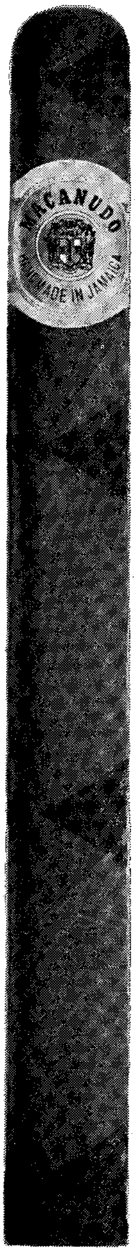

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ever.) There will also be two new ways to pick up some extra cash. Wrong Horse Harry, who watches the races from a seat in the stand opposite the eighth pole (a furlong from the winning post), where he says most races are won or lost, is interested in one of them. It's called the Belmont Horse Sense Derby, and it will last for four weeks, beginning Labor Day, during which it is expected to bring new horseplayers to the track in droves. To play, you get an I.B.M. card, record on it your choices in the day's first seven races, and turn it in to a computer before 1:30 P.M. The little wonder will come up with the card whose selections have won the most money in the mutuels, and the prize will be $1,000 on Mondays through Fridays, and $5,000 on Saturdays. Later in the meeting comes what has been designated the Winner's Circle Sweepstakes. There will be ten prizes, the first being all-expenses-paid trips for two to Churchill Downs, Pimlico, and Belmont for the Triple Crown races, plus $2,500 in cash for betting money. —AUDAX MINOR

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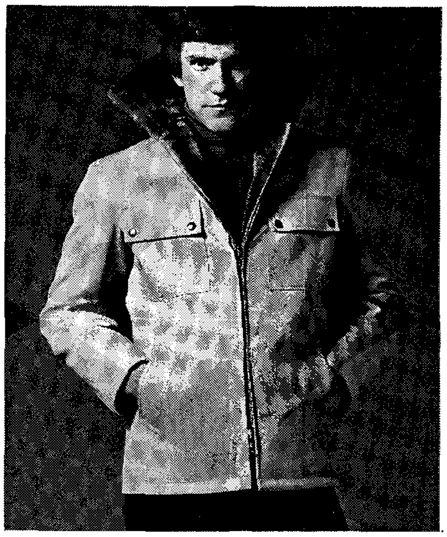

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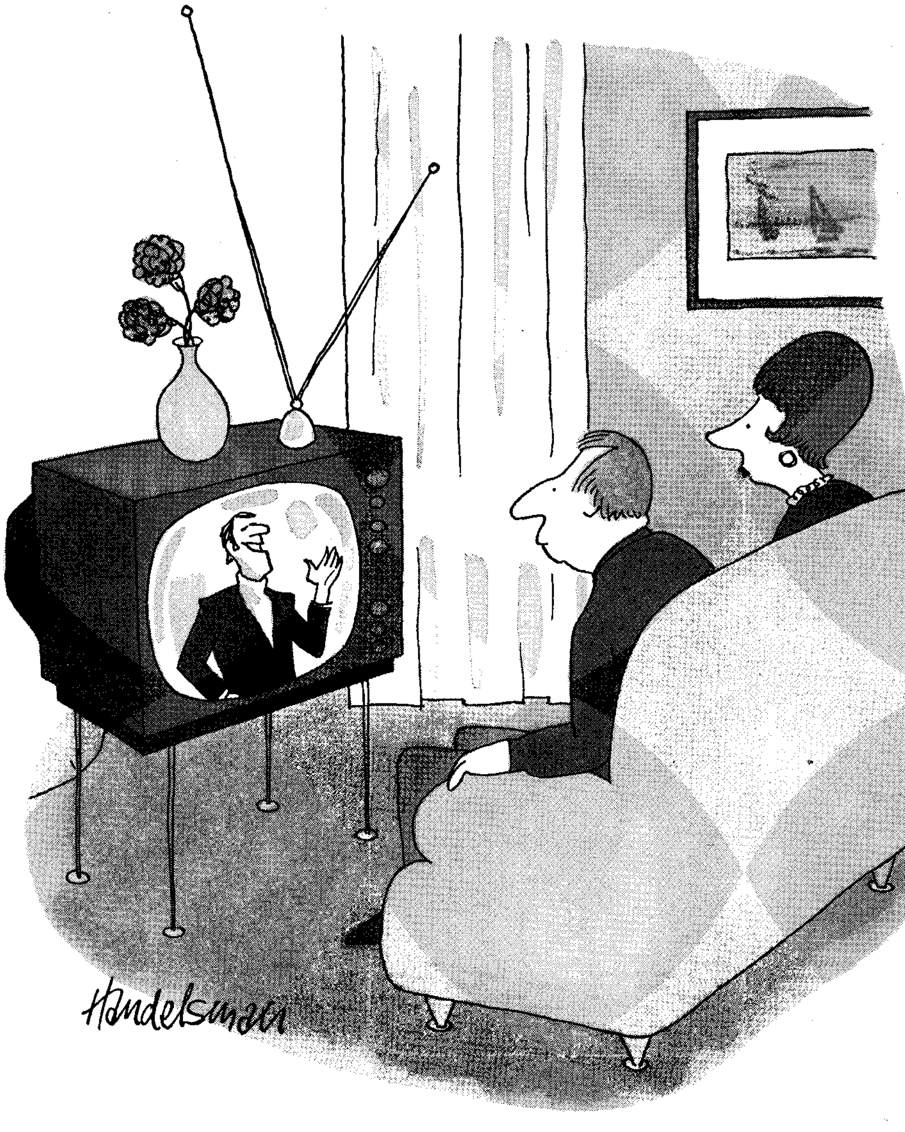
# BOOKS

## *Stepmother Russia*

ONE of the ambiguous highlights of a tour of Leningrad is a visit to the dungeons of the Peter and Paul Fortress. The Intourist guide bids one close one's eyes. Darkness in the cells is like a suffocating hood. Add total silence, and the sensation of live entombment—of one's heart and lungs pounding in emptiness—is inescapable. The radicals and revolutionaries imprisoned there before the overthrow of the czarist regime, and often imprisoned for years without end, died by inches. Some went insane. Others begged for release even at the cost of life.

Mikhail Bakunin was put into this stone sepulchre in May, 1851, aged thirty-seven. Born into the nobility, he had very early espoused the idealistic and radical opinions characteristic of European intellectual circles after the French Revolution. Entranced by the metaphysics of Kant and by Hegel's dynamic model of history on the march, persuaded that mankind stood just before the dawn of emancipation, Bakunin left imperial Russia in 1840. The following years saw him in Berlin, Dresden, Zurich, Brussels, and Paris. Everywhere, he sought contact with the advanced philosophical and political doctrines of the day. He went, as it were, comparison shopping among utopias. He met and bridled at Marx. He moved in the intrigue-riddled world of Polish emigrées (the noblemen, publicists, poets, and double agents who had fled to Western Europe after the collapse of the 1830-31 uprising against Russia). He orated, wrote pamphlets, scrounged for funds, and radiated a kind of innocent force. By 1847, Bakunin had become a convinced revolutionary and was involved with many of the public and clandestine insurrectionary groups mushrooming across Europe. When the revolution of February, 1848, erupted, Bakunin hastened from Brussels to Paris and took part in the euphoric tumult of the birth of the new republic—so soon to drop into the hands of Napoleon III. Across Europe, Bakunin pursued the brushfires of insurrection. Late in the year, he published a ringing "Appeal to the Slavs," urging the bitterly divided Slavic minorities in the Austrian Empire to join with German and Hungarian democratic forces. This alliance for liberation would not merely arrest the counter-revolutionary tide but might set in motion the messianic processes that would, at last, break open the frozen despotism of Holy Russia. Bakunin immersed himself in the short-lived uprisings in Prague and Dresden (where Richard Wagner took condescending note of him). Easily captured by the Saxon police, the incendiary tourist was handed over first to the Austrians and later to czarist officials, who had already, in 1844, sentenced him in absentia to penal servitude in Siberia. Now this formidably active man found himself in the black, noiseless solitude of the notorious fortress on the banks of the Neva.

After two months, Bakunin was visited by Count Orlov, head of the political police, who invited him to write a full and frank confession of his sins to be read by Czar Nicholas. The sovereign's injunction had been precise: "Tell him that he should write to me as a spiritual son writes to his spiritual father." Over the next month, the prisoner filled ninety-six pages in a crabbed and hurried hand. Recopied by a police calligrapher, this document was submitted to the Czar in August, 1851. He read it carefully, underlining and making marginal notes. On the first page, he wrote for the benefit of his actual son, the future Alexander II, "You should read this through; it's very interesting and instructive." No part of the document was published until 1919, when selected excerpts appeared. Full editions followed, but "The Confession of Mikhail Bakunin" (Cornell), translated by Robert C. Howes, introduced and annotated by Lawrence D. Orton, is the first full English-language version (brief selections having appeared in a study of Bakunin in 1946). It reads lucidly, and the notes are, with one or two trivial exceptions, such as the mistranslation of a French idiom, a



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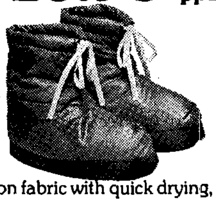

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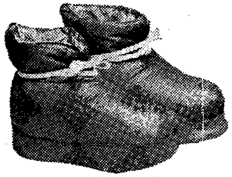

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model of how such things ought to be done. The text itself is of compelling interest.

Working wholly from memory and under conditions of utter isolation, Bakunin set down the inner autobiography of a revolutionary. He tells of the overwhelming spiritual significance for him of German idealism, "in which I was exclusively immersed almost to the point of insanity, seeing nothing day and night besides Hegel's categories." He bears witness to the new world opened to him by David Friedrich Strauss's "Life of Jesus," with its radically demythologizing bias, and by the works of French utopian socialists. "In Western Europe an endless horizon was opening before me. I yearned for life, miracles, wide freedom; but in Russia I saw darkness, spiritual coldness, torpor, inertia—and I decided to break with my motherland." Certain of the populist and messianic aspects of primitive communism attracted Bakunin, but the doctrine in its "scientific" and Marxist vein never appealed to him. Bakunin's recollection of the revolutionary days in Paris is like a passionate dream: "Not only I but everyone was intoxicated: some from reckless fear, others from reckless rapture, from reckless hopes. I got up at five or even four in the morning and went to bed at two. I was on my feet all day, participated vigorously in all the meetings, gatherings, clubs, processions, outings, demonstrations; in a word, I imbibed with all my senses, through all my pores, the ecstatic atmosphere of revolution. It was a feast without beginning and without end." The analogies with the carnival of hope in May, 1968, are uncanny.

Much later, Bakunin became a pillar of anarchism, but even at this early date what held him was not the details of ideology but the tidal mystery whereby ideas can generate mass movements. "And I said to myself that faith moves mountains, destroys obstacles, vanquishes the invincible, and performs the impossible; that faith alone is half of success, half of victory. Coupled with a strong will, it gives rise to circumstances, it gives rise to people, it gathers, unites, and merges the masses into one soul and one power. I said to myself that believing in a Russian revolution and having caused others—Europeans, especially Slavs, and consequently Russians too—to believe in it, I would make a revolution in Russia possible and unavoidable." The Czar marked the passage. It helped persuade him that Bakunin's views had undergone no fundamental change. Though the

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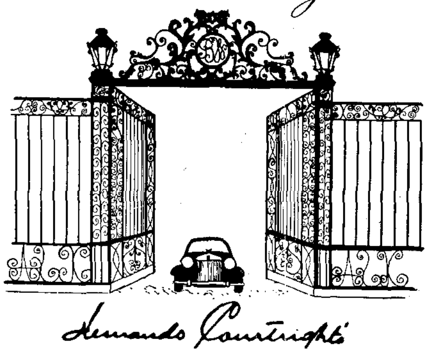

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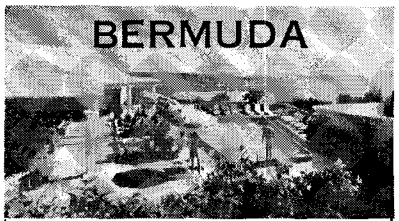

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prisoner might receive a visit from his family, he was to rot in his live tomb.

It was only in February, 1857, that Bakunin, seemingly broken in body and spirit, was allowed to go into penal exile in a remote corner of Siberia. In 1861, he managed to escape via Japan to San Francisco and New York. When he burst into the London home of Alexander Herzen, the great liberal publicist and exile, in December, 1861, fourteen years had passed since the two men had parted, at the enthralling dawn of the 1848 risings. For Bakunin, a tempestuous, in many ways tragic, career lay ahead.

There are moments of self-abasement in the "Confession." "I shall speak before you as though I were speaking before God Himself, whom it is impossible to deceive by either flattery or lies." Bakunin begs forgiveness for the truly "unforgivable crime" of having conspired against God's anointed and the sacred destiny of imperial Russia. Such passages in the text hung over Bakunin during his lifetime and led to bitter controversy when the "Confession" was published. But the situation was obviously intricate. In setting down his memoir, Bakunin was literally fighting for his life, for the survival of his reason in the fortress grave. The events of 1848-49, moreover, had brought disillusion. There was thus a level on which he had genuinely come to regard his infatuation with German metaphysics and French utopian rhetoric as absurd, and even criminal. When he told the Czar that his violent divorce from Russian life had been self-destructive folly, Bakunin was lying neither to his jailer nor to himself. At other points, of course, Bakunin was using the oblique, Aesopian style familiar to Russian radicals "in the power of the bear," and conveying highly subversive ideas in an apparently servile manner. Given the circumstances, this epistle out of darkness remains a feat of considerable courage and lucidity. To the historian of radicalism and of the mood of the intelligentsia in the eighteen-forties, it is invaluable.

ALMOST exactly two years before Bakunin's incarceration, the Fortress of St. Peter and St. Paul had been host to a twenty-seven-year-old minor novelist and short-story writer, Fyodor Mikhailovich Dostoevski. He had been arrested together with other members of the circle of M. V. Petrashevsky and charged with harboring and planning to propagate revolutionary ideas and tracts. Condemned to death, Dostoevski and a number of his

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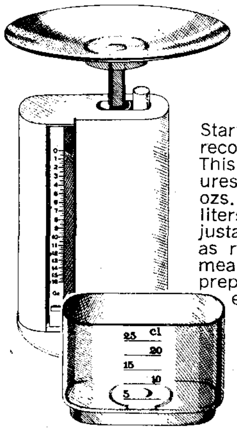

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fellow-prisoners were led out to be shot. At the last possible moment, the death sentences of some of the condemned were commuted to penal servitude and exile. Dostoevski served four years at hard labor in the prison at Omsk and four further years in the Army in Siberia. What had brought him to this grim pass? In the first volume of a projected four-volume intellectual biography, "Dostoevsky: The Seeds of Revolt, 1821-1849" (Princeton), Joseph Frank sets out to trace in minutest detail every ascertainable cultural and psychological element in the writer's childhood and early manhood. In its scale and scholarly care, Frank's study, even at this preliminary stage, has no rival throughout the extensive critical and biographical literature on Dostoevski. When it stands completed, it will put in the shade such standard works as those of Leonid Grossman and Konstantin Mochulsky.

Frank begins by analyzing the tense historical ambience into which Dostoevski was born. The march across Europe of Russian troops in pursuit of the beaten Napoleon had brought with it an inevitable exposure to the virus of the Enlightenment. But each liberal impulse seemed to provoke a corresponding reflex of reaction. The suppression of the Decembrist insurrection against Czar Nicholas, in 1825, left a legacy of spiritual frustration and radical dreams. Westernizing ideals clashed with the Slavophile conviction that social liberation could come only from within the peculiar genius and suffering of Russian history. In his childhood and youth, Dostoevski experienced at first hand the awkward coexistence of archaic ways of life with the stirrings of a new sensibility. His father's career and personality embodied the extreme tensions of a culture in transition. Dr. Dostoevski had pulled himself up by his bootstraps from the despised priestly class to that of a civil servant whose assiduity had, in 1828, brought elevation to the legal status of minor nobility. Material circumstances in the Dostoevski home—a crowded apartment at the Maryinsky Hospital for the Poor, on the outskirts of Moscow—had not, however, improved. Though he had hastened to inscribe his family in the register of hereditary nobility, Collegiate Assessor M. A. Dostoevski could allow them scant breathing space. Instead, he concentrated the considerable didactic force of his personality on the schooling of his two sons Mikhail and Fyodor. It was through their future in the czarist bureaucracy that Dr. Dostoevski envisioned a just reward for his own la-

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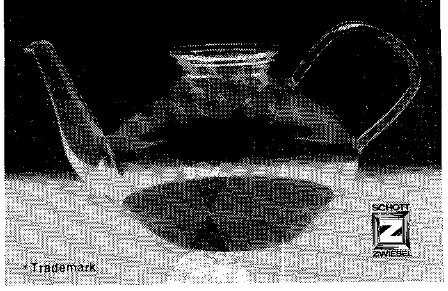

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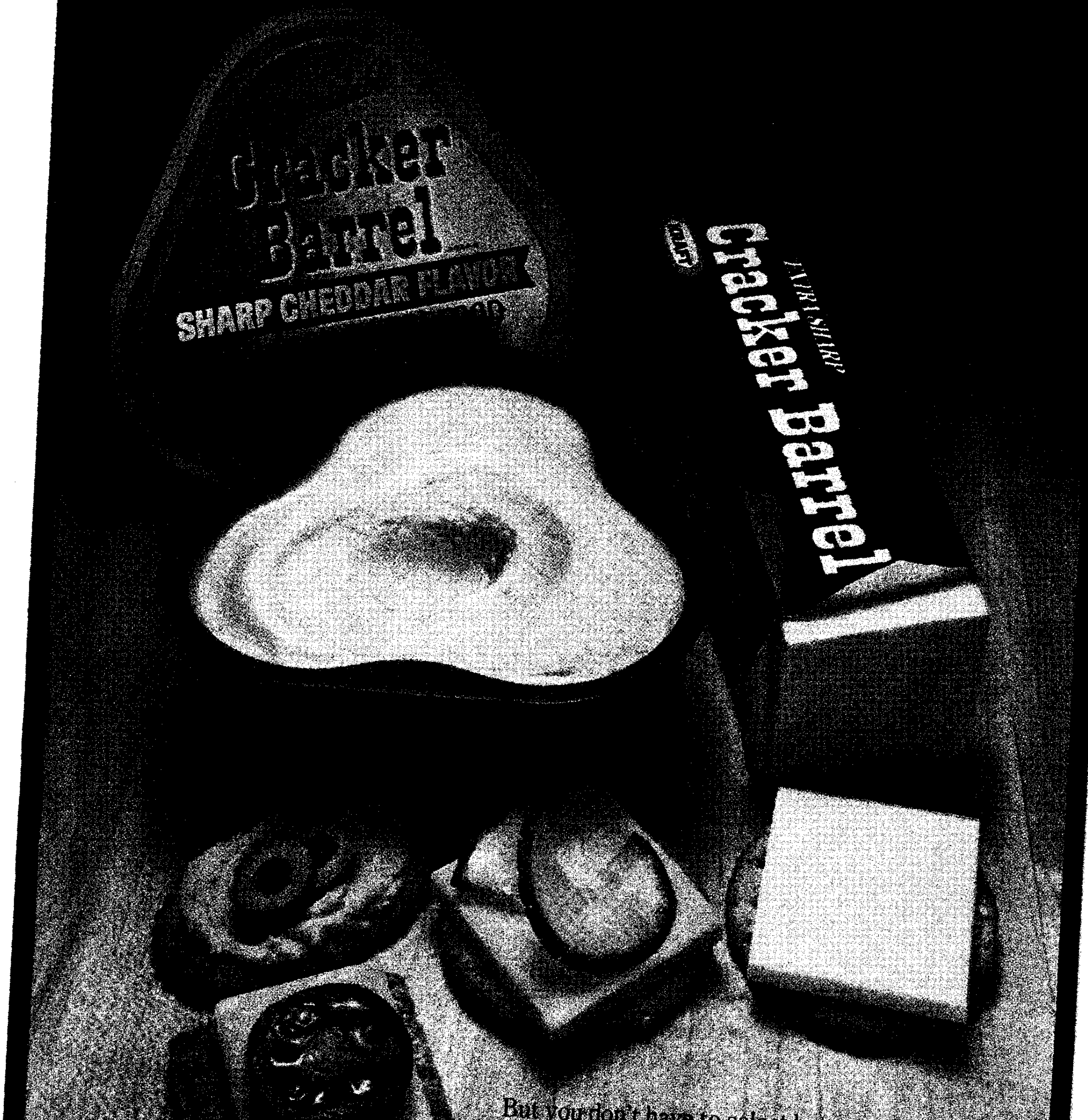
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bors and constriction. Frank's analysis of the family atmosphere is scrupulous to the finest nuance. Dostoevski's father has rarely had much said on his behalf, but Frank shows how much there was of paternal love and self-governance in this fearfully rigid, vulnerable man. In a remarkable chapter, he reconstructs in detail the immersion of the young Dostoevski in the spiritual heritage and ritual practices of Orthodox piety. The child's imagination was saturated with images and sentiments from the Gospel. Each year, his mother took him on a pilgrimage to the Monastery of the Trinity and St. Sergei, sixty miles from Moscow. Prayer, vehement appeals to God were a constant motif in household joys and crises. This religiosity not only molded Dostoevski's later views on the meaning of human existence but differentiated his personality sharply from that of such contemporaries as Turgenev, Herzen, and Tolstoy. In an illuminating, perfectly apt aside, Frank compares the atmosphere surrounding Dostoevski's childhood with that in the family of Kierkegaard. Between them, these two master psychologists of the nineteenth century were to deepen and renew the modern experience of God.

Dostoevski was a student at the Academy of Engineers when, sometime in June of 1839, he received word that his father had been murdered by serfs on the family's small rural property, in Darovoe. A famous essay by Freud makes of this event the traumatic core of the novelist's career and, in particular, associates with it Dostoevski's first attack of epilepsy. According to Freud, this attack reflected the insoluble inner conflict between Dostoevski's intense death wish against his disciplinarian father and a severe superego generating violent feelings of guilt. Numerous aspects of the whole affair remain opaque. It is not finally certain that Dr. Dostoevski *was* murdered, and the rumor that there were sexual overtones to the killing is suspect hearsay. Frank presents a minute survey of the facts as far as they are known. (There are bits of evidence which turned up only in 1975.) He has no difficulty in showing that the Freudian construct is based on misinformation and conjectural leaps. Principally, he demonstrates that the ill health of which Dostoevski reportedly complained at the time had nothing to do with his later epilepsy. And he refutes the Freudian reading of a tyrannical father murderously detested by his son. Yet when the dust of refutation has settled, Frank's conclusion is not terribly different from Freud's. The feelings of guilt were un-

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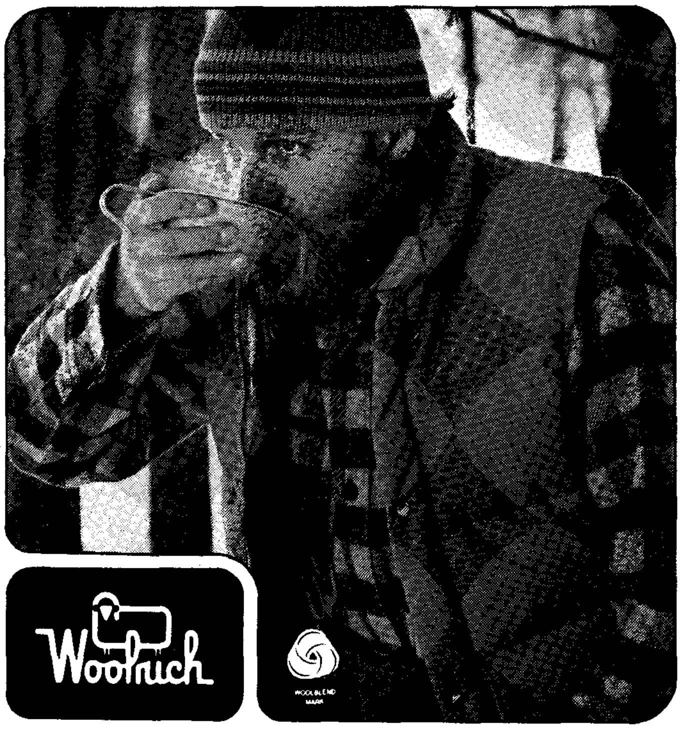

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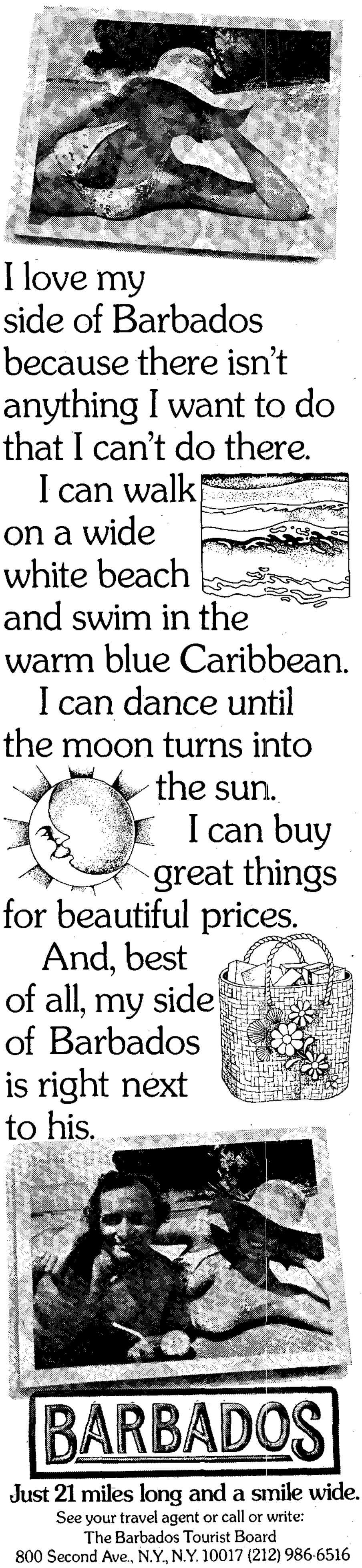

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mistakably present, caused, perhaps, by the pecuniary demands that the young officer-cadet had made on his harassed father, or by the fundamental fact that Dostoevski knew himself to be, to the roots of his spirit and irretrievably, a writer, a man destined to a condition that his father would have abhorred. Unconsciously willed or not, Dr. Dostoevski's mysterious and violent death signified liberation to his son.

Having graduated from the Academy in August, 1843, after a schooling that Frank shows to have been less philistine and anti-literary than is commonly supposed, Dostoevski plunged into the feverish milieu of the St. Petersburg intelligentsia. Like a score of his contemporaries, he was overwhelmingly excited by what Frank calls "the two romanticisms"—the great wave of German idealist thought and letters, and the literary tide of French social romanticism. His gods were Schiller and Balzac, E. T. A. Hoffmann and George Sand. Alternatively or in some kind of glorious symbiosis, Dostoevski believed that the renovation of man would come either from the moral emancipation of the individual soul as Kant, Fichte, and Schiller had taught it or from the triumph of humanitarian and socialist impulses as they were celebrated in the poems of Victor Hugo and the novels of George Sand. Simultaneously—and this was his distinctive attribute—the novice military engineer (a guise he soon renounced) kept his eyes firmly on the nascent fortunes of Russian literature: on the genius of Pushkin and the dazzling performance of Gogol.

The moment was auspicious. The publication in 1842 of Gogol's novel "Dead Souls" and of his short story "The Overcoat" had at one stroke given to Russian letters two exemplary masterpieces of fantastic realism. Here the wildest of grotesque and allegorical inventions had gained firm anchorage in social observation and criticism. In V. G. Belinsky, a weathercock but also a genius of a critic, Gogol's achievement found a brilliantly responsive advocacy. With utmost precision, Frank traces the impact on Dostoevski of Gogol's fictions and Belinsky's ideologically charged commentary. Dostoevski's first novel, "Poor Folk," reflected these two powerful currents of suggestion. The manuscript was brought to Belinsky, who saw in it exactly the novel of social pathos he had been waiting for. Written in epistolary form, this tale of a harried copying clerk in the anonymous maze of the St. Petersburg bureaucracy and of the hapless Varvara,

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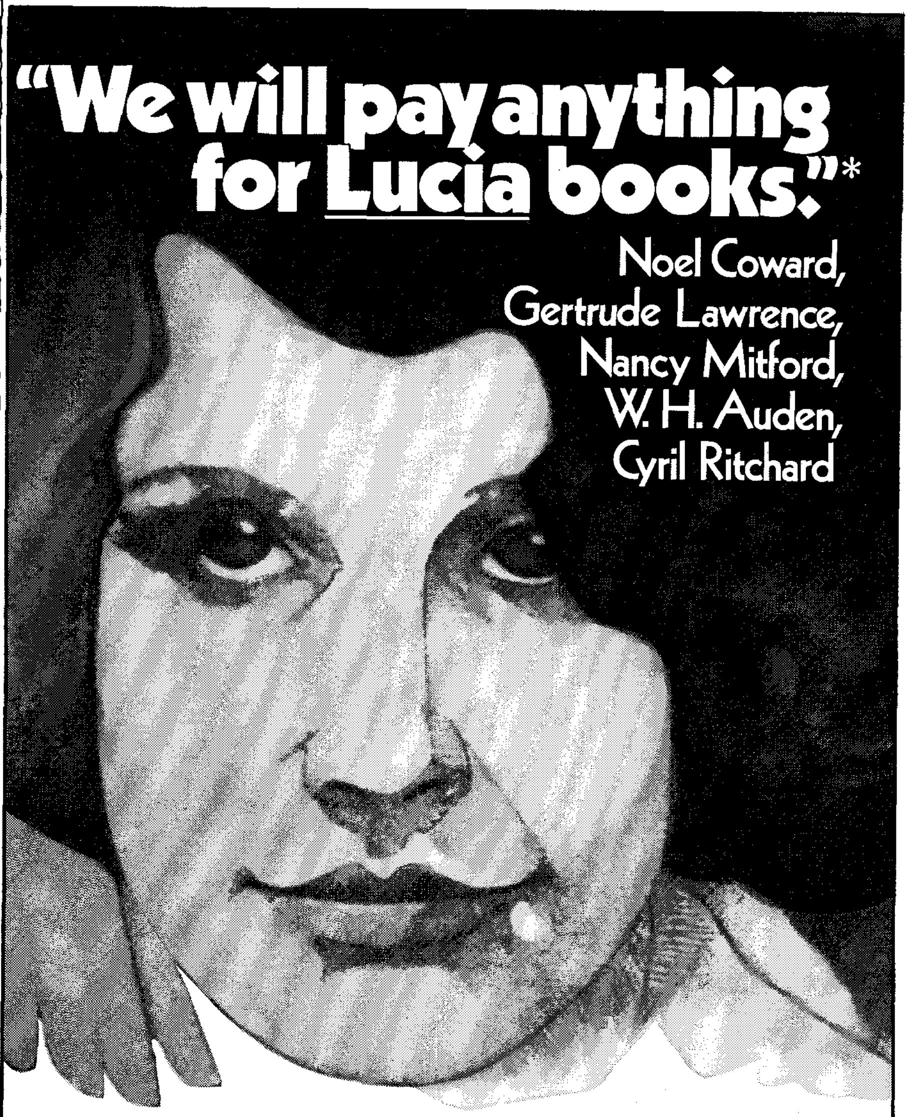
whom abject poverty forces to marry her sordid seducer, is no longer much read. Frank's is undoubtedly the most careful and positive analysis we have of the novel. Already, he suggests, Dostoevski is exhibiting those powers of psychological scrutiny and dramatization which were to flower in his mature art: "What one reads between the lines of their letters is more important than what appears on the surface—or rather, it is the tension between the spoken and unspoken that gives us the true access to their consciousness." Notable also is the mastery with which the tyro novelist interweaves his main plot line with a whole cluster of inset stories drawn from the life of the starving scriveners and rootless intellectuals which gave to St. Petersburg its singular teeming ghostliness. There are, moreover, flashes of outright radicalism: it is the indifference of the rich that dehumanizes the humble, that breaks inside them the irreparable springs of hope and personal dignity. Imperfect, sentimental as it is, "Poor Folk," no less than Dostoevski's masterpieces, responds deeply to "the wracking conflicts and debates dominating the social-cultural climate" at the moment of its conception. That is what Belinsky recognized when he exclaimed to a friend that this beginner's work "reveals such secrets of life and characters in Russia as no one before him even dreamed of." And the critic added, "Just think of it—it's the first attempt at a social novel we've had, and done, moreover, in the way artists usually do their work; I mean, without themselves suspecting what will come out of it."

Overnight, Dostoevski was famous. During the winter of 1845 and the early part of 1846, the author of "Poor Folk" was the darling of St. Petersburg intellectual and literary circles, many of which were heavily influenced by Belinsky's mercurial personality. Triumphantly, Dostoevski compared himself to Balzac's Lucien de Rubempré, who had, like a meteor out of obscurity, stormed the mundane heights of Paris life. The comparison was to prove ominously apposite; like Balzac's hero, Dostoevski was soon to know bitter disillusion. In part, the difficulties were those of the young writer's temperament. In the labyrinth of gossip and coterie maneuvers, Dostoevski's natural gaucherie turned to extreme nervous irritation. His native touchiness and sense of worth, so abruptly and publicly confirmed, made him seem and sound arrogant. His success



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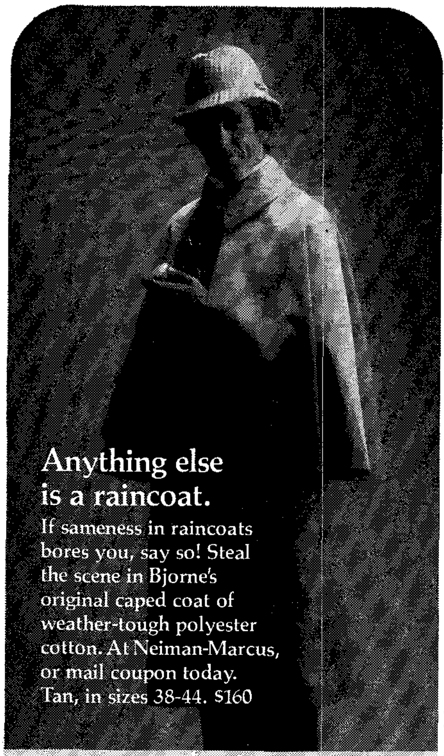

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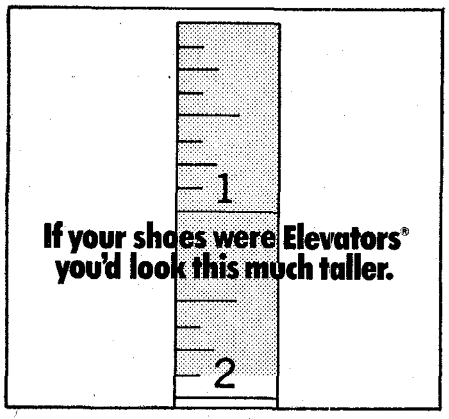

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spurred envy among the very literati who had launched and trumpeted his fame. But, as Frank's minutely plotted analysis shows, the misunderstandings between Dostoevski and his patrons lay deeper. Neither a fashionable skepticism nor an essentially sentimentalized and socialist-oriented Christianity was at all concordant with Dostoevski's profound, almost fundamentalist religiosity. Secondly—and this was to be the source of vehement differences with Belinsky—Dostoevski's commitment to social realism was not an end in itself but an instrument of a psychological radicalism, of an obsession with the deeps and turbulences of the individual psyche far beyond the grasp of his immediate contemporaries. When Dostoevski published "The Double," in February, 1846, Belinsky discerned a falling off, a prolixity and a lack of narrative tact. In fact, this tale, with its haunted perception of the split nature of human personality and its use of a kind of "natural supernaturalism" through which to conduct a deep psychological exploration, was prophetic of the great novels to come.

The period from 1846 to Dostoevski's arrest, in April, 1849, is probably the least known in the novelist's whole career. It is difficult to believe that there will be much to add to Frank's reconstruction. Belinsky's atheism had enforced on Dostoevski a more intense consciousness of his own unfashionable faith. The rebuffs he met with in genteel and intellectual society sharpened his awareness of the inevitable cant and triviality of secular values. The meliorist philanthropy that had made "Poor Folk" so attractive to humanist reformers now seemed inadequate to the psychological and metaphysical sadness of the human condition. Neither the writer nor his public was satisfied with the stories and sketches produced during this period. (Frank's is the first detailed criticism we have of a number of these forgotten but seminal texts.) Inevitably, Dostoevski gravitated away from the fashionable centers of the intelligentsia. One of the new circles in which he sought companionship had gathered around the flamboyant personality of M. V. Petrashevsky. Here more or less radical and subversive texts were read and discussed by a group of young intellectuals, writers, publicists, and junior civil servants who represented a spectrum of views ranging from utopian socialism and radical Christianity in the vein of Étienne Cabet all the way to revolutionary terrorism. The issue on which Dostoevski felt akin to the extremists was that of serfdom, an

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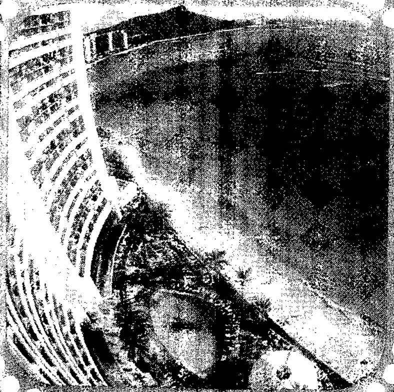

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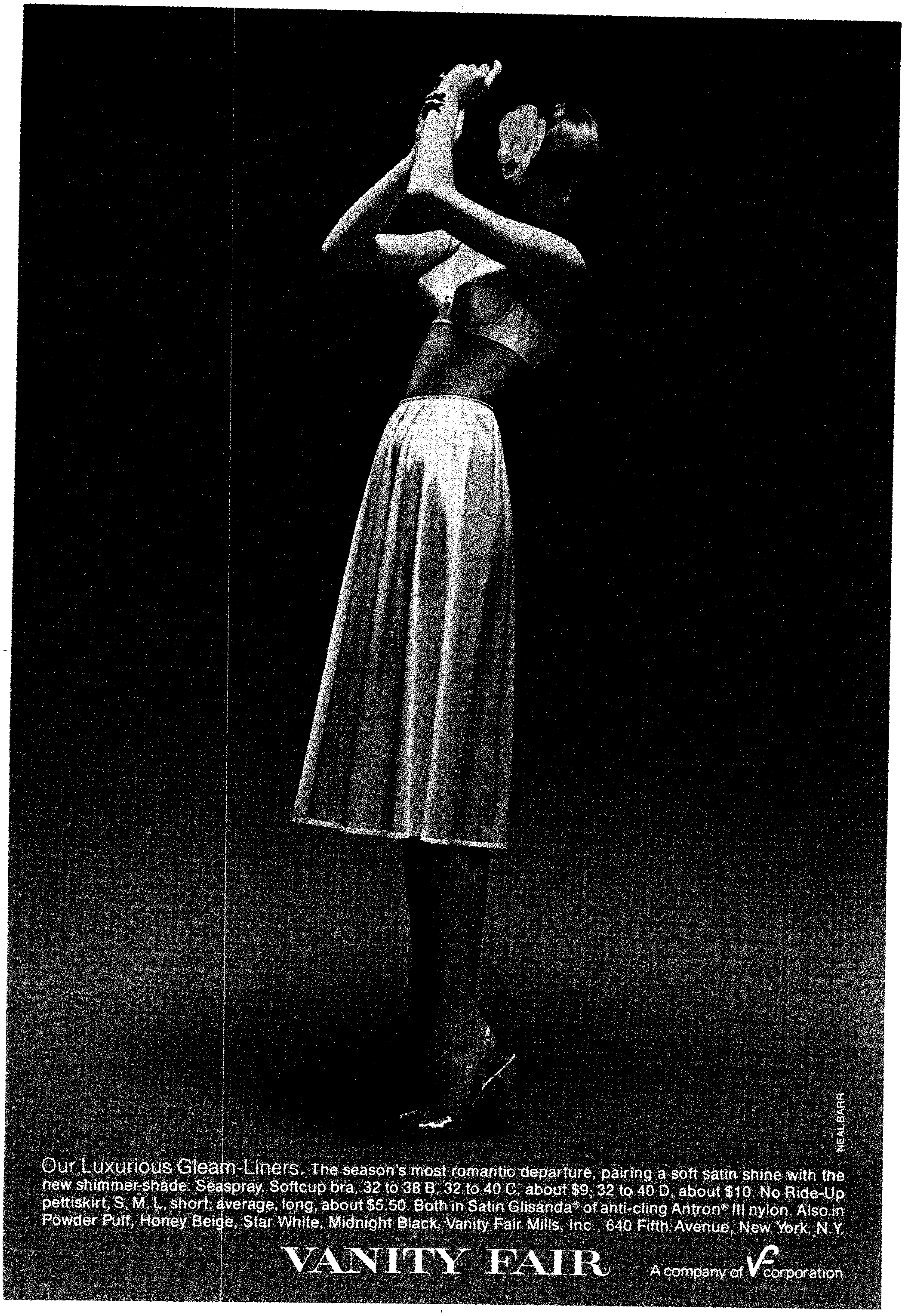

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institution that had since his teens filled his heart and mind with inveterate loathing.

As is usually the case in the politics of clandestine dreams, there were factions within factions. Among those who listened to Petrashevsky, Nikolai Speshnev was probably the most ruthless and the most ready for action. Doing what is largely pioneer detection, Frank establishes beyond doubt that Dostoevski was a member of Speshnev's secret *groupuscule* (the French word best pictures this underground molecule in a revolutionary ideology), and that some sort of conspiratorial purpose was indeed involved. From late 1848 onward, Dostoevski was under some kind of secret pressure, and may have been committed to the lithographic multiplication and dissemination of forbidden tracts. On the night before his arrest, he was almost certainly engaged in discussing the operation of an illicit handpress. Shortly after four the next morning, he stepped into a new and terrible world: "When he returns to society again and begins to rediscover himself as a writer, the horizon of his creations will now be defined by this new world and its overwhelming revelations. And this will enable him to create works of incomparably more profound imaginative scope than had been possible in the 1840s, when his only approach to such a world had been through its Romantic stereotypes."

Joseph Frank, who is Professor of Comparative Literature at Princeton, has laid the foundations for an unprecedentedly detailed and rigorous understanding of Dostoevski's genius, and of the intellectual and moral climate in which that genius evolved. This is very much the book of a professionals' professional, addressing himself to his peers in the West and in the Soviet Union as much as to the general reader. The style is resolutely undistinguished, and, as academic integrity will have it, there is scarcely a proposition that is not qualified and requalified in the light of multitudinous and sometimes contrary evidence. Already, Frank's labors have consumed twenty years. This leads to a perfectly understandable reluctance to leave out anything. Certain sections, on Dostoevski's relationship with Belinsky, on early minor works, on contacts the writer made briefly before his full involvement in the Petrashevsky orbit, are copious to a fault. Moreover, because Frank has plowed over every inch of ground himself, he is less than generous to those who have gone before him. This would hardly deserve mention if it did not mark, all too charac-

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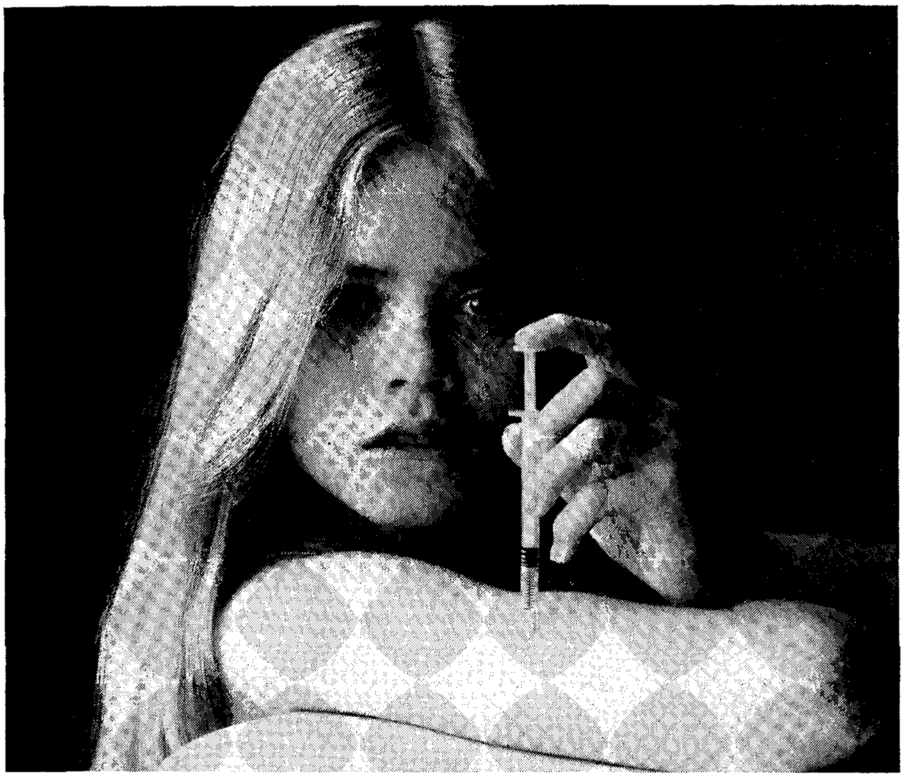

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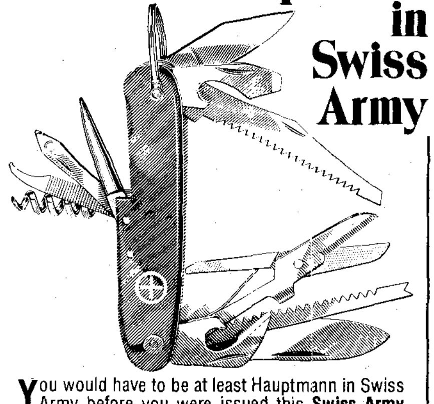

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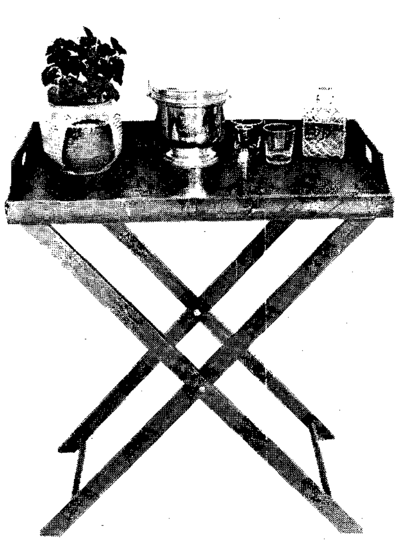
teristically, the current academic tone. In any event, these are minor or unavoidable drawbacks to an absolutely indispensable piece of literary and social investigation. One looks ahead with awe and impatience to the three volumes to come. The only real note of caution would be this: Dostoevski's novels are indissolubly linked to the world of ideas and arguments which Frank is mapping in such marvellous detail. But they are *novels* nonetheless, autonomous artifacts of language, whose genius cannot be deduced exclusively from their ideological background. They are, as it were, not reducible to their philosophical and psychological content, enthralling as that content is. It will be necessary for Frank, when he comes to the masterpieces, to discriminate subtly between his interests as an intellectual historian and his responsibilities as a critic. As R. P. Blackmur's devoted successor, Professor Frank will no doubt be conscious of this fine but imperative distinction. Concerned as it is with preliminary and journeyman work, this first volume is not called upon to articulate what must be a twofold perception.

DOSTOEVSKI endured harsh conditions in Siberia, but these were comparatively benign compared with the inferno of the Stalinist Gulag in which Osip Mandelstam perished, in circumstances of anonymous abjection, at some point in the winter of 1938. The five years before his extermination had been marked by proceedings of incessant chicanery, suppression, and sudden terror through which the Stalinist regime transmuted millions of human beings into living spectres. For some two decades, the very name of one of Russia's greatest poets and one of the masters of twentieth-century literature was stamped into oblivion. A few poems were allowed to see daylight in 1973, but until now Mandelstam's status in the Soviet Union has been that of a ghost. If his incandescent verse has reached an audience in the West, if his genius is now acknowledged, it is due to the heroic struggle against enforced oblivion by his widow, Nadezhda Mandelstam, whose memoirs of her hunted life with the poet are a classic in their own right, and to the devotion of a group of English and American scholars and translators. Just as the major study of Dostoevski's intellectual history is being produced in the West, away from the inanities and bowdlerizations of Soviet censorship, so it is to Western scholarship and publi-



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cation that a Russian must turn if he wishes to know the work of one of the great masters in his own tongue.

That Mandelstam was an inspired critic and writer of experimental prose has been known in a general way. The English translation and publication of his "Conversation About Dante," in 1971, marked a signal date not only in the long history of Dante criticism but in our sense of modern feeling and poetics as a whole. This superlative text heads the "Selected Essays" now translated and annotated by Professor Sidney Monas for the University of Texas Press. Modestly presented, under an imprint that may not catch the general eye, this volume is quite simply one of the major events in recent literature. In it the reader will find a humane intensity, a radical but unbullying originality such as only the rarest of critics achieve. What Stalin's thugs and their epigones have sought to silence is a voice indispensable for its advocacy—unpompous, wry, funny—of that integrity of the word by which, as Plato knew, the city of man will perish or endure. Even the most anarchic, nihilistic spirit, says Mandelstam, will acknowledge one authority—"the magic of language, the authority of the word." His prose bears brilliant witness to both.

The general reader will find the Dante essay most immediately engaging. Mandelstam's contention that the entire "Commedia" "is one single unified and indivisible stanza. Or, to be more exact, not a stanza but a crystallographic shape, that is, a body" is urged with incomparable gusto. "Thus," continues Mandelstam, "one has to imagine how it would be if bees had worked at the creation of this thirteen-thousand-faceted shape, bees endowed with instinctive stereometric genius, who attracted more and still more bees as they were needed." This consideration leads Mandelstam to a series of profoundly acute notations on Dante's animal similes. The cellular architecture of the beehive also suggests a whole set of observations on the texture, on the unfolding fabric of the "Commedia": "For Dante the highest concentration of material nature, as a substance determined by its coloration, is in textiles. And weaving is the occupation closest to qualitativeness, to quality." The whole essay is energized by these acute perceptions of the interplay between tactile and spiritual. Using an image from the "Paradiso," Mandelstam shows how Dante's act of writing grows into the figured flight of flocks of birds. "And thus the 'street' song of

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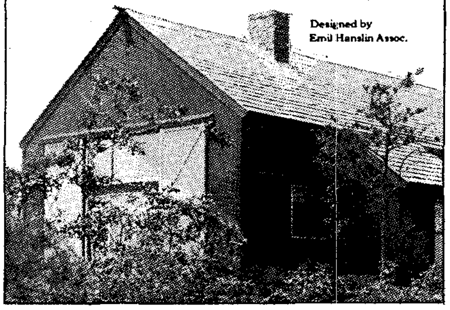

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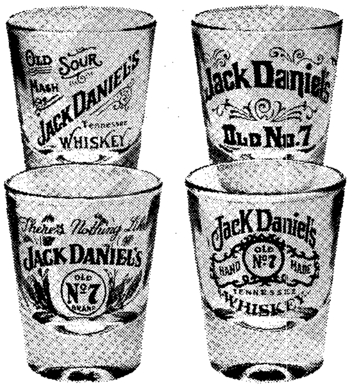

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the *Purgatorio*—with its crush of importunate Florentine souls who desire gossip first, intercession second, and then gossip again—proceeds in the birdcall of genre, on the typical Flemish fife that became painting only three hundred years later." Only a great poet can write of great poetry with such sovereign intimacy. The comparison between T.S. Eliot's essay on Dante and Osip Mandelstam's is inexhaustibly instructive.

The bulk of the articles collected in this volume deal with the literary scene in St. Petersburg and Moscow immediately before, during, and after the October Revolution. Though Monas's notes are incisive, and even funny—"Mikhail Iakovlevich Kozyrev (b. 1892). A novelist of great unimportance"—the layman may find himself a bit lost amid the cascade of names, political-literary gossip, and oblique reference. But even the most local of Mandelstam's pieces is made electric by a dual impulse: his love affair with the Russian language and his conviction that the force of poetry can metamorphose personal life and the fate of society. "The life of language in Russian history outweighs all other factors through the ubiquity of its manifestations, its plenitude of being, a kind of high goal that all other aspects of Russian life strive to attain without succeeding." Yet, although unique, the Russian tongue is an instrument of universal concord: "Thus in poetry the boundaries of the national are destroyed, and the elements of one language exchange greetings with those of another over the heads of space and time, for all languages are linked by a fraternal bond, which strengthens itself on the freedom and domesticity of each, and within this freedom they are fraternally akin, and, each from its own home, they call out to each other." Precisely the way Mandelstam's own verse calls out to Dante, Villon, Heine, and Whitman. As political circumstances darkened, Mandelstam's sense of the holiness of the poet's calling intensified. In a powerful paradox, he argued, "The truly creative epoch in poetry is not that of invention, but that of imitation. When the prayer books have been written, then it is time to begin the service." Pushkin, Pasternak, and Khlebnikov had in effect composed "a huge all-Russian prayer-and-icon book, from which for centuries upon centuries everyone who has the requisite energy will be able to draw." And further back lay Ovid, whose poetry of sadness and banishment gives its sombre inward echo to Mandelstam's own

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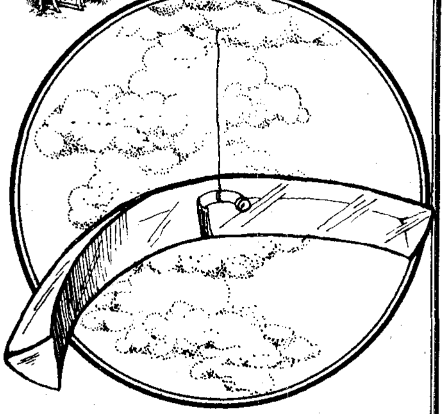

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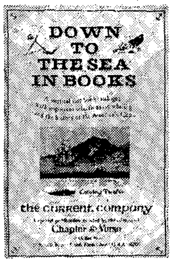

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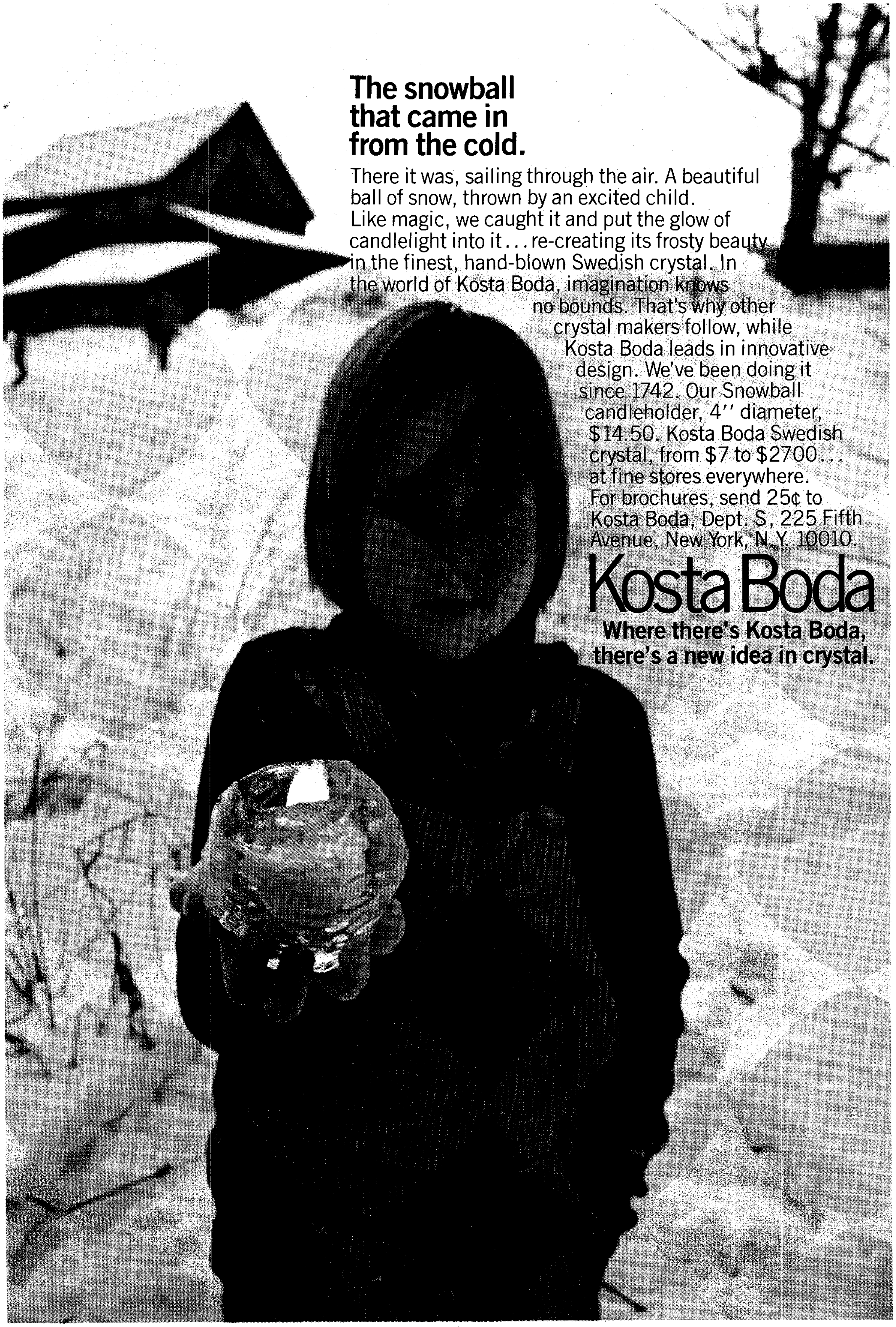

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"Tristia." But from the heart of despair sprang a constant reiteration of the miraculous: "They say the cause of revolution is hunger in the interplanetary spaces. One has to sow wheat in the ether. Classical poetry is the poetry of revolution." But poetry must not be mixed up with mere "literature." The latter always addresses a concrete listener, even where it prophesies. Instruction is at its center. Inevitably, the litterateur is obliged to be "above" and "better than" society. Not so the poet, who is "bound only to his providential interlocutor," who may be, like Villon, a criminal or, like Mandelstam, a despised "parasite" and hunted Jew, but who holds in the hollow of his hands the genius of the language and of the civilization it guards. But "guard" is the wrong word. If Mandelstam's vision is one of the uncompromising defense of threatened values, it is also explosively innovative. "To build means to fight against emptiness, to hypnotize space. The fine arrow of the Gothic belltower is angry, because the whole idea of it is to stab the sky, to reproach it for being empty." The perceptions of anger are frequent and inspired: in the masters of the classic manner, in Racine, in Chénier, we must perceive beneath the marmoreal and rational surface "the obsessed rage of antiquity." Something very like this can be said of Mandelstam's own last poems and of his ferocious eighteen-line epigram on Stalin.

THERE is in Bakunin's "Confession" a summary of the reality of Russia:

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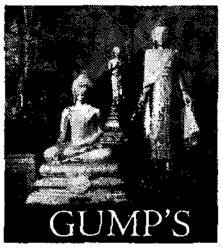

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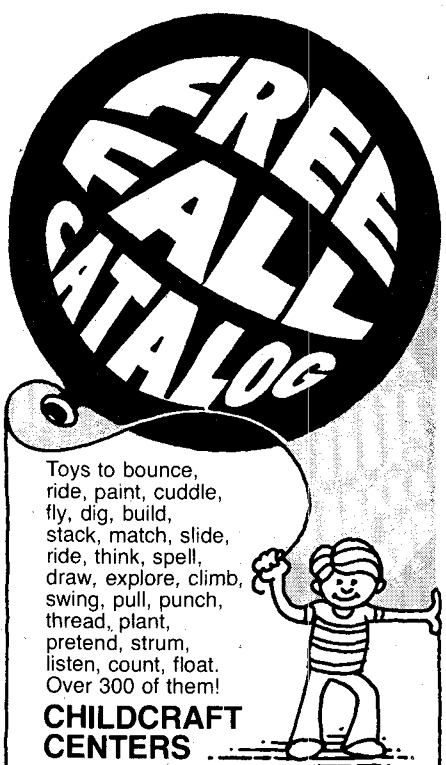

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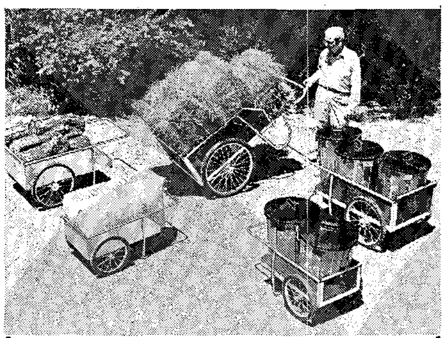

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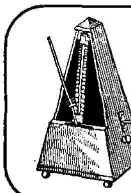

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they were under the knout of the Tartar. The resulting corruption, chicanery, and inertia in the bureaucracy of daily existence are of an order that no outsider can adequately gauge. And yet those who have endured Russia at its worst—Dostoevski and Mandelstam among them—have never faltered in their conviction that the Russian contribution to all mankind is absolutely crucial. Neither liberal, hedonistic Europe nor pragmatic America, they tell us, is of comparable weight in the destiny of the human spirit. Their work is there to prove it. From Pushkin to Pasternak, from Gogol, Tolstoy, and Dostoevski to Solzhenitsyn and Nabokov, it is the Russian language and its practitioners that have produced the "essential" modern classics—the text by which mankind as a whole has sought to organize its sense of the mystery of the human situation. Twentieth-century Russian poetry has few rivals in wealth and variousness. The Russian novel, whether realistic or utopian, continues to produce realizations of religious, political, and private experience to which Western literature can provide few parallels. And this tide of humane inspiration continues within the worlds of the Gulag and of exile. Indeed, it is inseparable from them. No glib equation between suffering and creativity will do. The irrational postulates to which, each in his own way, Dostoevski, Pasternak, Mandelstam, and Solzhenitsyn would subscribe—that Russian suffering is somehow cardinal to the meaning of human life itself, and that the Russian language, like Hebrew and Greek before it, embodies energies of lyric truth unequalled in other tongues—come to seem persuasive. Within these labyrinths of tragic illumination, that of Russian Judaism, complexly represented by Pasternak and Mandelstam but also by the majority of early Bolsheviks and messianic radicals, provides a crystalline intensity. Solzhenitsyn, following on Tolstoy, has defined art and literature as "the alternative state," as the community of the spirit which the regime cannot conquer and will therefore appraise as its most dangerous rival. Mandelstam modifies the image: "Like Blok, Khlebnikov thought of language as if it were a state, only not spatial, not territorial, but temporal. . . . He is a citizen of all history, of the whole system of language and poetry." Even for citizens of this state, as we know, exit visas are difficult to obtain, and there are acres of hell inside its dreary border. But it *may* be that it is precisely this state, not Western Europe and its lotus,

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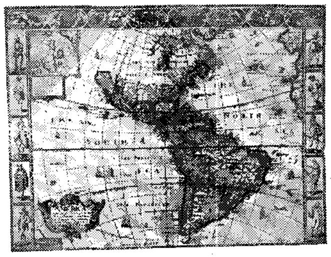

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not America and its "pursuit of happiness," that is now, and has been since Pushkin, the native ground of poetry and of its sister, hope.

—GEORGE STEINER

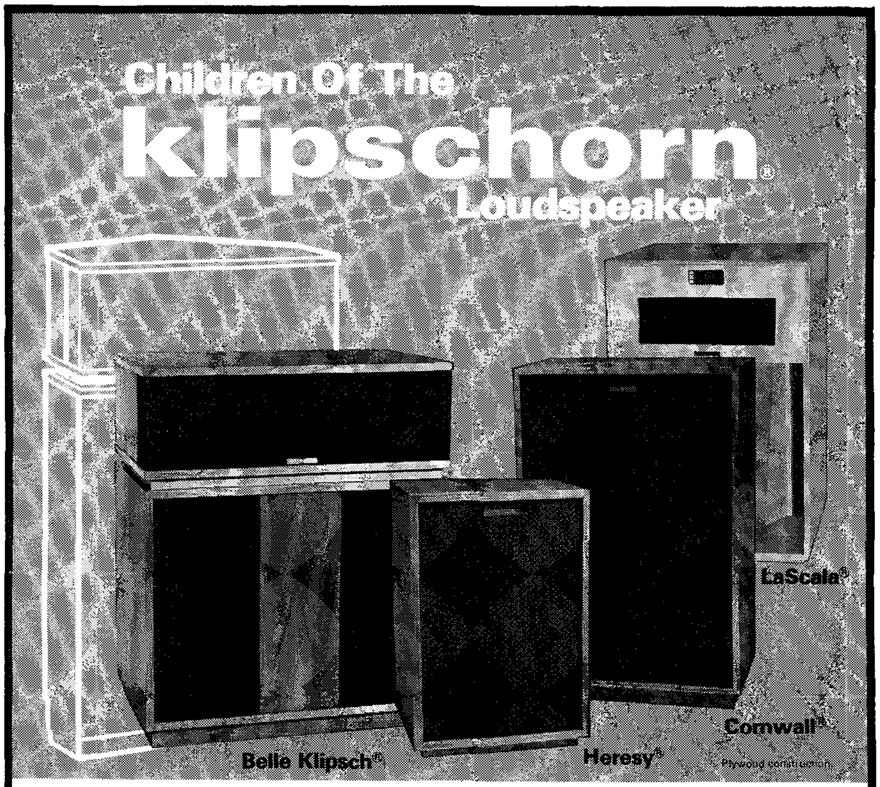
## BRIEFLY NOTED

### FICTION

THE THIN MOUNTAIN AIR, by Paul Horgan (Farrar, Straus & Giroux; $8.95). This novel, the third in Mr. Horgan's "Richard" series, opens in the early nineteen-twenties, with Richard's father at the crest of a political triumph in upper New York State. An incident at Niagara Falls—Richard saves the life of an English boy—impresses the youth with the perils of existence and the prospect of parenthood. We share the pride that Richard feels in his father, the warmth he receives from his mother, and his growing sense of responsibility as a man. These themes are developed as Richard's family is forced by his father's illness to move to Albuquerque, where the family mingles with the oddly varied inmates of a sanatorium. Richard's own precarious health leads to his working at a sheep ranch, where he witnesses a gradually unfolding drama of lust and violence involving a wealthy old rancher, his teen-aged wife, and a ranch hand. Against a backdrop of political scandal back East, the drama at the ranch moves to a climax during the gruesome annual chore of sheep dipping. Richard sees, senses, wonders, doubts, and matures. Like many novels about reaching manhood—and many dramas of lust and violence—the book has a hard core of triteness which even a fine technique cannot conceal. On the other side of the ledger one can list Mr. Horgan's mastery of form, his delineation of the sharply contrasting characters, and the amplitude he imparts to Richard's sensibility.

### GENERAL

RING, by Jonathan Yardley (Random House; $12.95). Ring Lardner, the subject of this solid biography, lived a life so fully in the public eye, and so free of pretense, that any biography must be concerned largely with restoring what once was common knowledge. From a favored Midwestern background, Lardner succeeded early in newspaper work, rose to fame and wealth as a writer for magazines, never produced the novel his admirers hoped for, and was done



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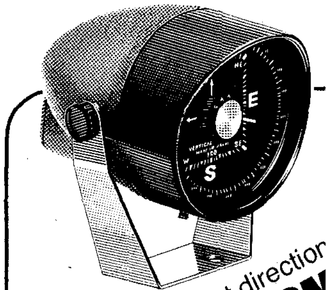

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in by liquor and tuberculosis. His career seems to have been an archetypal one, and even his courtship of Ellis Abbott—a private story that Mr. Yardley traces through their correspondence—has the charming air of a classic, simple boy-wins-girl romance. Sexual innocence was essential to Lardner's humor; late in his life, he waged a campaign against "pornography" in popular songs, and one wonders if this scruple was more than a mere late-Victorian eccentricity. Lardner did not raise journalism to new heights so much as enlarge its possibilities in ways that are still being explored. Nonsense and parody, vernacular humor, short bursts of invention—these forms existed before him, but he broadened their domain and demonstrated their effects, thereby instructing Ernest Hemingway, among many others. Mr. Yardley, by summarizing and quoting at length from Lardner's works, brings to light many pieces, particularly newspaper pieces, that today's readers may not have seen.

BEAUMARCHAIS: THE MAN WHO WAS FIGARO, by Frédéric Grendel, translated from the French by Roger Greaves (Crowell; $14.95). Pierre-Augustin Caron de Beaumarchais (1732-99), the son of a watchmaker, invented when he was only twenty-one the first watch escapement that kept correct time. This achievement made him a pet at the French court, and his new status stimulated his ambition. He ceased to work as an artisan, married money, and bought himself honorific posts with quasi titles. As a sort of nobleman, he lived by his wits: he was in and out of jail; in and out of funds; exiled one year, welcomed home the next. He was a financier, a government secret agent, a pamphleteer, an improving landlord, a publisher, and, almost by the bye, the author of two of the funniest comedies of his time, "The Barber of Seville" and "The Marriage of Figaro." Mr. Grendel is convinced that Figaro, with his audacity, his shrewdness, his gift for landing on his feet, is Beaumarchais himself, and, furthermore, that audiences were intended to know it. He points out that spoken French in the eighteenth century dropped final consonants, so that Beaumarchais's boyhood name, Fils Caron, sounded like "Fi Caro." Though the production of "The Marriage of Figaro" is commonly held to be one of the milestones on the way to the French Revolution, Beaumarchais

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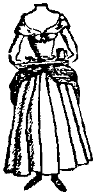

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never dreamed that his laughter would provoke the Terror, or that he would just miss being one of its victims. Like the plots of his comedies, his life, after dazzling reversals, came out all right: he died in his own house, in his own bed, more than solvent, and with what he wanted most—legitimate heirs established in the upper classes.

RETREAT TO THE GHETTO: THE END OF A DREAM?, by Thomas L. Blair (Hill & Wang; $8.95). Mr. Blair, an American black sociologist who teaches in England, recalls the historic conflict between assimilation and self-segregation within and among American blacks. He then studies, in considerable detail, the conflict as it has been expressed in the nineteen-sixties and seventies: by, for example, Martin Luther King, Jr., and Malcolm X—the first trusting to the civil-rights movement, the conscience of the white majority, and the abilities of blacks themselves to insure a non-racist society, and the second convinced that an interracial or non-racist society was neither possible nor desirable. Mr. Blair discusses a large number of American black groups—some have disappeared; others, like the Panthers, have changed their emphasis—and offers a critical assessment of the realism of their goals as well as a shrewd account of their memberships and audiences.

BEAUFORT OF THE ADMIRALTY: THE LIFE OF SIR FRANCIS BEAUFORT, 1774-1857, by Alfred Friendly (Random House; $15). The author, a former foreign correspondent and managing editor of the Washington *Post*, now retired, has written a bang-up biography of the British naval officer who invented the wind scale that we use today, and whose maritime charts—those he made himself and those he ordered and edited as the Admiralty's hydrographer—not only set a standard in his time but still guide ships. Mr. Friendly is very good at explaining how things work—or, more often, how they didn't work, in order to explain how his inventive hero fixed them up. Beaufort's career shows the difficulties faced by a man with little pull ("influence," as it was called) in the Navy of his day, and Mr. Friendly makes Beaufort's troubles as interesting as his achievements. Those achievements are innumerable. Beaufort's ships launched Darwin and Huxley on their scientific careers; his reputation as a mapmaker put him on the board that

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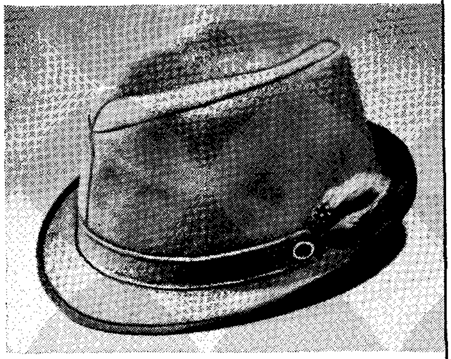

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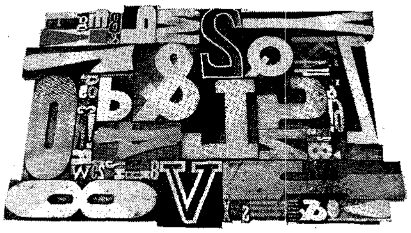

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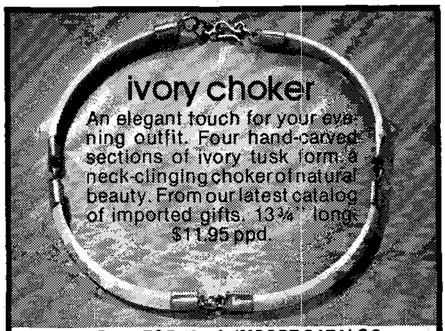

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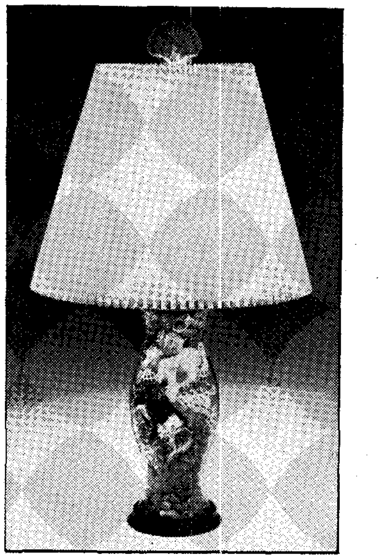
drew the new constituencies after the first Reform Bill of 1832; he helped found London University; and so on through a dazzling list of scientific and practical good works. Luckily for the reader, Beaufort was not only smart and good but spirited.

The Courts of Europe: Politics, Patronage and Royalty, 1400-1800, edited by A. G. Dickens (McGraw-Hill; $24.95). Fourteen essays, by as many scholars. The first chapter, by the editor, discusses the revival of Western Europe under Charlemagne, so the book's span is greater than its title suggests. Nonroyal courts are included—the splendid late-medieval courts of the Dukes of Burgundy, who, though powerful indeed, were not quite kings; the court of Lorenzo the Magnificent, a Medici who was not even noble. Whatever their rank, the men and women of these essays all lived over the shop, for every court was at once the ruler's home and his place of business. The beautiful illustrations display innovations in art forms and styles, and pictures and text together explain much about the use, abuse, and—in the case of Charles I of England—loss of power. In Charles's chapter, Peter W. Thomas shows that the King lived a fantasy right up to the scaffold; the illustrations contrast the fluent, elegant visions of Charles's favorite painter, Van Dyck, with the down-to-earth renderings of less gifted or more truthful artists, and we realize that Charles could not see himself, his wife, his court, his country, or his countrymen as they really were.

Streetfighter in the Courtroom, by Charles Garry and Art Goldberg, with a foreword by Jessica Mitford (Dutton; $11.95). The autobiography of the successful radical lawyer Charles Garry is bouncy and self-assured—in a word, bumptious. Mr. Garry recalls his boyhood poverty and tells how he worked his way through law school and developed a practice that welcomed unpopular persons and causes. His fund of courtroom anecdotes is at least as good as the next lawyer's. His lessons in the art of cross-examination are shrewd and showmanlike. But his insistence that the laws of conspiracy are wicked nonsense is not persuasive.

The Vildé Affair: Beginnings of the French Resistance, by Martin Blumenson (Houghton Mifflin; $10). Mr. Blumenson describes the mood of embittered confusion that



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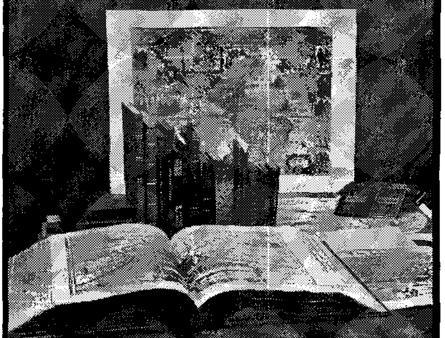

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pervaded France in June of 1940 and introduces the men and women who, centering on the Musée de l'Homme, in Paris, began one of the first Resistance networks. He shows that the "correctness" of which the Germans boasted in France was correct only in comparison with their forthright brutality in other countries. As early as June 26, 1940, German soldiers began destroying and defacing French war monuments. In less than a year, their policy of concealed and overt looting, their impressment and deportation of French workers, their executions of innocent hostages had alienated the majority of the French. The Musée de l'Homme group, though they had foreseen what the Occupation would be like, did not survive a year. The network was infiltrated by a professional informer, and, starting in January of 1941, its members were arrested. It is amazing what these untrained volunteers achieved in that short time, including smuggling out plans of the German naval installations at Saint-Nazaire, which the British destroyed in a raid in 1942. These resisters had no common denominator except character—socially, they ranged from a countess to a garage owner—but their sober courage was very much in the classic French tradition.

BECKETT/BECKETT, by Vivian Mercier (Oxford; $11.95). This critical study is notable for the author's easy familiarity with Samuel Beckett's works and with his Irish background. Mr. Mercier takes his epigraph from Oscar Wilde: "A Truth in art is that whose contradictory is also true." Applying this principle to Beckett, he discusses the author in terms of opposites: though universal in its range, Beckett's sensibility was shaped in Ireland; though his characters are thought of as tramps, they have traits of seedy gentlemen; though his plays are considered the ultimate in modern absurdism, they follow classical canons. Dualities of painting/music, eye/ear, artist/philosopher, and woman/man provide a framework for a concrete, clear, free-ranging treatment of the writer.

THE AUDUBON SOCIETY FIELD GUIDE TO NORTH AMERICAN BIRDS: EASTERN REGION, by John Bull and John Farrand, Jr.; WESTERN REGION, by Miklos D. F. Udvardy (Knopf; two volumes, $7.95 each). These two books stand distinctly apart from the standard

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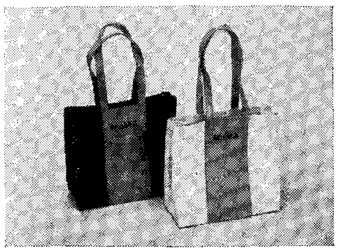

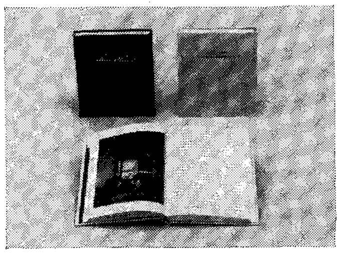

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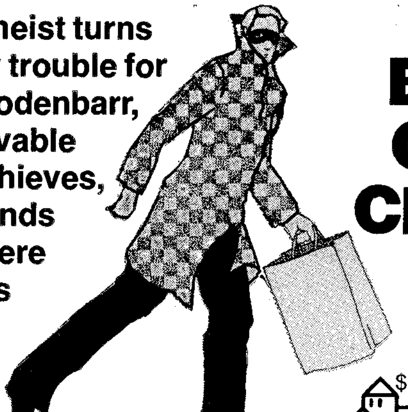

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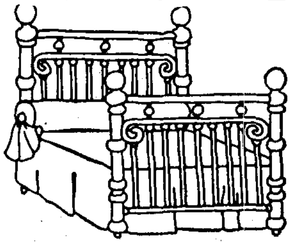

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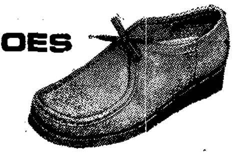

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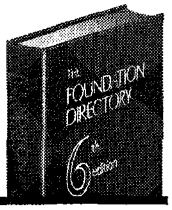

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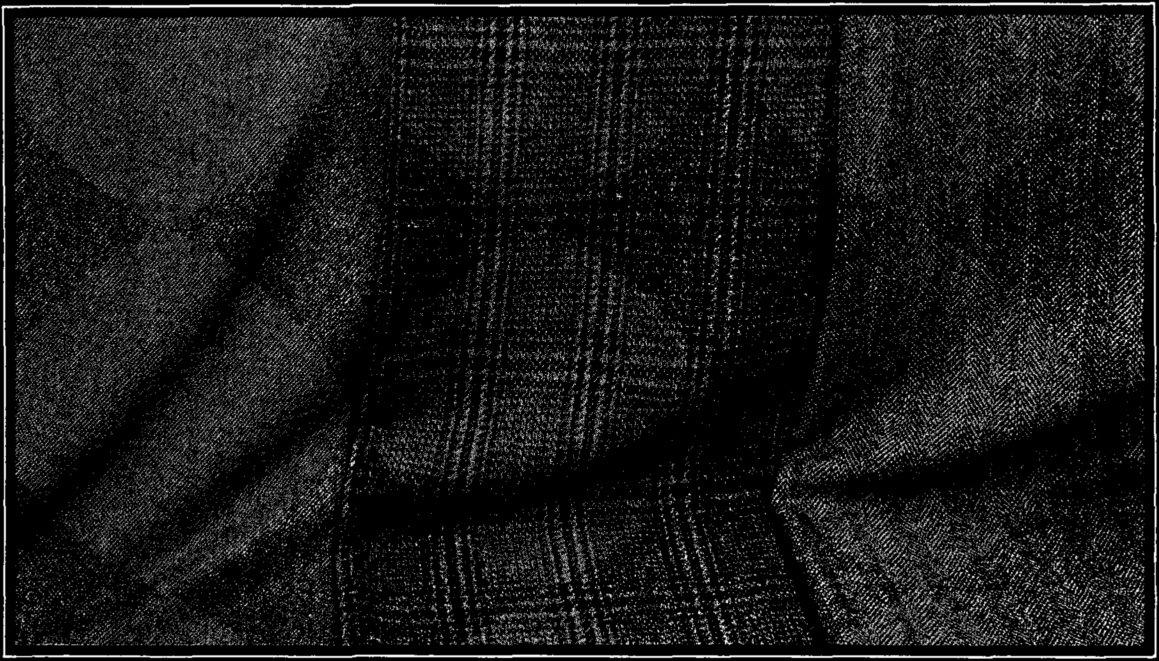

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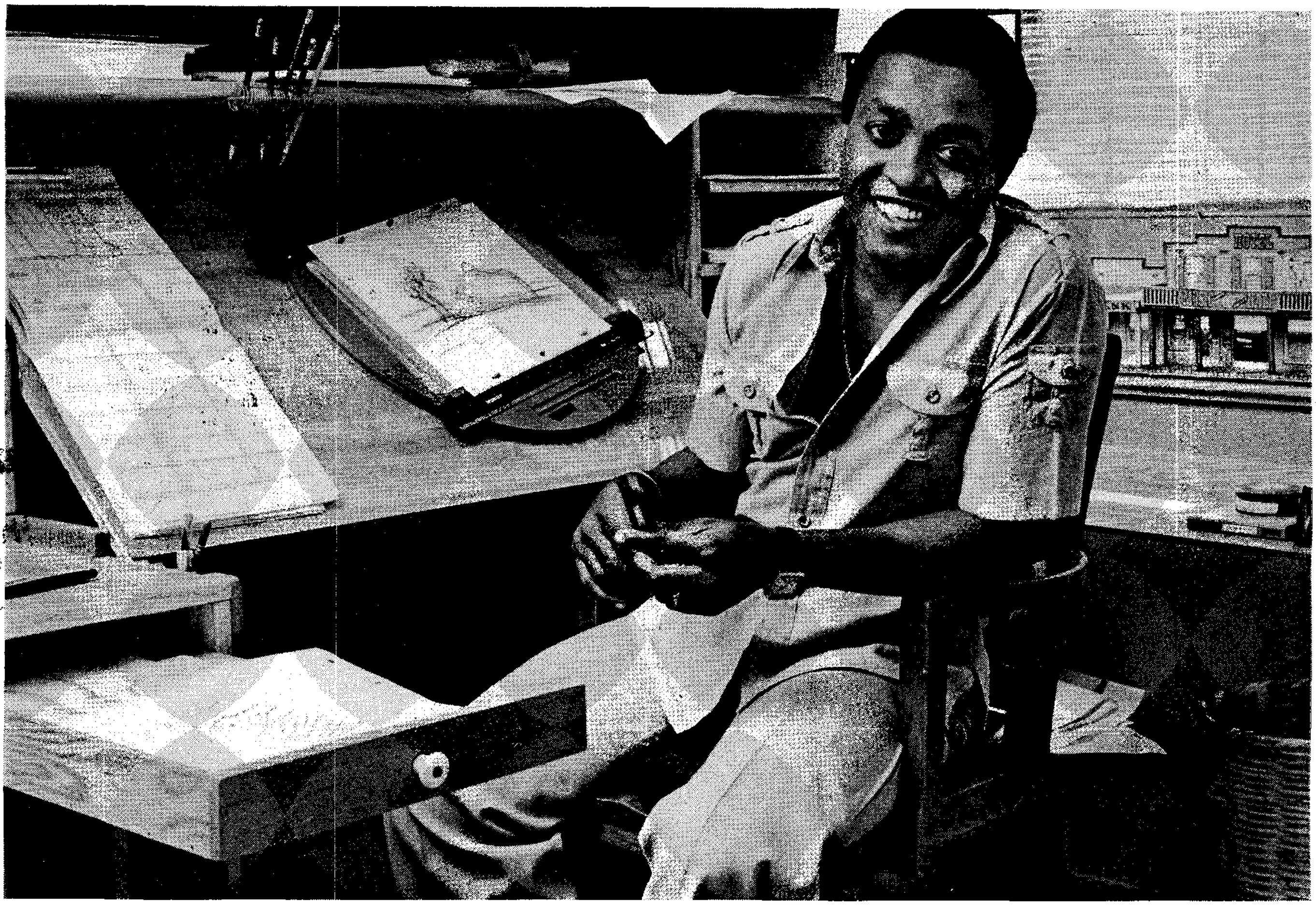

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# JIM SIMON

HOME: North Hollywood, California

AGE: 30

PROFESSION: Film animation producer, director and designer

HOBBIES: Music, painting, handball.

MOST MEMORABLE BOOK: "The Hobbit" by J.R.R. Tolkien

LATEST ACCOMPLISHMENT: Winning the U.S.A. Film Festival Award for "The Strike," a five-minute animated film produced for the Black Psychiatrists of America.

QUOTE: "Animation is a great deal more than funny characters. Because of its unique ability to bridge the gap between fantasy and reality, its potential is, in many ways, almost limitless."

PROFILE: Outgoing and genuinely friendly. Has an infectious enthusiasm for being alive, which he injects into the outrageous characters he creates.

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